FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 25, 1974

TIME

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

[redacted]
2 11

Blow the dust off the clock.

Throw open
your cherished heavy curtains.

You do not even suspect
that the day has
already dawned outside.

Man has distinguished
himself from the
animal world by thought
and speech.

And these,
naturally, should be free.

If they are put in chains,
we shall return
to the state of animals.

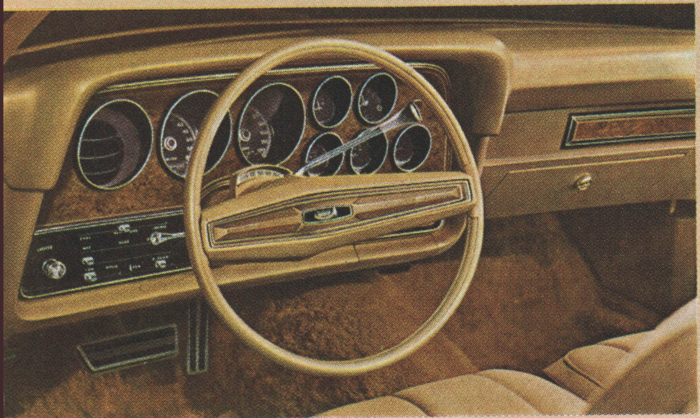
Personal Luxury in a Smaller Car

Look close. Elite's unique twin opera windows are only the beginning of Thunderbird inspired personal luxury. There's gracious living room inside Elite with 13 oz. cut-pile carpeting and elegantly contoured bench seats. And Elite's instrument panel is carefully designed with traditional Thunderbird attention to detail.

With an Unusual Number of Standard Features

Even at its mid-size price, Elite comes to you complete. Starting with SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Power steering. Power front disc brakes. Steel-belted radial ply tires. A standard engine that does not require premium gas and a spacious 26 gallon tank. Vinyl roof and bodyside molding. Electric clock. And carpeting on lower doors. But because there's always someone who wants more…there's the Elite decor package available that gives you split bench seats in super soft vinyl or luxury knit cloth upholstery.

The Ford Gran Torino Elite. Luxury and value in the Thunderbird Tradition. America's youngest luxury car at a mid-size price.



Shown at right—the 1974 Gran Torino Elite with optional deep dish wheels, WSW tires, deluxe bumper group and accent stripes.

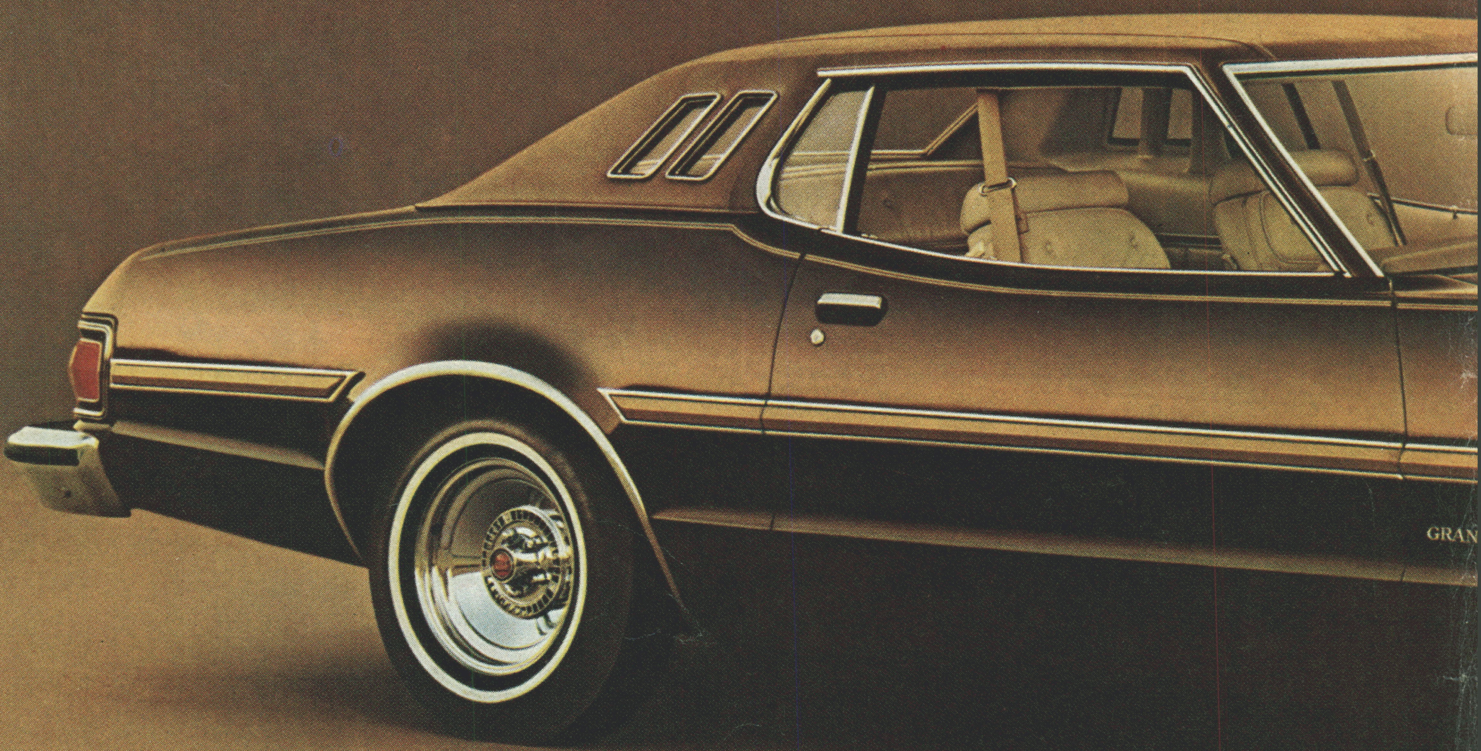
Elite's optional luxury interior featuring knit cloth upholstery.

The personal luxury, the craftsmanship, the solid engineering, and unique classic styling that have long been the tradition of Thunderbird are now the inspiration for a totally new mid-size car.

Ford Gran Torino Elite. Classic grille. Unique twin opera windows. Elite has a youthful elegance designed to set you apart from everyone else on the road. Yet still give you the mid-size economy so appropriate for the times.

And in the Thunderbird tradition of value, this personal luxury car gives you an unexpected array of luxury features as standard equipment.

Elite. America's youngest luxury car.



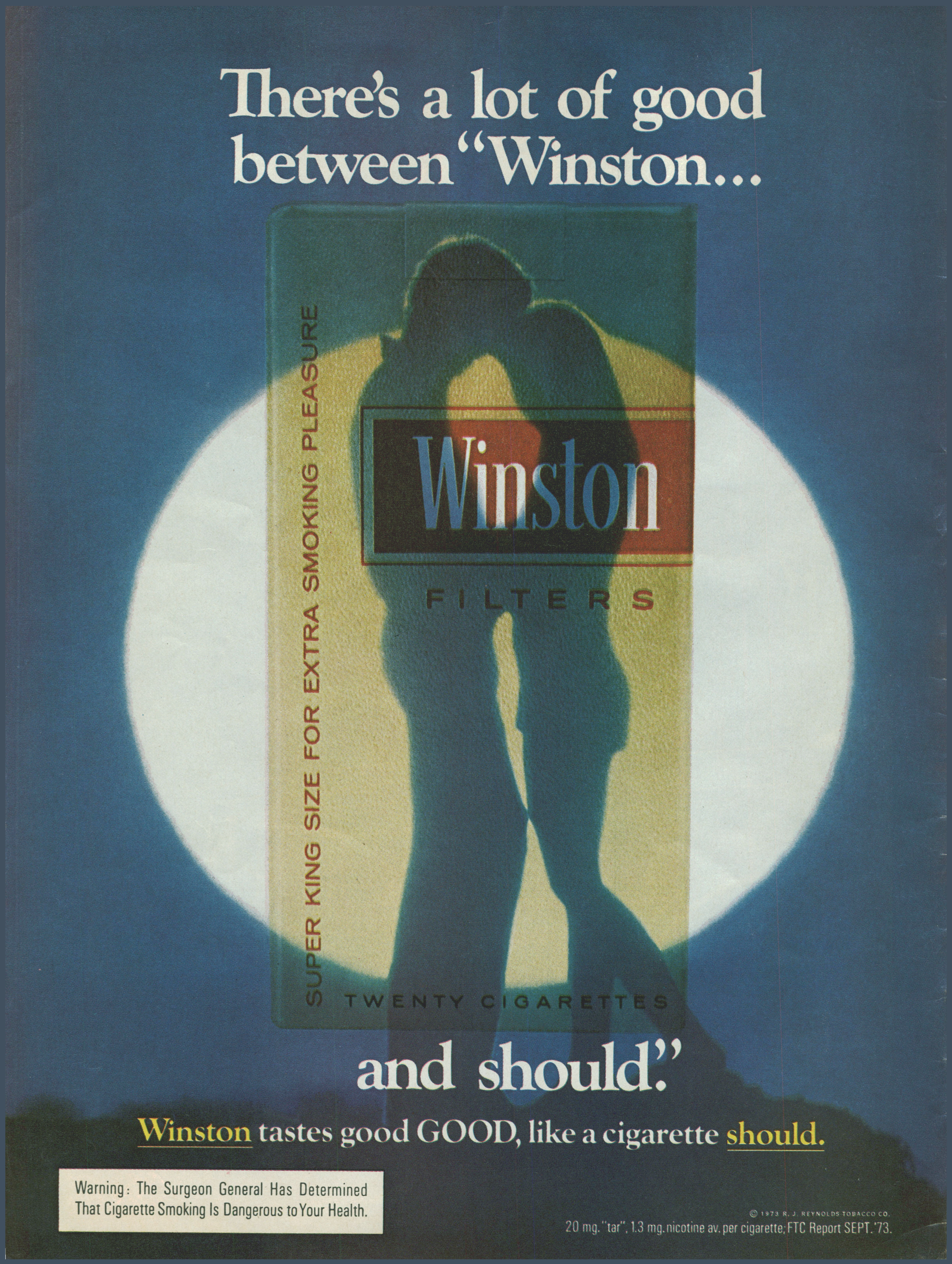
FORD GRAN TORINO ELITE

FORD DIVISION Ford

Ford announces a timely new mid-size car in the Thunderbird Tradition.

GRAN TORINO

Elite


There's a lot of good between "Winston…
SUPER KING SIZE FOR EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURE
Winston
FILTERS
TWENTY CIGARETTES
and should."
Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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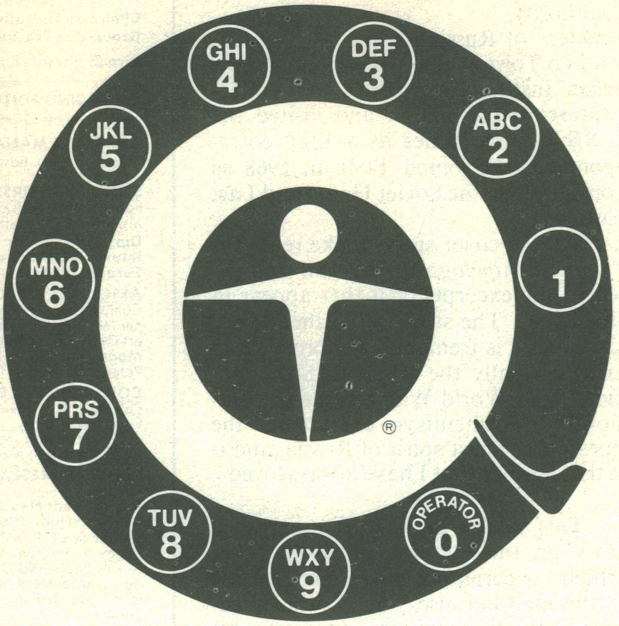
20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette; FTC Report SEPT. '73.

Your No. 1 Resource.



Manpower . . . the one resource you can't do without. And we're only a phone call away.

No matter how these times are affecting your business, you've still got a job to do. Whether business is good, bad or somewhere in between, you need hands and minds that can get the work done.

Maybe business is booming, but adding more people or an extra shift is simply out of the question. Perhaps business has slowed down, but there's still work to do . . . with less time and fewer people to do it. Or maybe business is going along as usual, when things like seasonal peaks, special projects, an unexpected order, or absenteeism and vacations throw you for a loop.

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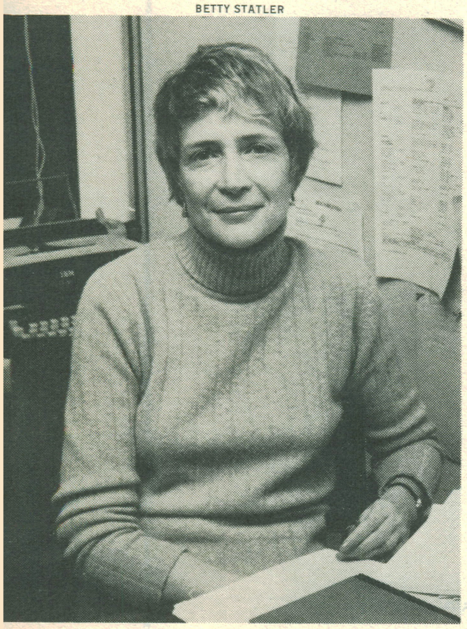
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The events chronicled in this week's cover story come as no surprise to TIME readers, thanks in part to its author, Contributing Editor Patricia Blake, who predicted them in a story in the Feb. 11 issue. An avid daily reader of Soviet newspapers, she early assessed the direction of the campaign that was being waged against Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Since Blake for the past three years has also been writing a book about Solzhenitsyn, she is able to describe both the man and his dilemma with authority.

Blake has been a serious student of Russian literature since, at the age of 14, she got hooked on Leo Tolstoy. She was a senior fellow at Columbia University's Russian Institute, has edited four collections of modern Russian literature in translation and visited the U.S.S.R. three times as a LIFE correspondent; she joined TIME in 1968 as consultant on the Soviet Union and East Europe.

BETTY STATLER



PATRICIA BLAKE

For the cover story, Blake read *The Gulag Archipelago* in Russian and selected the excerpts of it that appear in this issue. "The study of Solzhenitsyn," she notes, "is tremendously broad, covering virtually the whole of Soviet society from World War I to the present. For me, Solzhenitsyn exemplifies the purest and finest spirit of Russia, and it is that essence that I have always loved."

■

This week's Press section carries a story on the increase in postal rates, which concerns not only your own use of the mail but also your continued access to the information and enjoyment provided by magazines like ours. For, as the story explains, the increase in postal rates creates a critical challenge to magazine publishing. The story does not explain what Time Inc. has done in the past to help the post office speed delivery of your magazines, and what we continue to do with most of the 750 million pieces we mail each year.

Decades back we were among the first companies to label, sort and bundle our products by postal areas. Today, our new computerized process of getting your magazines from the press to you is the fastest operation of its kind in the world, with perhaps the least demand on U.S. postal employees and equipment. Despite high costs we incur for performing services ordinarily handled by the Postal Service, we pay the same second-class rates as publications that must be handled individually at every step. Time Inc. does not want to discontinue these services, from which both the post office and our readers benefit, but we feel that we should not bear any further increases in rates. We believe that continued cooperation and improved efficiency are a better solution to the post office's rising costs.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: *Photograph by Chris Bennett; text from a 1969 Solzhenitsyn letter to the Soviet Writers' Union.*

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Now that you can buy a car with air bags, you can save two things:

Your life.

And money on your Allstate auto insurance.

At last the air bag is here. General Motors now makes it available to you. And we at Allstate are delighted.

What General Motors is doing.

General Motors is offering air bags as an option on certain 1974 cars—Cadillacs, Buicks, and Oldsmobiles, in place of the currently mandatory seatbelt-ignition interlock system. Allstate commends GM's action, and hopes other car manufacturers will move to follow GM's example.

What Allstate is doing.

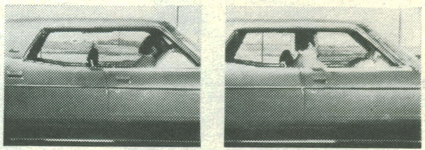
We've been urging and supporting the development of an automatic passive-restraint system like the air bag for years. Because we believe that a system like the air bag will do a great deal to save lives. Prevent serious injuries. And help hold the line on your insurance costs. And we make the following offer. *Allstate will provide a 30% discount on the medical coverage portion of the auto insurance for cars factory-equipped with air bags.*

What the air bag has been doing.

There have been 15 real-life crashes of air bag-equipped cars, *and the air bag has never failed to inflate.* Over 50,000,000 over-the-road miles have been logged with air bag-equipped cars. In every frontal-type crash at a speed high enough to cause serious injury, the air bag worked perfectly. Only once, in all this driving, has the air bag inflated inadvertently. (In that instance, the car was brought to a safe stop easily and without incident.) All this leads to a single conclusion: Air bags are the only road-tested and injury-criteria-tested passive-restraint system available today.

The air bag. It could save your life. It will save you money. At Allstate.

How the air bag works:



Automatically inflates in a split second . . . protects . . . and then deflates.

Allstate®

Working to hold your insurance costs down.

This car was equipped with an air bag. Collision speed: 68 MPH into a parked car. Driver walked away with minor injuries.

The air bag and the Allstate air bag discount.
Available on '74 Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs.

Air bag discount available in most states.

IT'S A TOUGH YEAR FOR SOME AIRLINES. BUT TWA ISN'T CUTTING COMFORT.

If you've been reading the business news, you might think your next flight will feature wooden benches and stale sandwiches.

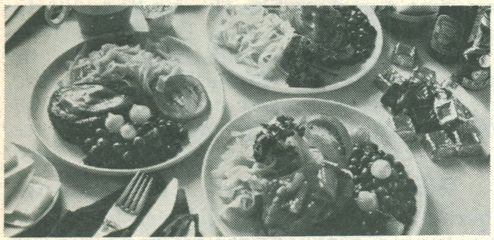
Not TWA.

We think the way to stay healthy this year is to fight even harder for your business.

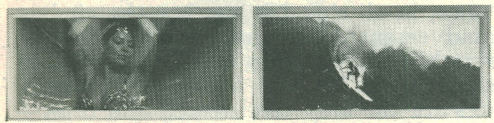
And so we're still giving you the comforts and conveniences you've come to expect from TWA.

Next time you're flying on a short business trip, across the country or around the world, come fly with us.

TWA is still TWA.



Choice in Coach. On Ambassador Service* meal flights, we give you a choice of 3 meals in Coach. TWA is known for taking good care of our Coach passengers and we're not going to change that.

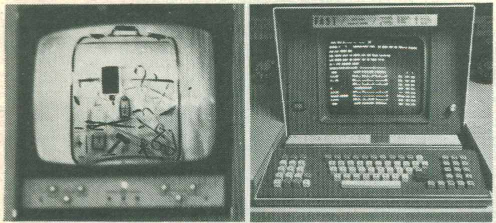


Choice of Movies. At a small surcharge in Coach, TWA Ambassador Service movie† flights give you a choice of general audience or adult movies.

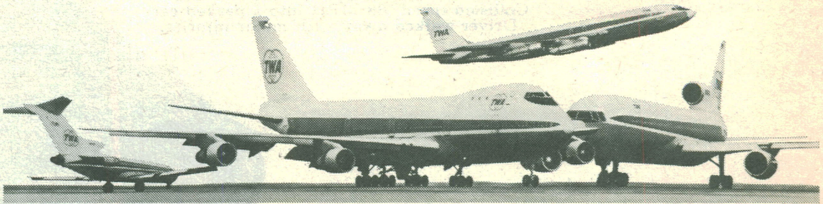
Twin Seat in Coach. This is one of the most comfortable features of TWA's 707s and 727s. If nobody's sitting next to you, you can fold down the center seat and sit 2 across instead of 3.

1011 Coach. In Coach all seats are 2 across. You're never more than one seat from an aisle. And the aisles are never blocked by serving carts.

Carry-on Luggage. TWA has full-size carry-on luggage compartments on all our 727s and 1011s. At your destination, you just grab your bags and go. No waiting around at the baggage claim area.



Ground Services. At most major terminals the TWA X-ray security system spares you the frustration of having your bags routinely opened. And TWA is adding our High-Speed Ticketing System and multi-location Boarding Pass Printers. They'll save you a lot of time and worry in the Terminal.



Comfortable Planes. TWA still flies our spacious 747s, our 707s and our 727s. And we're adding even more big 1011s—the most technically advanced aircraft in service today. On our routes we're the only airline that has it.

TWA IS STILL TWA.

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*Service mark owned exclusively by TWA.
†Movies by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

Is Abortion a Boon?

Sir / Your arrogant article that would have us believe abortion to be a modern boon to man is most reprehensible [Feb. 4]. Your story implies that Catholics are the reactionaries blocking the path to social enlightenment.

As a Jew, I hold the right to life of an innocent just as sacred as any Catholic may. It is true that Catholics are particularly mobilized against abortion. Why shouldn't they be? Are not Jews particularly mobilized against genocide—or is that wrong? How is it possible that a line of distinction can be drawn between kinds of human life?

ISSAC H. GOLDBERG, M.D.
New York City

Sir / No one should try to impose his moral values on society by denying anyone the use of abortion. We believe that God wants us to control birth, just as diligently as we now control death, to achieve population stabilization. Man never was at the center of the universe as he once thought; he has yet to learn that he cannot continue to multiply forever. Abortion should be available to any woman.

ELIZABETH B. FRASER-SMITH
Los Altos, Calif.

Sir / I fear that casual abortion will lead to worse evils than unwanted children do, but laws denying abortion only to the poor constitute class discrimination. I wish all that energy could be directed toward finding a safe, sure method of birth control.

MARILYN MORK
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir / There are very few guarantees in this life: when one eats, one risks getting fat; when one drives, one risks accidents; when one has sex, one risks pregnancy. Inconvenient timing is not a good excuse for ending the life of a fetus.

MARLENE WAGNER
Lansing, Mich.

State of the Union—and Nixon

Sir / The President, in his appearance before the joint session of Congress, delivered an effective 40-minute preamble, but his five-minute speech on the State of Richard Nixon was grossly inaccurate [Feb. 11]. We have already suffered under five years of Watergate: three while it was operating secretly as Administration policy, a fourth during the covert cover-up, and the fifth one of a cover-up of the cover-up. That's five years too much.

J.G. PRATT
Keswick, Va.

Sir / President Richard Nixon, in giving his State of the Union address, was seen by millions. He looked well. He sounded fine. He was brilliant.

The stories of his health, well-being and the unflattering pictures appearing in TIME cause wonder. Is distortion what TIME Magazine is all about?

ALICE M. KROUSE
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir / The attitude of some members of the House Judiciary Committee comes out in the following letter that—I imagine—they want to send to the President:

"Dear President Nixon:

"We would very much like to impeach you. Since we have no formal grounds (as yet), we ask you kindly to let us know what impeachable offenses you have committed and to send along all proofs thereof.

"If you do not comply with this request, we will say that you are uncooperative and only trying to cover things up. You must see that you cannot win either way, so why don't you just resign and thus save everyone trouble?"

EDWARD E. MAYER
Greencastle, Ind.

Sir / Why does President Nixon find it so easy to take responsibility for great things, like Henry Kissinger's foreign policy initiatives, yet so hard to take responsibility for a little thing called Watergate?

ELIAS FEUER
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir / I think the reason Congress can't make up its mind on the impeachment of President Nixon is a case of too many pots hesitating to call the kettle black.

IRMA S. MCNEAL
Pittsburgh

Pass/Fail

Sir / Experiments in pass/fail grading [Feb. 4] are failing mainly because they originated not as part of a systematic effort to change the educational system but as a minor concession to students who wanted more profound changes. Most of our students still need the phony, commercial kind of motivation that grades provide. Until values change and the change is reflected in our institutions, abuse of the pass/fail option will take its place among purchased term papers, casual cheating, taking cinch courses, dropping out, and other familiar expressions of student contempt for American education.

PETER DZWONKOSKI
Hamden, Conn.

Sir / As are all freshmen at M.I.T., I am graded on a pass/fail basis for one year. Having completed half a year, I think that pass/fail relieves some of the pressures on a student and leaves more time for extracurricular activities. Second, I find that pass/fail encourages many new students to opt for the harder, more advanced courses —courses a student being graded might skip for slower-paced versions in which he was more likely to get an A or B.

BRYAN ISON
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir / Pass/fail is far too easy for all of us. Midnight oil never burned anyone. But many fields enjoy the fruits of the labors of those who have felt its flames.

DONALD BOYD, D.D.S.
Grand Rapids

How Many Is "Many"?

Sir / The analogies were false in the article on the fairness of the NBC documentary on pensions [Feb. 4].

When a fire is reported, it is not necessary to report simultaneously that the vast majority of houses did not burn down. Everybody knows from their experience that this is so. But most people do not know that the vast majority of pension plans are financially sound and "good."

Edwin Newman's statement that "there are many good" pension plans is misleading. Considering the thousands of such plans, the word "many" could mean only a relatively small minority and thus could unduly alarm the uninformed listener. Honest reporting would have said that the vast majority or almost all plans are good, but that there are a few exceptions.

ROBERT J. MYERS
Professor of Actuarial Science
Temple University
Philadelphia

Sir / *Pensions: The Broken Promise* exposed some existing problems in privately administered pension plans that require more thorough investigation to bring about correction. In this particular instance, the good is acceptable and requires no comment; the bad is deplorable and should be brought to light for remedial action.

The interpretation by Accuracy In Media is infantile. The follow-up by the F.C.C. of that ridiculous complaint shows lack of mature judgment.

ROSEMARY MCCARTY
Moscow, Pa.

Surgery at Concordia

Sir / When a large segment of the Concordia Seminary in St. Louis demonstrably turned against biblical truth, and the former president, John Tietjen, condoned —yes, even defended such subversive aberrations; when previous synodical leadership allowed this to continue without effective corrective efforts; then the firm actions of Jacob Preus and the present seminary board [Feb. 4] came as a most salutary first stage of corrective surgery. Though painful to the parent body, it was most necessary to preserve my alma mater as a Christian institution.

(THE REV.) EUGENE N. SELTZ
Hopkins, Minn.

Sir / While it grieves me to see reports such as yours on the trouble at Concordia Seminary, I am grateful that you bring facts to

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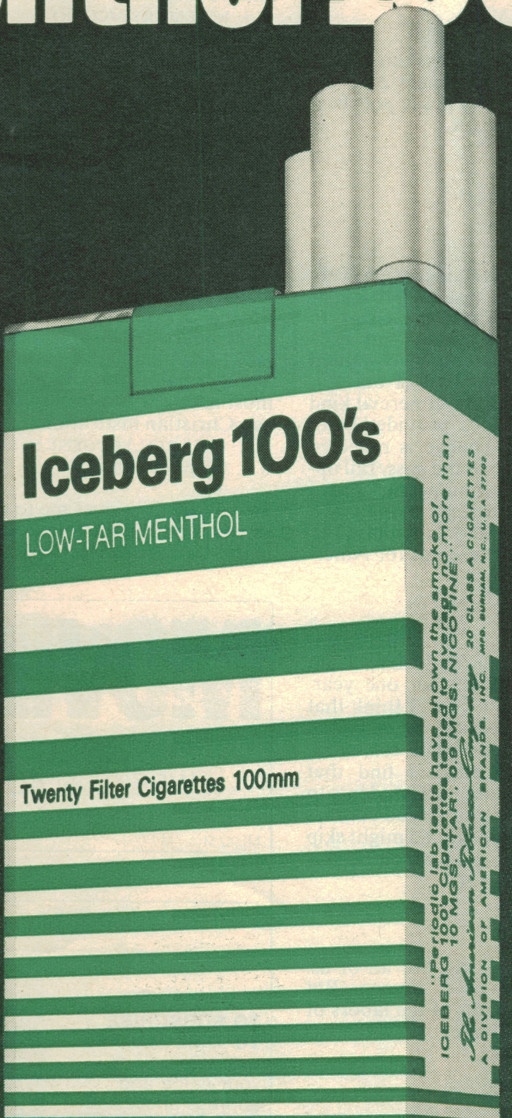
Lowest in 'tar' of all menthol 100's.



Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

light. The Preus administration has so censored our internal media that we are dependent upon sources such as TIME to find out what is happening there.

(THE REV.) ARTHUR M. WEBER
Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.

Prize Description

Sir / Because a reader has criticized TIME for calling me a gadfly [Jan. 21], I want to tell you that I *like* the term. One of my fellow Canadians gets the prize, however. He called me a "bald-headed snaggle-toothed baboon with pig's eyes." I could not have done better myself!

GORDON SINCLAIR
Islington, Ont.

Overdone Roast

Sir / No sour grapes, I assure you. Your reviewer just didn't like the Royal Shakespeare Company *Richard II*. Productions that challenge the traditional responses to Shakespeare must expect the occasional roasting from traditionalists. But your preamble must be corrected, if only for the record.

Far from this visit to Brooklyn being our U.S. debut, the R.S.C. has played throughout America no fewer than nine times since 1962. The R.S.C. was given its title (by royal charter) in 1961. The National Theater was not founded until 1963. So it is quite inaccurate to describe the National Theater as "the older troupe." Of course your statement that the R.S.C. "ranks second only to the National Theater" is a matter of opinion; but, biased though I obviously am, I think an opinion poll might reveal a different answer.

TREVOR NUNN
Artistic Director
Royal Shakespeare Company
London

Alcoholic Baboons

Sir / Was it really necessary to subject baboons to such barbaric cruelty to determine whether alcohol or poor diet is responsible for liver damage in humans [Feb. 4]? I'm quite certain that the abundance of alcoholics in our country would have provided Drs. Rubin and Lieber with more than enough specimens for this ridiculous experiment, an experiment that only proved something we have already been aware of for many years.

ENE DEMSKIS
West New York, N.J.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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If Mozart were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Feb. 25, 1974 Vol. 103, No. 8

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Mixed Report on Progress

In trying to measure the nation's progress—or lack of it—the Federal Government has always paid more attention to the quantity of economic growth than to the quality of everyday life. In an attempt to gauge that quality, the Office of Management and Budget is releasing this week the first *Social Indicators* report. With a wealth of statistics and charts, the 258-page, $7.80 paperback book shows the fairly recent changes—for better or worse—in American housing, employment, life and death rates, public safety, education and leisure-time pursuits.

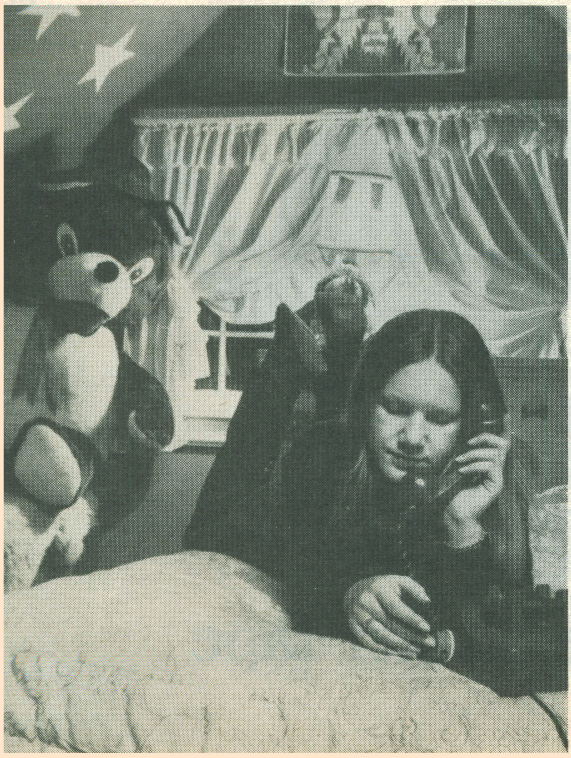
Among the good news is the improvement in the nation's housing. From 1940 to 1970, the number of families living in housing officially classified as substandard dropped dramatically, from 48.6% to 7.4%. During the same period, the number of persons aged 25 to 29 who were college-educated rose from 5.8% to 16.4%.

The worst news concerns crime. According to FBI statistics, more than half the crimes of burglary, auto theft and larceny over $50 are not reported. The number of people afraid to walk alone at night increased from 34% in 1965 to 42% in 1972. Forcible rape increased from 18.6 per 100,000 women in 1960 to 43.5 in 1972.

Some unsettling changes are reported without any explanation. The death rate for nonwhite men, for example, increased from 1,211 per 100,000 persons in 1960 to 1,251 in 1971. Meanwhile, the rate for everybody else fell slowly. On the good side, however, the infant mortality rate has declined for all races, from 47 per 1,000 live births in 1940 to 19.2 in 1971. Also presumably an improvement, although many might disagree, is the fact that only 9% of U.S. households had television sets in 1950, while 96% had them in 1972.

The report does not make judgments about society's condition. It leaves that to the public and the experts, who are urged to offer comments and corrections. In time, all those statistics and surveys will give federal officials a clearer picture of the U.S. and help them tailor social policies more closely to the needs of the nation.

TEEN-AGER TYING UP TELEPHONE



EDDIE ADAMS

The Meter Is Running

A favorite American pastime will be in jeopardy if New York Telephone has its way: no more curling up with a nice phone to enjoy a chat that goes on . . . and on . . . and on. At present, many people in the New York City area are billed 8.2¢ for a call within certain nearby zones; for that flat fee, they can talk their hearts out. Now the phone company has asked the state Public Service Commission to let it charge 5.5¢ for each call plus 1¢ for every minute of conversation. Thus a three-minute call would cost more than an unlimited one does now. If approval is granted, other phone companies round the U.S. can be expected to petition for a similar raise.

The New York phone company claims that it does not want to make a bigger profit, but it does wish to save the cost of building new exchanges and to space out calls that tend to bunch up during the daytime. It will offer a 25% discount on calls made after 10 p.m. or on weekends.

Some parents will welcome the rate shift as an excuse to get their long-winded kids off the phone (the alternative would be to go broke). For others, however, the change would be a hardship. Because of the fuel shortage, many people are using their phones instead of their cars to make business calls. Older people, already cruelly pressed by inflation and often shut in by illness or fear of crime, would be further crimped in their access to the outside. For nearly everyone, it is distressing to contemplate yet another meter clicking away on an ordinary motion of daily life.

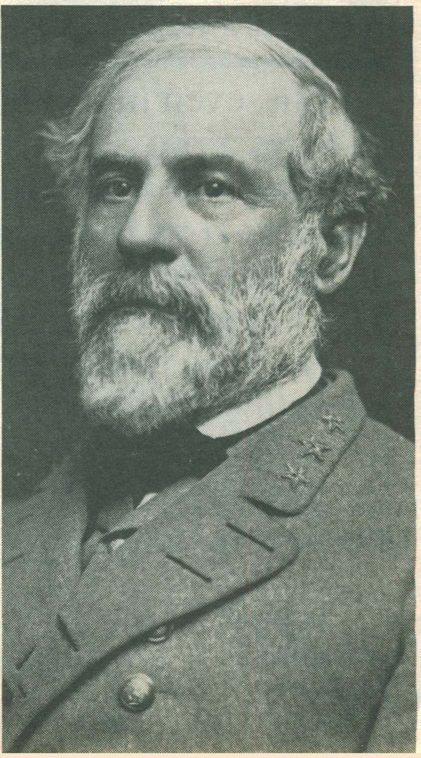
Restoring Lee

For more than 100 years, Robert E. Lee has been something of a man without a country. Never mind that he was one of the most illustrious and magnanimous generals in U.S. history. After he surrendered his sword at Appomattox, he apparently failed to take an oath of loyalty to the U.S. Constitution, which many Confederates were obliged to do if they wished to regain the full U.S. citizenship that they had forfeited. Up to his death in 1870, he was denied citizenship. Ever since, Southern sympathizers have been trying to recover it for him posthumously.

Their seemingly lost cause revived in 1970 when a researcher discovered that there was a Lee loyalty oath, after all, buried among State Department records in a file at the National Archives. Initially, before he knew of the oath, Lee had written to the White House requesting amnesty. Later, he went to a notary and swore his allegiance, but somehow the oath never caught up with the amnesty petition.

General Lee's supporters are making a drive in this session of Congress to restore his lost citizenship. Last week the senate in Virginia, where Lee was born and died, passed a resolution calling upon Congress to correct the longstanding error. It seemed a modest enough request a century after the War Between the States.

CONFEDERATE COMMANDER ROBERT E. LEE



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FOR AMERICA
PRAYER
FORGIVE LOVE UNITE

DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR

DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL

THE MOOD

Of Crisis and Confidence

Shaken severely by the three Furies of Watergate, inflation and energy crisis, large numbers of Americans have lately lost faith in their leaders and institutions. The people are looking inward—to community, family and self—and discovering a new spirit of self-reliance. Yet by demonstrating their disenchantment with their public officeholders—large numbers of whom will surely be turned out this fall—the people are also creating a power vacuum at the national level. Says Bill Moyers, the former presidential press secretary who now travels the length and breadth of the land to find material for his weekly television journal: "I find the country up for grabs."

Unquestionably, public confidence in authority has sunk. Last week Pollster Louis Harris reported that people surveyed in January had an even lower opinion of Congress than they did of President Nixon, whose popularity has been at an all-time low for months. Harris found 69% of Americans thought Congress was doing only a "fair" or "poor" job. In an earlier survey, 68% of those polled expressed similar negative feelings about Nixon. Says Harris: "The federal establishment looks paralyzed, inept and impotent. In ten years of the Harris survey, confidence has never been this low before."

For the first time in decades, too, once self-confident Americans are growing pessimistic about their personal welfare. In a survey for TIME last November, Opinion Analyst Daniel Yankelovich reported, 72% of the public thought that national affairs were going "very badly" or "pretty badly," but some 90% said that all was "very well" or "fairly well" with their personal lives. Now, chiefly because of rising prices and the fuel shortage, Yankelovich estimates that only 50% to 60% still have the same sense of personal well being. Surveying 500 families in the Chicago area, the Exchange National Bank discovered that while 61% said their financial situation was the same as or better than a year ago, only 11% thought it would improve by the end of this year.

Harris reports that more than half of Americans (up from 45% last fall) believe that the quality of life in the U.S. has deteriorated over the past ten years. His surveys find that not more than 20% of the public go along with the proposition "We have been through bad times before, and things will once more return to the way they used to be." California Pollster Mervin Field assesses the public mood as one of "muted outrage, semi-shock—if not full shock—numbness, perplexity." Typically, a bewildered airline executive in Manhattan complains: "My salary has doubled in the past five years. I can't ask the company for more, they've been good to me already. But I can't keep up with expenses. The 1930s were pretty bad and we were poor, but at least the price of apples stayed the same."

Some citizens seek escape in the wave of nostalgia for the 1950s or earlier. By the millions, they crowd into movies like *American Graffiti* and *The Sting*. They enthusiastically applaud the Andrews Sisters, the World War II singing sensations, whose songs are hot again and who will open on Broadway next month in a musical, *Over Here!**

Others are turning to fundamentalist churches like the Southern Baptist Convention. New York Rabbi Balfour Brickner explains: "People are desperately looking for something to cling to when all other models and molds have been shattered." Still others seek relief in the occult. "Magic and the occult can explain the unanswerable and give the person a sense of control," says Drexel Institute Sociologist Barbara Hornum. Many Americans are falling back on a devil theory of sorts, or at least some sinister force, to explain the nation's problems, or simply personalizing problems with a vengeance. Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard notes: "Devils are being found in the oil companies, the presidency and others to whom blame can be assigned."

The failure of the nation's leaders to demonstrate that they are in control of the various crises causes some political scientists to draw an analogy with the early 1930s. "We've got a deep sense of inadequate leadership," says Harvard Political Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, "so once again it is a ripe time for a charismatic leader." It seems doubtful, however, that America will turn to a demagogue for salvation. Men on horseback have never done well in the U.S., and there is nobody tall in the saddle in sight.

Of the public's response to the current combinations of crises, Princeton Historian Eric Goldman says: "This kind of malaise atrophies the will of the people. They tend to turn in among themselves and say, 'I'll take care of my family's concerns.'" In many ways Americans are drawing inward and becoming more conservative in their career goals, their finances and their politics. Some examples:

▶ College students are flocking to vocational and pre-professional courses, while enrollments in the humanities continue to drop. Robert Sexton, an administrator of the University of Kentucky, says: "Today's students have lost the 'service' orientation that was generated in the early '60s and have turned to more self-interested goals." At the Berkeley campus of the University of California, Political Scientist Nelson Polsby finds students more realistic and less radicalized than they were five or ten years ago, but also less optimistic. He explains: "It takes an enormous amount of optimism to be a radical."

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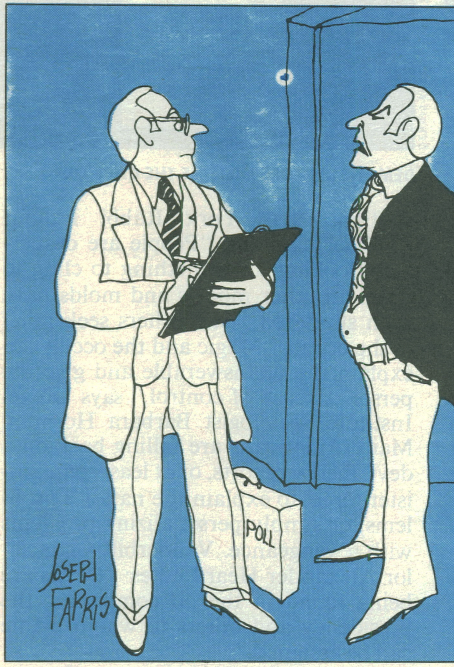
*Jane Sell has taken the place of LaVerne Andrews, who died in 1967.

▶ Investors are turning from stocks to tangible goods like gold, silver and jewelry. The price of silver has more than doubled in the past year, to more than $5 per oz. Prices of new gold jewelry at Tiffany's have climbed 35% in the past year. Banks report that demand for pennies has doubled in recent weeks as the price of copper topped $1 a lb. Speculators hope that the price will exceed $1.45—and make their pennies worth more melted than as money.



"Not only do I have no confidence in Nixon, but I don't have any confidence in anyone!"

▶ Voters seem to be swinging to the right. There has been a marked increase in the number who consider themselves "conservative," granted that individual definitions of what conservative means vary widely. In 1971, Pollster Yankelovich found that 25% of the public labeled themselves conservative, 55% middle of the road and 20% liberal. By last December self-professed liberals had declined to 17% and those in the middle of the road to 37%, but conservatives had grown to 46%. On campus, the American Council on Education reported this month that its annual survey of college freshmen found that liberals continue to outnumber conservatives by more than two to one. But for the first time, more than half of the freshmen (50.7%) said that they preferred middle-of-the-road political positions.

The crises have eroded support for incumbents in elective office and for the traditional parties. A recent Gallup poll found 34% of those surveyed identifying themselves as independents, up eight points since 1970. Yet, far from turning voters off, the nation's problems have dramatically increased public interest in local politics.

In New Hampshire, 1,126 candidates have filed for 400 seats at the next state constitutional convention; ten years ago, there were so few candidates that 82 people won election with write-in candidacies. At last count 14 candidates were running for Congress from Ohio's 23rd district, near Cleveland. In Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, town meetings that were once sparsely attended are now overflowing with people. "The cliché is that good government begins at home," says Tom Donohue, chairman of the Winnetka nonpartisan caucus committee. "I think people are beginning to realize that that is true."

There is greater vigor in finding local approaches to national problems because of Washington's failure to act. Oregon's Republican Governor, Tom McCall, started a gasoline-rationing program, and a dozen states followed with distribution plans of their own. On his initiative, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp stepped in to mediate the independent truck drivers' strike.

Only rarely, however, can a local response to a national problem be wholly adequate. As President Edward Gelsthorpe of the Boston-based Gillette Co. points out: "The country really has its whole economic structure built on bigness and its whole social-political structure built on a foundation of strong institutions." He adds that the problem with them is not their size but finding ways to make them more honest, efficient and responsive.

Bill Moyers finds the American people alternating "from pessimism to optimism, from resignation to resolution. Roosevelt caused people to really believe that Government was the only way to deal with crises. Now, I think people are beginning to believe that we are better than our Government. That's giving them a sense of pride, although it's not articulated at the moment."

At this point, perhaps the only surety is that 1974 will be as much a year of profound turbulence for the American economic and political system as was 1973. Pollster Harris finds the American public "in the mood for sacrifice and aching to find things to come together on." But who or what will fill the power vacuum created by the public's loss of faith in national leadership and institutions is still very much in question.

THE CRISIS

The Quiet-Stall

Pronounced physically fit and free from any signs of emotional strain after a long-delayed medical checkup, Richard Nixon quickened the tempo of his Watergate survival strategy with a burst of public appearances. At the same time he curtly cut off cooperation with Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, once more reneging on his previous claims that he wanted "all the facts" about the scandal exposed.

The President's dual strategy of stonewalling investigators while diverting attention from Watergate could not, however, obscure two imminent and immensely significant developments:

▶ The House Judiciary Committee is about to define what it considers to be "impeachable offenses." Almost certainly, its definitions will be broad and will not require evidence of criminal activity by Nixon. As the first step, the committee's Chief Counsel John M. Doar and Minority Counsel Albert Jenner this week will submit a report outlining just what kinds of acts the committee's staff of legal specialists deem to be impeachable. The report is expected to say that betrayals of public trust and gross neglect of official duties fall into the category of the "high crimes and misdemeanors" that are cited in the Constitution as a basis for impeachment (*see* TIME ESSAY, *page 23*). The committee will then debate the proposal, possibly along partisan lines.

▶ Detailed indictments will be issued by one or more of the three Watergate grand juries, almost certainly within a week, charging some of Nixon's closest former aides with illegal acts. Among those likely to be indicted are men on whose testimony the President's own professions of Watergate innocence heavily rest. The first indictments are expected to involve the Watergate wiretapping and its cover-up.

Prosecutor Jaworski last week reported the President's intransigence on Watergate evidence to the Senate Judiciary Committee but pledged that failure to get the evidence now will not hold up indictments. The committee will meet this week and may discuss what action, if any, it should take on the Jaworski letter. The committee can do little more than join his protest. It had supported the confirmation of Attorney General William Saxbe only after extracting promises from both the White House and Saxbe that no restrictions would be placed upon Jaworski's pursuit of evidence. The President clearly has now defaulted on that promise.

In his letter to Mississippi Senator James O. Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Jaworski complained that his request for 27 tapes of specific presidential meetings and telephone calls had been denied by Nixon even though "there was no indication

Survival Strategy

that any requested recording is either irrelevant to our inquiries or subject to some particularized (presidential) privilege." While grand juries can proceed without these tapes, Jaworski wrote, "the material is important to a complete and thorough investigation and may contain evidence necessary for any future trials." Jaworski reported that he had promised Nixon's chief Watergate counsel, James St. Clair, that these unfulfilled requests completed his list of documents wanted in his pretrial investigation, but he was nevertheless rebuffed by the White House.

Unless Nixon reverses himself, the impasse apparently can be broken only by court order. Jaworski plans to proceed with the Watergate cover-up indictments, then subpoena the Nixon tapes before the trials begin. If Nixon ignores the subpoenas or challenges them in court, another legal battle would follow—a fight similar to two that former Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox had won before Nixon fired him. Some of the White House evidence sought by Jaworski also relates to Nixon's former team of secret investigators ("the plumbers") and his dealings with milk producers, who contributed large sums to his re-election campaign. Jaworski is expected to subpoena this evidence before seeking indictments in those fields.

Missing Papers. In his letter Jaworski hinted at another problem in gaining White House evidence. He noted that "we have reason to believe that there are additional documents somewhere in the White House files"—papers that Nixon's attorneys claim never existed. TIME has learned that some Watergate witnesses have described such documents and that they have disappeared from a vault in the Executive Office Building where they were stored. Believed to be missing are official White House memos—some related to activities of the plumbers—written by former Presidential Aides John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman and Charles Colson. The vault in which the files were kept is guarded by Secret Service agents, but they do not search the White House aides and lawyers as they leave the vault after inspecting documents.

The still-gathering clouds of Watergate seemed to be never too far from the President's mind even as he plunged into a round of activities. He astonished a small crowd assembled at the Lincoln Memorial to commemorate Lincoln's 165th birthday by appearing there without notice to speak (*see* The Presidency/Hugh Sidey, *page 14*).

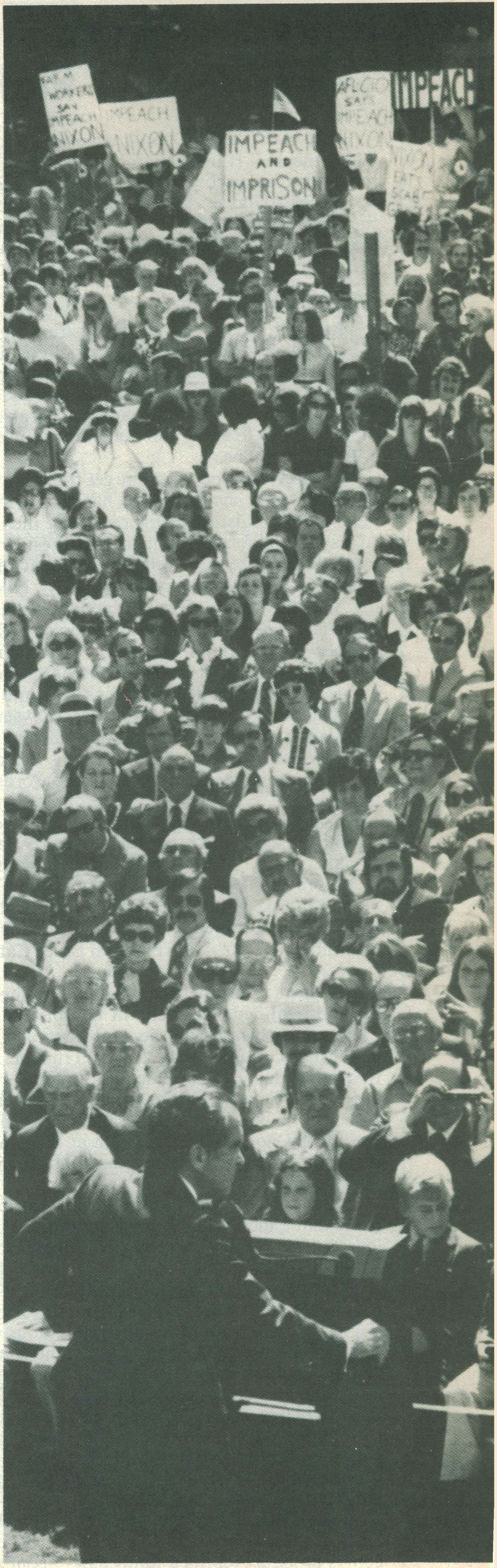
The President was in a lively mood at a party celebrating the 90th birthday of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. When his wife Pat gave the tart-tongued daughter of Theodore Roosevelt two jars of Iranian caviar, Nixon indiscreetly confided that it was a gift "from the Shah to Pat and from Pat to you." Advised by the President to "eat it with a spoon," the irrepressible Mrs. Longworth replied: "I'll wallow in it"—an allusion to Nixon's celebrated comment: "Let others wallow in Watergate." Asked later about the party, Nixon's Watergate resentments surfaced in an attack on the press. "Mrs. Longworth has kept young by not being obsessed by the Washington scene," he said. "You know, if she spent all her time reading the Washington *Post* she would have been dead by now." The *Post,* Nixon complained, rarely writes about the "great issues that will affect the future of the world in a responsible way." Mrs. Longworth, in fact, reads the *Post* every day.

No Strain. Next day, Nixon was driven to Bethesda National Naval Medical Center for a 2½-hour physical examination, after which his doctor, Walter Tkach, declared that the President was in "excellent" condition. All of his tests showed results "within normal limits" and "there was no evidence whatsoever of any emotional strain." Tkach said Nixon "never overeats" and "he never overdrinks." He exercises by jogging in place some 400 steps daily but could use "more sunshine."

As if on his physician's cue, Nixon flew off to Florida in Air Force One—his first trip in the big 707 since the energy crisis became acute. On a sunny afternoon in Miami, he helped dedicate a health-care center at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. The carefully watched audience (at least 30 security men could be counted on nearby rooftops) of 4,000 was preponderantly friendly, although a battle of signs between critics and partisans broke out. Some banners proclaimed: KEEP NIXON. HANG IN THERE. At the rear of the crowd, protesters carried signs that read: IMPEACH AND IMPRISON. EXORCISE NIXON. Throughout Nixon's speech, hecklers were highly vocal. When he vowed that "no American will ever be denied health care because of lack of ability to pay," someone shouted: "Pay your taxes."

Later, apparently concerned about Jaworski's complaint, the White House tried to blur the fact that the President and the Special Prosecutor were on a collision course over Watergate evidence. Presidential Counsel St. Clair issued a statement arguing that to give more materials to Jaworski would result in "delaying grand jury deliberations many months." St. Clair did not explain how additional evidence would slow, rather than speed indictments. The statement did, however, fit the current presidential defense strategy, which is to push publicly for a fast end to the many Watergate investigations, while acting privately to stall and delay any quick resolution of Nixon's own fate. The President's hope apparently is that a Watergate-weary public will lose all interest in the sorry affair as the matter drags on—and will neither notice, nor care, who is prolonging the proceedings.

DIRCK HALSTEAD



NIXON DEDICATING MIAMI HOSPITAL WING
Friends facing indictments.

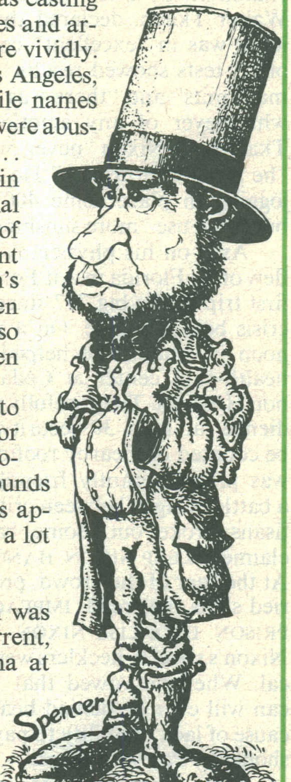
THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

Trying to Get Right with Lincoln

Historian David Donald once wrote a delightful essay called "Getting Right with Lincoln." It told, among other things, how Presidents in trouble over the last hundred years discovered a remarkable kinship to our greatest President.

Herbert Hoover, for instance, in 1932 journeyed to Springfield, Ill. As if it were the dark days of 1864, Hoover borrowed Lincoln's words for the war and declared that victory over the Depression was just a matter of fighting it out on "this line"—if it took all summer. Franklin Roosevelt suggested that Lincoln was a father of the New Deal. Lyndon Johnson ran into Lincoln's sympathetic ghost stalking the White House every time L.B.J.'s popularity dropped in the Gallup poll.

Richard Nixon has raised "getting right with Lincoln" to new heights. Last week he went down to the Memorial on Lincoln's Birthday and drew the Lincoln mantle round his shoulders. "It is quite clear," said Nixon, "that no President in history has been more vilified or was more vilified during the time he was President than Lincoln ... Lincoln had that great strength of character never to display [hurt], always to stand tall and strong and firm no matter how harsh or unfair the criticism might be."



In case somebody did not get the point that Nixon was casting a Lincolnesque shadow, there has been a flurry of speeches and articles by Administration figures giving the impression more vividly. In a speech before a "Support Our President" rally in Los Angeles, Commerce Secretary Frederick B. Dent ran down the vile names that Lincoln was called, pointed out how Nixon's enemies were abusing him, then said, "But all they do is shame America ... through it all, our President stands steadfast." Writing in the New York *Times,* Franklin R. Gannon, a presidential aide, drew even finer lines. "Even the casual reader wary of undue comparisons will be struck by some of the pertinent and poignant political similarities between Mr. Lincoln's presidency and President Nixon's current troubles." Then Gannon declared that Nixon, by his "resolute conduct so far," had already earned some of the words of praise given to Lincoln.

It is an ancient and honorable right of politicians to "raid the closet and steal the stovepipe hat," as Professor Donald puts it. But as he so often does in his moments of emotional oratory, Nixon seems to have gone beyond the bounds of fact and good taste. A sample of Lincoln scholars was appalled. "I'm outraged," said Donald. "I don't see a hell of a lot of parallel myself," said Historian Bruce Catton.

■

To start with, there is no solid measure that Lincoln was the most vilified President in our history. Richard Current, professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, thinks that Harry Truman might hold that prize. Some of the harshest material now printed about Lincoln came from private letters and obscure speeches before tiny radical audiences. Much of this had almost no public circulation at the time, although there were many widely read assaults on Lincoln from his moderate critics.

To the extent that anybody can measure public sentiment in those days, it appears that Lincoln had a majority of the Union with him during most of his presidency. The Republicans carried Congress in 1862, and Lincoln was re-elected by a solid majority in 1864.

More important, unlike the situation with Nixon, the general attacks on Lincoln were rarely if ever on his character. They were attacks on his policy and his decisions. "There were never any accusations that Lincoln was personally crooked or bad," says Catton. "And remember, the country was in a civil war. The Archangel Gabriel couldn't have avoided criticism in that time."

"Lincoln's critics did not accuse him of dishonesty or malfeasance," says Current. "Nobody asked, 'Would you buy a used horse from this man?' "

"Nobody accused Lincoln of personal involvement in corruption," insists Donald, now teaching at Harvard. "The Nixon comparison is weak and erroneous. It is one thing to say that a man is foolish or misguided and another to say a man is breaking the law for his own use."

Nixon was right about one thing, though. The fellow who would object least to lending his stovepipe hat to a President would be A. Lincoln. Wherever he is, Lincoln is probably telling a funny story about all the new White House friends he has collected in the last hundred years or so.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Delicate Balancing Act

The guest of honor at the head table had barely finished his spareribs when he was introduced by Republican Congressman Tim Lee Carter with a ringing declaration: "I shall work for his nomination in 1976 with all my strength!" The audience responded with applause and cheers at last week's Lincoln Day Dinner held in the Laurel County High School gym at London, Ky. As he rose to speak, the object of the Republicans' affection smiled modestly and let the pledge and its portents go by without comment. Vice President Gerald Ford was much too careful to start his own bandwagon rolling at this early date, yet the fact that it was already moving showed how prized he is by the Republicans.

As a politician who projects complete sincerity, Ford has rapidly become the hottest G.O.P. property in the era of Watergate. He is now the ceremonial head of the party; Republicans want him, not Nixon, as the keynote speaker at their fund-raising dinners. And despite his devout denials of any higher ambitions, Ford looms as the *leading* Republican candidate for 1976. In conversation, the President usually leads off his private list of possible Republican standard-bearers with his deputy's name. In the Harris poll, the Vice President leads the Democratic front runners for 1976, Senators Edward Kennedy (48%-44%) and Henry ("Scoop") Jackson (43%-41%). "Ford's different, refreshing, new," says Kentucky's Republican Senator Marlow W. Cook. "That's what the American people are looking for."

Rescue Effort. Ford's popularity is largely due to his success as the Mr. Outside of the White House, the link between the besieged Nixon presidency and the people. He also serves as a special White House emissary to a hostile Congress. For the first time in history, a President needs his Vice President more than, well, vice versa. Ford recognizes the pitfalls and anomalies of this situation, not the least of which is a Gallup poll finding that Americans, by a margin of 46% to 32%, would like him to finish out Richard Nixon's term. For the good of both the party and himself, Ford must back up the man who selected him—yet he cannot become his puppet. Last month he made the mistake of letting his loyalties as a team player overcome his instincts as a politician. He delivered a speech drafted by the White House charging that a "relatively small group of political partisans" was dragging out Watergate to cripple the President.

On Capitol Hill, Ford was severely criticized not only by liberal Democrats but by conservative Republicans. "The conservatives understand his need to support the President," says Congressman John Anderson, a House Repub-

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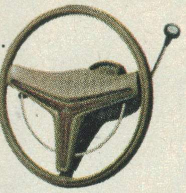
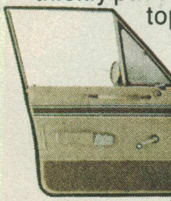
The new Dart Special Edition is based on the premise that a small car can be a *very* luxurious car. High-backed seats covered in crushed velour are usually found on the world's most expensive cars. They are standard on the Dart Special Edition. For backseat passengers, convenience pockets are built into the back of the front seat.

The Dart Special Edition comes in two body styles. The two-door hardtop and the four-door sedan. Either is available with the economical Slant Six or V8 engine. Comfort and convenience are the bywords for both models.





There's a woodgrain accented premium steering wheel with partial horn ring. Each door is thickly padded on the top half and carpeted on the bottom half. There are assist handles and armrests on each door. The Special Edition is finished throughout with plush cut-pile carpeting.

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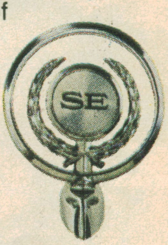

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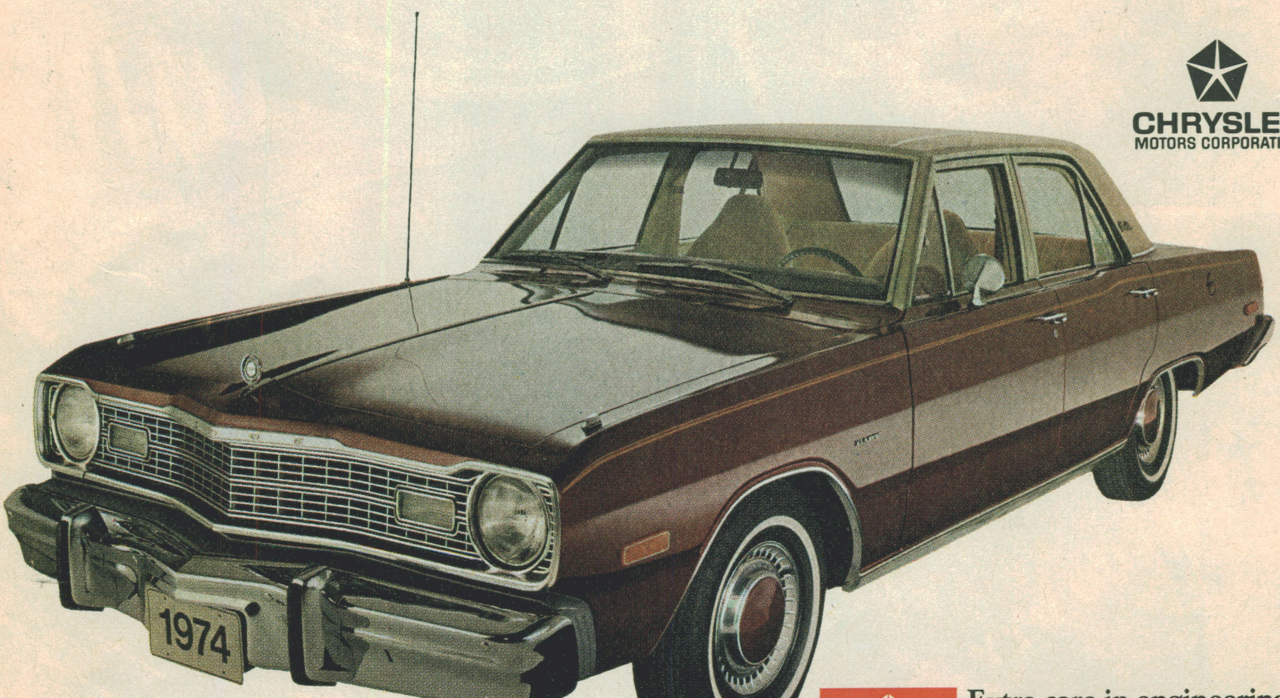

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lican leader, “but they are definitely opposed to his plunging in up to his elbows in the rescue effort.” While he still staunchly defends the President, Ford now avoids attacking Nixon’s critics.

Ford claims that he has ready access to the President. “I talk to him or see him almost every day,” he says. In fact, Nixon has given his Vice President an unusually broad scope of action, making him part of meetings with the Cabinet, the energy emergency action group, the Domestic Council and the congressional leadership. His relations with Henry Kissinger are carefully cultivated —by both men. Kissinger briefs Ford on foreign affairs every other week.

Unless he is out of town, Ford spends part of each day on Capitol Hill, presiding at least briefly over the Senate. When legislation is in its crucial stages, he will be working to ease bills through a Congress that has been locked in battle with the President. Most important, during the impeachment proceedings that are expected to take place in the House this spring, the Vice President will be moving around backstage, talking up support for Nixon among Ford’s countless friends in both parties.

Lost Yards. Last week Ford took a three-day swing through Kentucky, Illinois and Nebraska that looked remarkably like a campaign tour. He thumped the tub for campaign funds. He talked with groups of newsmen at every opportunity (four times in one day in Omaha). He looked every sturdy inch a candidate when, cheered by 4,000 flag-waving students, he jumped out of his limousine in Tinley Park, Ill., and plunged into the crowd to shake hands. Ford, in town to honor the championship high school football team, declared that he saw nothing odd about the Vice President of the U.S. taking part in such a ceremony.

A former star center for the University of Michigan, Ford attended a memorial dinner in Chicago for Frank Leahy, the famed Notre Dame football coach. “I only wish that I could take the entire United States into the locker room at half-time,” Ford declared. “It would be an opportunity to say that we have lost yards against the line drives of inflation and the end runs of energy shortages, and that we are not using all of our players as well as we might because there is too much unemployment. We must look not at the points we have lost but at the points we can gain. We have a winner. Americans are winners.”

As the week went on, Ford began to recite some of the disclaimers that unannounced presidential candidates traditionally pronounce while simultaneously signaling their interest. He said that he had “no plans to go out and corral delegates and seek support” for 1976. But that is not to say that Jerry Ford, if he can maintain his balancing act during the next 2½ years, will not be willing to accept a draft from the Republican Party that he is now helping mightily to sustain.

CRIME

The Ordeal of a Political Prisoner

For all its vicious history, kidnaping in the U.S. has been a crime forcing victimized families to trade suitcases full of cash for at least the hope of recovering a loved one unharmed. Last week one of the nation’s most celebrated families, the Hearsts of California, continued trying desperately to deal with an altogether different abduction: perhaps the first political kidnaping in U.S. history. Members of the revolutionary Symbionese Liberation Army, who had dragged 19-year-old Patricia Hearst from her Berkeley apartment and flung her into the trunk of a getaway car, at first ordered her father Randolph to feed all the needy of California as a condition for her return. It was a demand that not even the Hearst millions could possibly meet.

As Patricia’s ordeal dragged through a second week, life at the Hearsts’ $300,000 cream-colored stucco mansion in the San Francisco suburb of Hillsborough took on a grim order. The 15 rooms, many of them decorated with antiques from the fabled San Simeon mansion of Patricia’s grandfather William Randolph Hearst, were filled with agonized friends and family. Among them were Patricia’s four sisters and her fiancé Stephen Weed, 26, who had been badly beaten by the kidnapers. FBI agents set up a command center in the library, which was crammed with six telephones on the chance that Patty’s captors might call. Throughout the week Randolph and Catherine Hearst—putting up a remarkably courageous front despite their fears—stepped before TV cameras to provide bits of news.

The S.L.A.’s first communiqué, delivered by mail to an FM radio station in Berkeley, also contained a tape cassette on which Patricia had recorded a message to her parents beginning, “Mom, Dad, I’m O.K.” Sounding tired, possibly drugged and scared to death, she went on to describe her captivity. The S.L.A., she said in a quivering monotone, kept her blindfolded most of the time, often with her hands tied, but “I’m not being starved or beaten.” She noted that her captors had automatic weapons and warned against any rescue attempts by police. “These people aren’t just a bunch of nuts,” said Patricia. “They’re perfectly willing to die for what they are doing. And I just hope that you’ll do what they say, Daddy, and do it quickly.”

She was followed on the recording by a man calling himself General Field Marshal Cinque (which he pronounced sin-cue). He said that Hearst, editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* and executive-committee chairman of the newspaper-and-magazine chain founded by his father, was “the corporate chairman of a fascist media empire.” Furthermore, Mrs. Hearst, a regent of the University of California, had helped invest university funds, he said, “in corporations that have interest and do gain profit from robbery, oppression and genocide.” As usual, the S.L.A. statement was filled with far-left jargon and was accompanied by the group’s standard demand that its propaganda be printed and broadcast in full by Bay Area newspapers and stations. News executives had little choice except to accede to the demand in view of the S.L.A.’s final, chilling admonition concerning its “prisoner of war.” Cinque* declared himself “quite willing to carry out the execution of your daughter to save the life of starving men, women and children of every race.”

UPI

HEARSTS AT NEWS CONFERENCE
“Do what they say, Dad.”

The first solid break in the case came with the probable identification of Cinque as Donald D. DeFreeze, 30, an escaped prisoner who had been serving a five-year-to-life term at California’s Soledad prison for assault and robbery.

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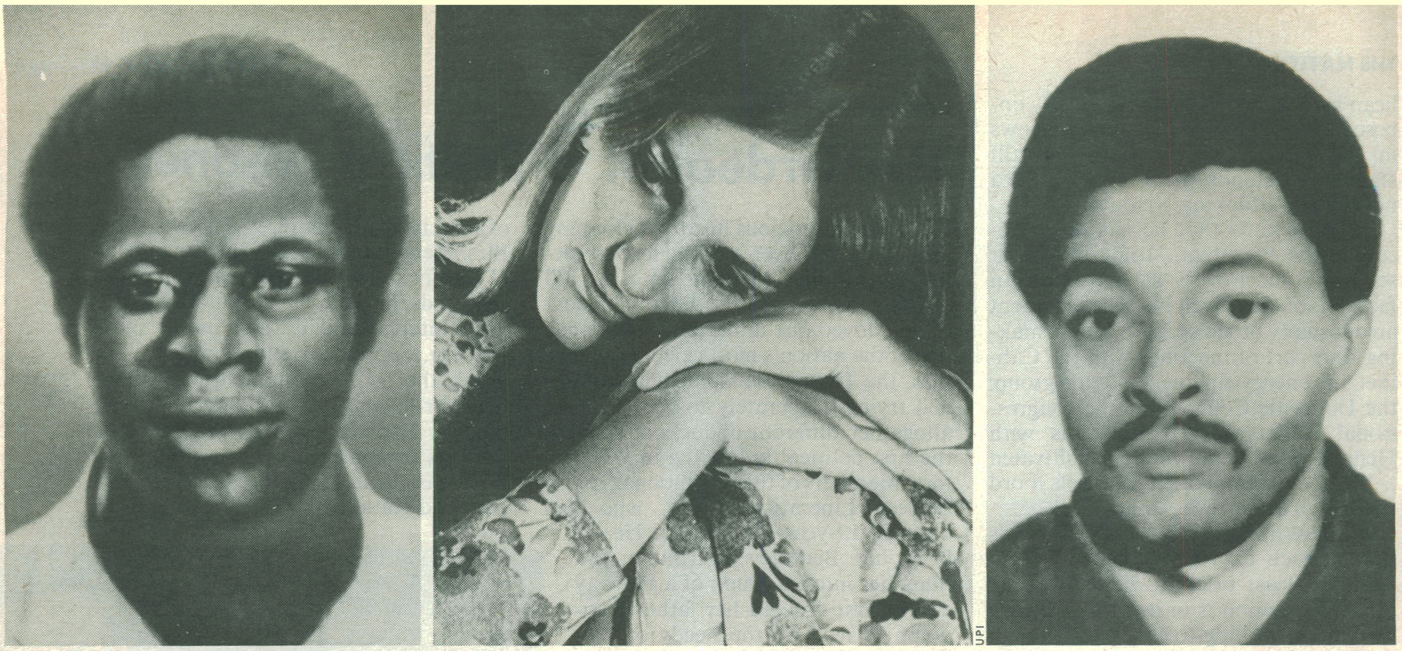
*A nickname used by more than one radicalized black. The original Cinque was an African who in 1839 led a revolt aboard the slave ship transporting him to the U.S. The New York *Post* noted last week that the plot of *Black Abductor*, a novel of politics and pornography published in 1972, closely resembles the Hearst kidnaping. In the book, an heiress-coed named Patricia is held for ransom by a racially mixed group of radicals in America’s “first political kidnaping.”



UPI

THERO WHEELER **PATRICIA HEARST** **DONALD DeFREEZE**

A chilling threat from Field Marshal Cinque, but this time the suitcase full of cash is not enough.

Inmates who knew DeFreeze reportedly said that they recognized his voice from the tape, and at least three witnesses to the kidnaping were said to have identified him by photo as one of the two black men who, accompanied by a young white woman, burst into the Hearst apartment. Authorities were also looking for another prison escapee, Thero M. Wheeler, 29, a jail acquaintance of DeFreeze's, who at one time was active in a California revolutionary Maoist group known as Venceremos. At week's end an intensified search for the two escapees, both of whom have been at large for months, had turned up nothing.

Ransom Demands. The S.L.A. communiqué early in the week demanded that Hearst provide $70 worth of "top" meats, vegetables and dairy products to everyone in California holding one of several certificates attesting to neediness: welfare cards, Social Security pension cards, food stamp cards, disabled-veteran cards, Medi-Cal (the state's version of Medicare) cards, parole or probation papers and jail- or bail-release slips. The food was to be distributed through supermarkets for three days during each of the next four weeks, and the S.L.A. suggested that the program be supervised by several groups, including the Black Panthers, Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers, the American Indian Movement (AIM), the National Welfare Rights Organization and the Black Teachers Caucus.

The plan was modeled on ransom demands made in recent years by the Argentine E.R.P. (Revolutionary Army of the People), which has demanded food, clothing and medical equipment for poor areas from corporations in return for freeing kidnaped executives. The S.L.A., however, had wildly raised the stakes. The largest amount known to have been demanded by the E.R.P. was $10 million from Exxon last year. California officials estimated that the bill for the state's 1.9 million welfare recipients alone would come to $133 million and that other people deemed eligible by the S.L.A. might make it as high as $400 million. Even if the logistics of finding and distributing so much food could be worked out—a doubtful proposition—that kind of money was certainly beyond even Hearst's means.

The family's strategy was to attempt to find a compromise. Urging Patricia over television to "hang in there, honey," Hearst promised to make "some kind of counteroffer that is acceptable." He said that he was hoping to find a way "to give the food to people who really do need it, and not assume that anyone with a card can go in."

Evidently, that general idea met the S.L.A.'s approval. At week's end, the Hearsts received a second tape recording from Patricia relaying a conciliatory message: her captors would not insist, she said, that Hearst comply to the letter with their original instructions. Quite aside from relieving Patricia's family from an impossible task, the communiqué was encouraging evidence that the S.L.A. was bargaining seriously and might eventually set terms within reason for her release. "I think I can get out of here as long as they [the FBI] don't come busting in," said Patricia. She also urged her mother to stop wearing black clothes on TV. "It's really depressing to hear people talk about me like I'm dead."

A major reason for the S.L.A.'s backdown on the food issue, however tentative, may well have been the scorn heaped on the original demand by a vast majority of those designated as beneficiaries. Many welfare recipients said that they would refuse to take any food paid for with "blood money." Chavez sent a message to the Hearsts that "my prayers are with you." Leftists from Black Panther Leader Huey Newton to Actress Jane Fonda condemned the S.L.A.'s use of violence as damaging to the radical cause. Some too conveniently forgot the New Left's more-than-occasional condoning of violence a few years ago. Yet most seemed to agree that the S.L.A.'s demand was as illogical as it was cruel. Said Communist Angela Davis: "If you want to build a mass movement against racism, poverty and imperialism, you don't do things that alienate people."

Despite the optimism generated by the week's second S.L.A. message, there lurked the possibility that the kidnapers would yet demand other fantastic "signs of good faith" before releasing their captive—if it ever does. Patricia hinted in her first message that there is "an analogy" between her abduction and the police capture of two suspected S.L.A. members now charged with the murder last November of Dr. Marcus Foster, the black superintendent of schools in Oakland. Authorities expect that Patricia's kidnapers may well ultimately demand their release. Beyond that, some law-enforcement officials despair that, following the skyjacking syndrome, the S.L.A.'s sudden notoriety may already have loosed the seed of example for future senseless terrorism—even if, like kidnapers in the great majority of cases handled by the FBI, this group is caught.

CHICAGO

The Rock Takes Over

Some Chicagoans like to sneer that their city has the best police force that money can buy. Others note that it has often been difficult to tell the cops from the crooks without a lineup card. But James M. Rochford, who has spent half of his 52 years on the force, thunders: "I abhor dishonesty among policemen." If he is eager to root out corruption, Rochford has landed the right job; last week he was named Chicago's superintendent of police. He moves in just when the city is in the grip of a police scandal of truly startling proportions, even by its historically gamy standards.

In the past three years, 86 policemen have been indicted for crimes; 48 have been convicted, including two captains. A total of 407 cops have been fired or forced to quit after superiors accused them of such activities as consorting with prostitutes and selling heroin. Investigations are still going on.

As with all other phases of public life in Chicago, the investigations—and the appointment of Rochford—have political overtones. The 13,800-member police force is closely controlled by Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, whose scandal-ridden machine has run the city since 1955. The prosecutions are being pushed by two politically ambitious Republicans—U.S. Attorney James ("Big Jim") Thompson and Bernard Carey, the state's attorney for Chicago's Cook County.

Thompson uncovered two highly organized police extortion rings that preyed on the near-North Side liquor trade during the past few years. The cops set up "vice clubs" and "invited" everyone to join who sold liquor—the owners of corner taverns, Gold Coast bistros, swinging singles spots and homosexual hangouts. Dues were $100 to $200 a month, and the benefits of membership were simply the privilege of operating without harassment. Those who refused to join sometimes found cops entering their places and endlessly checking identification of their customers. Uncooperative owners were threatened with loss of their liquor licenses, which the police controlled.

The two extortion rings netted more than half a million dollars for their police operators. Thompson has so far indicted 37 men and won convictions of 23, including the two captains. Meanwhile he is investigating four other districts of Chicago for possible rings.

In still another scandal, after six bodies were found floating in the city's waterways, suspicion focused not on Chicago's gangsters but on Chicago's cops. Some of the victims were thought to be dealers in heroin who had failed to buy off the police with bribe money. Two policemen were sentenced to life for their roles in two of the killings.

Last November the Chicago *Tribune* documented many sickening cases of police brutality. Among the victims were a teen-ager who lost an eye after being wantonly slugged by a policeman, and a woman who gave birth to a deformed child after being pounded in the abdomen by a patrolman. The series of articles led to the indictments of four cops, whose cases are still pending.

Dirty Money. After the liquor extortion scandals broke in 1972, Superintendent James Conlisk created a task force called C-5 to ferret out corruption. The agents moved into the 21 police districts, posing as cops, garbagemen and vagrants. They frequented gambling dens and policy wheel operations, and they found plenty of crooked cops. These police were regularly making their "meets" with the persons who were buying their protection or picking up their "drops" of money left for them to collect at designated spots. An area where "dirty money" was to be made easily was often dubbed a high-crime or "fast" district, and the cop who was not on the take was often automatically suspected of being an undercover agent. Why else would he pass up the money?

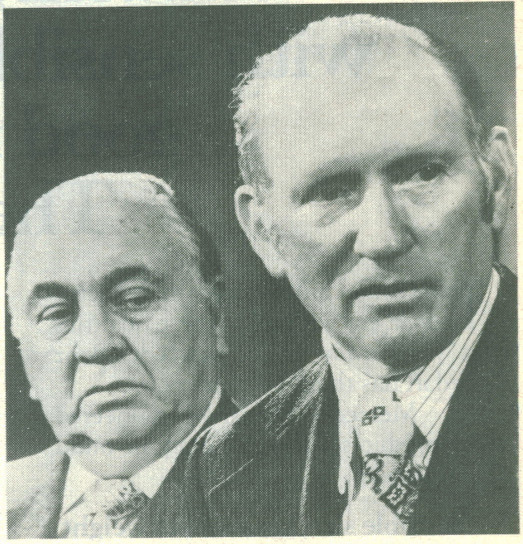
Modest Reforms. As the extortion scandal grew, Conlisk stepped down under pressure last November, becoming chief of traffic. Rochford, his right-hand man, was named acting superintendent until a permanent replacement could be found. The city's police board screened 250 applicants for the job, then passed on three names—including Rochford's—for consideration by the mayor. In an anticlimactic ending, Daley then announced, as many had suspected all along he would, that the job was Rochford's.

The new superintendent is the epitome of the no-nonsense cop who worked his way up from walking a beat. A beefy six-footer with a florid face and thinning red hair, Rochford comes from an Irish-American family of cops; nine of his and his wife's relatives were or are policemen. His courage is unquestioned. During World War II the man whom the cops call "the Big Rock" won two Bronze Stars as an infantry sergeant in the Pacific. As a policeman, Rochford once walked into a house in pursuit of a sniper who had killed two cops—and he walked out with his man. But his record is not without blemish: he was overall commander during the brutal police clashes with demonstrators at the 1968 Democratic Convention, when his men got out of control. Rochford was also in charge of the police who fired a volley of shots—wounding one youth—in a riot at a 1970 rock festival in Grant Park.

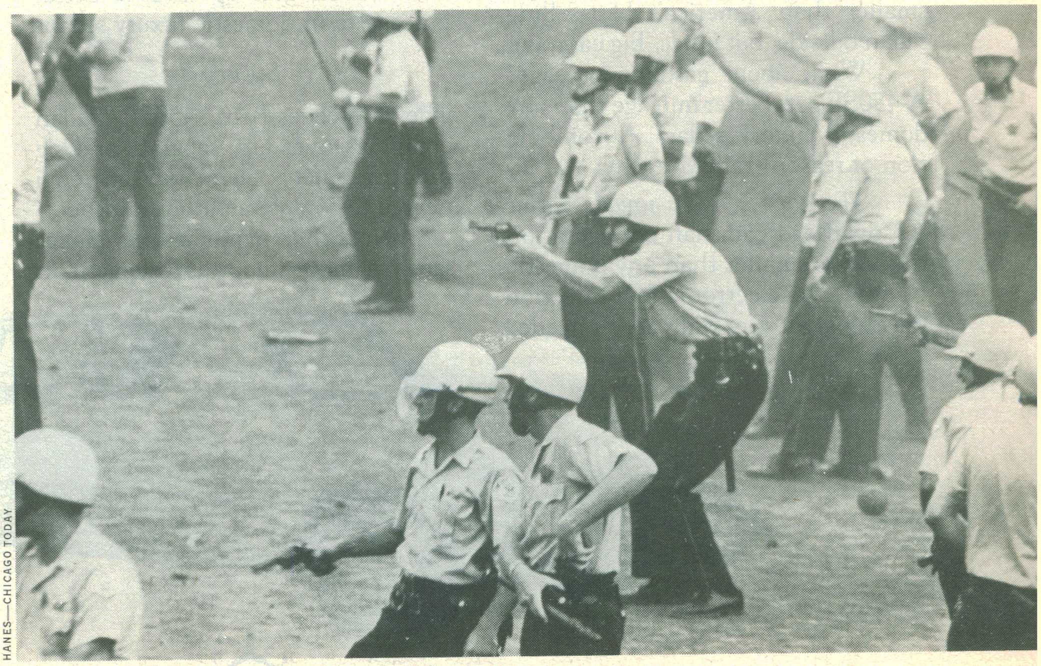
Rochford immediately called for a "complete turnabout" on the force and proposed a list of modest reforms that filled three single-spaced pages. Main items: setting up a new Office of Professional Standards, staffed in part by civilians, to investigate police brutality and corruption; reinstating psychiatric evaluations of applicants to weed out the emotionally unstable; and attracting more blacks and Spanish-speaking people to the force. Rochford also asked the mayor to take away the police's power to issue liquor licenses and give it to some other city agency.

In addition, Rochford disclosed results of lie-detector tests that he had ordered 72 top officers to take in order to determine if any had participated in or condoned acts of corruption. Seven men failed all four questions, and nine failed one or more. Rochford demanded and is getting the resignations of all 72 officers. He will now determine who should be reinstated, demoted or fired.

AP

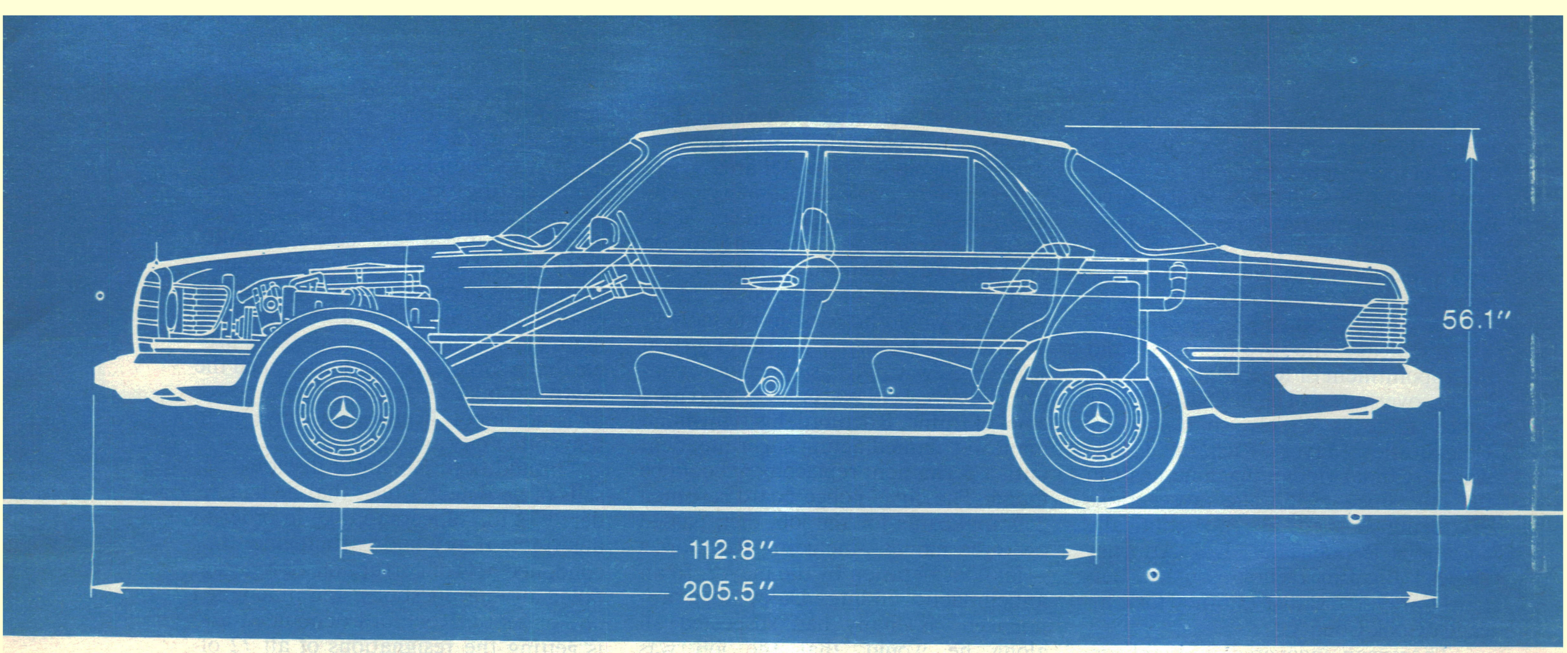


MAYOR DALEY & NEW TOP COP ROCHFORD



HANES—CHICAGO TODAY

POLICE FIRING INTO RIOTERS AT THE 1970 ROCK FESTIVAL IN GRANT PARK
Pledges to root out scandalous brutality and corruption.



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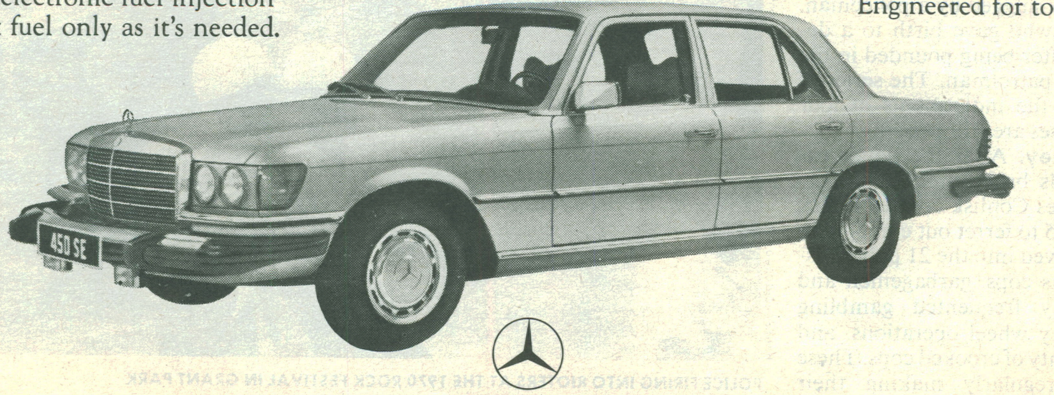
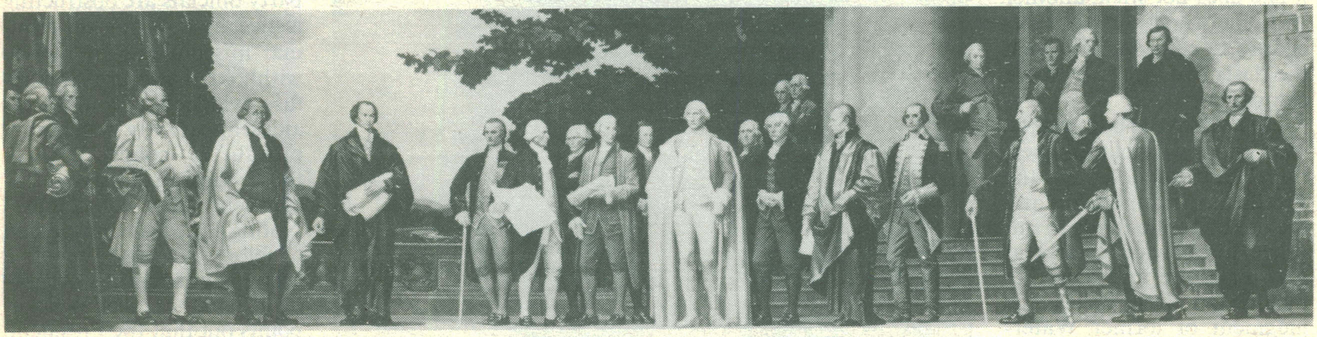


Mercedes-Benz

The Proper Grounds for Impeachment

IMPEACHMENT. Rarely has a word stirred such passions or borne such grave implications for the future governance of the U.S. And rarely has a word been given such a latitude of meaning. On the broad side, there is the interpretation offered in 1970 (and since qualified) by Vice President Gerald Ford when he was the leader among 110 Congressmen trying to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas: "An impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." On the narrow side, there is the argument that a President can be impeached and removed only for an indictable criminal offense.

These are the poles, but if an impeachment is to have any validity, it must surely be based on a middle ground between them. This week the lawyers for the House Judiciary Committee are scheduled to issue their opinion on what offenses are impeachable. Precisely how the report is phrased may have a great deal to do with whether the House votes to impeach President Nixon. And though the point may be heatedly debated, if history and precedent are to be the guides, it is unlikely that the Judiciary Committee's lawyers will find that the President can be impeached only for clear-cut criminal offenses. Most authorities now agree that impeachment is basically a political process, though one still closely responsive to legal precedents.



MADISON PRESENTS CONSTITUTION TO WASHINGTON IN MURAL BY BARRY FAULKNER IN CAPITAL'S NATIONAL ARCHIVES BUILDING

The founding fathers thought impeachment to be a "heroic medicine, an extreme remedy," as Lord Bryce later called it. They were not looking for a weapon to punish small transgressions. But what should be done if, as Benjamin Franklin asked during the Constitutional Convention, a President "rendered himself obnoxious"? To Alexander Hamilton, the most persuasive apostle of a strong Chief Executive, impeachment was the answer—the ultimate device for checking power in a democracy. In Hamilton's words, it was "a method of National Inquest into the conduct of public men," to be conducted by "the inquisitors for the nation" in Congress.

Treason and bribery, it was readily agreed during the debate on the Constitution, would be obvious grounds for impeaching a President. What else? "Abusing his power," Edmund Randolph of Virginia suggested. James Madison favored protection against "incapacity, negligence or perfidy in the chief magistrate." But when George Mason proposed adding "maladministration" to treason and bribery, Madison thought the word "so vague as to be equivalent to a tenure during the pleasure of the Senate." Borrowing a catchall phrase from English usage, Mason thereupon substituted "high crimes and misdemeanors." Without debate, this curious phrase, which has bedeviled political discourse ever since, became part of the Constitution.

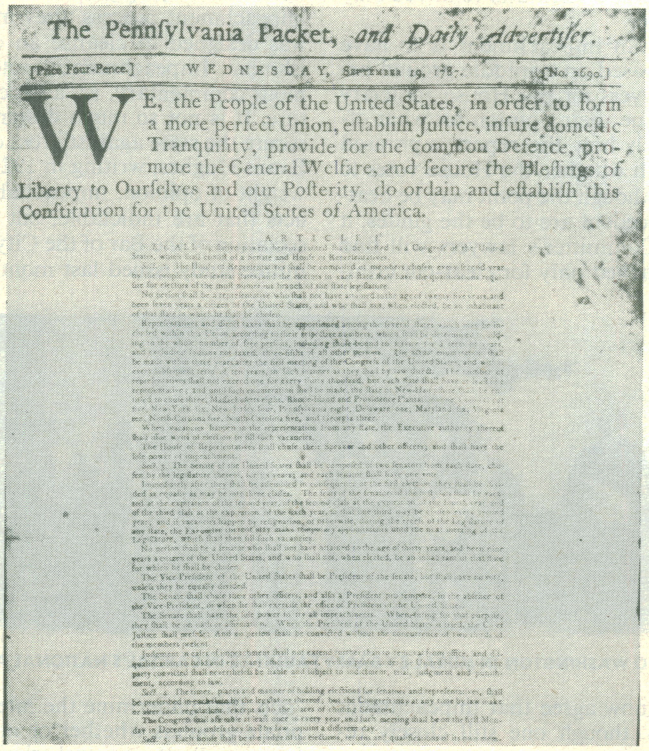
The phrase may be vague, but it is not meaningless and has a long history behind it. The English Parliament, struggling through the centuries against arbitrary Kings (who were, of course, immune from impeachment), used the charge to get at unsatisfactory advisers for offenses both criminal and non-criminal; significantly, the phrase high crimes and misdemeanors does not derive from normal English criminal law. Thus, Parliament impeached various magistrates for misleading their Sovereign, a Lord Chancellor for putting the seal of trust to an ignominious treaty, an admiral for neglecting the safeguard of the sea, and others for appointing bad men to office, taking bribes, purchasing jobs, subverting the fundamental laws, delaying justice. When the Americans adopted the impeachment process, they made it plain that impeachment was designed to cleanse an office, and not to impose punishment. Impeachment, wrote Justice Joseph Story in a famous commentary, is "a proceeding purely of a political nature. It is not so much designed to punish an offender as to secure the state against gross official misdemeanors." Charles Evans Hughes, writing in 1928, agreed that "according to the weight of opinion, impeachable offenses include, not merely acts that are indictable, but serious misbehavior." The Association of the Bar of the City of New York, in a cogent committee study issued last month, is the latest to conclude that "acts that undermine the integrity of government are appropriate grounds whether or not they happen to constitute offenses under the general criminal law."

Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski and his grand juries are about to return indictments against some of Nixon's key aides. But the "inquisitors for the nation" are free to judge by broader standards. No doubt about it, the inquisitors are not keen about their task. Most politicians hesitate to get too far out in front of the public; yet the public, disquietingly, seems to be expecting Congressmen to use their own best judgment. Congressmen are aware that, in the latest measurement by Louis Harris, they rate lower in public approval than the President himself. If impeachment is primarily a political act, the prospect can only distress those who worry about the low estate of politics these days. Of course, low politics is undeniably present, with some adamantly for or against impeachment for partisan reasons. But the majority of Representatives are now waiting for the framing of the charges by Attorneys John Doar and Albert Jenner, majority and minority counsel respectively, to the Judiciary Committee. Just as there are high crimes and misdemeanors, there is a high politics too. By its standards in the weeks ahead, Congress as well as the presidency will be tested.

Former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, in a variation on the Ford formulation, once cynically defined the politics of impeachment: "You don't need facts. You don't need evidence. All you need is votes." Nixon must hope that Congress will not take the advice of his former chief legal officer. Politics of that kind was very much involved in the nation's one previous attempt to impeach a President, and the sorry case against Andrew Johnson has given impeachment a bad name for a century since. The principal charge against Johnson was his defiance of an act of Congress that was later declared unconstitutional.

Clearly, a lot more misconduct than this can be adduced against Nixon, even with the wider latitude now given to Presidents. But it is only fair to note that dubious behavior by other recent Presidents did not lead to their impeachment. The New York City Bar argues that Congress should impeach Nixon "only if it would be prepared to take the same action against any President who engaged in comparable conduct in similar circumstances." The issue is not how good a President Nixon has been, or how popular he is, or whether he has had foreign policy successes or economic failures. The issue is whether he has been guilty of misconduct in office that jeopardized the integrity of government and whether he persists in conduct detrimental to good government.

A number of attempts have been made to frame impeachment charges against Nixon. The American Civil Liberties Union makes eleven charges; the AFL-CIO lists 19, and a public-interest law group, concentrating solely on criminal charges, lists "28 violations of law" committed by the President "or by persons answerable to him." Some of these lists give the impression of piling on charges, so that if one does not stick, another will. There are four main categories to consider, of which the last two are the more compelling:



The Pennſylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiſer.

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WE, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, eſtabliſh Juſtice, inſure domeſtic Tranquility, provide for the common Defence, promote the General Welfare, and ſecure the Bleſſings of Liberty to Ourſelves and our Poſterity, do ordain and eſtabliſh this Conſtitution for the United States of America.

PERSONAL ENRICHMENT. This category includes questionable deductions on the President's income taxes and the use of public funds to improve his private estates at Key Biscayne and San Clemente. On these issues, the judgment of former Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox is probably about right: "Morally shabby? I think so . . . Grounds for impeachment? I wonder."

THE SECRET BOMBING OF CAMBODIA. In ordering more than 3,600 bombing sorties against neutral Cambodia in 1969 and 1970, the President involved the Air Force in persistent falsifying of the records, deceived Congress and the public, and ignored federal statutes requiring congressional approval of such acts. All recent Presidents have unilaterally taken warlike actions, and Congress, which has the war-making power, has been lax in making its own weight felt. With its own fumbling record, it would not be a good judge of its own case.

MISUSE OF POWER. Here the case against Nixon takes on specificity. Among the charges: 1) establishing within the White House an irregular personal secret police (the plumbers) that engaged in such criminal acts as burglary, illegal wiretaps, espionage and perjury; 2) personal approval of a plan (later vetoed by J. Edgar Hoover) authorizing illegal domestic political surveillance, military spying on civilians, mail covers and espionage against dissenters, political opponents, journalists and federal employees; 3) the dangling of a high federal post to the judge in the Ellsberg–Pentagon papers trial; and 4) the attempted use of FBI investigations, income tax audits by the Internal Revenue Service and other threats to harass political "enemies." The list is long, disturbing and familiar, and the conduct hard to condone.

How deep must the President's own involvement be shown to be? Madison argued that as long as a President has the right to fire his assistants—which no authorities dispute—this would make him "responsible for their conduct and subject him to impeachment himself, if he suffers them to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses." Joseph Califano, who was Lyndon Johnson's special assistant for domestic affairs, says that though Presidents are often described as having more statesmanlike affairs constantly on their minds, they pay the closest attention to matters affecting their political survival. Nonetheless, Nixon's defenders would prefer to see him judged to have been negligent in superintending his subordinates than to have had "guilty knowledge" of what they were up to. Columbia University Law Professor Benno Schmidt agrees that one "should not necessarily attribute to him each and every act of his subordinates." But Schmidt adds: "When there is a pattern of subordinate misconduct, you must look to the President's failure to supervise and control their conduct." Some authorities think that the cumulative evidence of abuse of office might be decisive.

COVER-UPS. The President has a constitutional duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. "Is it an impeachable violation of this responsibility," Cox asked recently, "to refrain for months from any form of personal intervention when there is, first, suspicion and later at least some evidence that his highest personal aides and party officials are obstructing justice by covering up criminal misconduct, for him to withhold disclosure and refuse evidence . . . and for his aides, apparently with his approval, to cooperate with those seeking to avoid indictment and conviction?" Noting that it is "misprision of felony" to fail to report a crime, Connecticut's Republican Senator Lowell Weicker points out that the President, even by his own admission, knew about Watergate crimes on March 21, 1973, and asks: "Which judge or law-enforcement official did you contact?" Moreover, once it became clear that presidential tapes might well establish Nixon's ignorance or knowledge of Watergate, and once the President formally accepted "sole personal control" for the preservation of this evidence, how is one to account for the 18½ missing minutes on one crucial tape, or the fact that six court-appointed experts declared in effect that this segment could not have been erased accidentally?

In Watergate cases involving criminal charges, judgment on many individuals will eventually be delivered in the nation's courts. But what of those offenses that, in Hamilton's words, "proceed . . . from the abuse or violation of some public trust [and] are of a nature which may with peculiar propriety be denoted *political,* as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to the society itself?" The emphasis is Hamilton's, and there is no doubt whatever that, in his view, impeachment of a President is the appropriate remedy for *political* offenses, indictable or not.

In the inquest that is now opening, the House must frame its inquiry, take evidence, admit counterevidence by the President and the President's men, and come to its decision. If the vote is to impeach (and if the President has not resigned by then), it will become the Senate's job to try him. It will not be a comfortable process. It was not meant to be. But if it is carried out fairly, it may be the necessary—indeed the only—way to restore confidence in the rule of law. ■ Thomas Griffith

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DIPLOMACY

A Step Toward Unity—Minus France

Formally, the subject was how to deal with the world energy shortage—but the delegates to last week's 13-nation Washington Energy Conference spent little time talking about that. The real subject was U.S.-European relations, and the denouement was straight out of the De Gaulle era: the U.S. got everyone to go along with a common approach except France, which again played the role of odd country out at the cost of a deepening split between itself and its Common Market partners.

President Nixon had invited the nine Market nations, plus Canada, Japan and Norway, to meet and work out a common program for easing the energy pinch. For three days—one more than planned—the Foreign Ministers of the 13 wrangled through rounds of formal speeches, a black-tie dinner at the White House, and a long series of private meetings and caucuses. In the end, they agreed to set up a "coordinating group" that will:

SECRETARY OF STATE KISSINGER
Persuasively victorious.

1) Work out cooperative systems for conserving energy and plans for allocating tight oil supplies equitably among consuming countries "in times of emergency and severe shortages."

2) Plan joint approaches aimed at developing non-oil sources of energy. To aid this effort, the U.S. offered to share the new technology it is developing.

3) Try to set up a meeting between oil-consuming and oil-producing nations at which the consumers would seek to convince the producers to guarantee stable supplies. Moreover the U.S. and some other nations want to persuade the producers to lower oil prices to a more bearable level. U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger concedes that prices would have to stay higher than the $3.65 per bbl. that Persian Gulf producers were charging before they started the embargo in October. But he also points out that present prices, which range up to $20 per bbl., threaten severe disruption of the world economy.

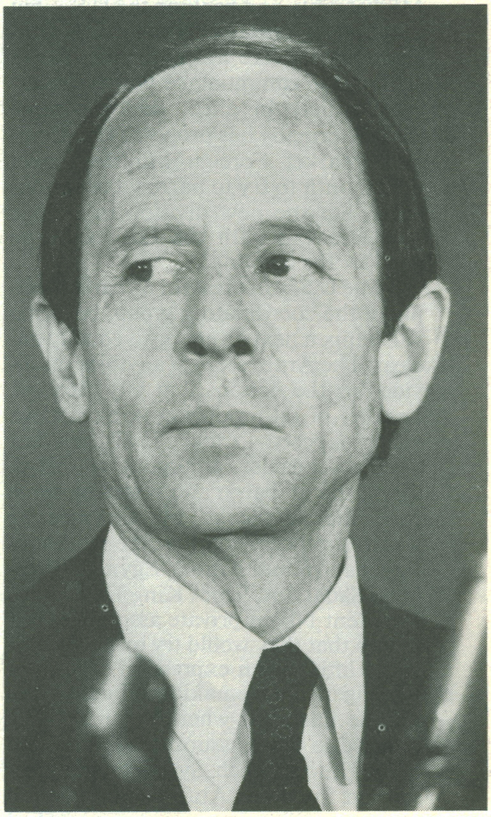
The program is a sensible one and represents yet another victory for Kissinger's powers of persuasion: it contains almost everything that he and Nixon had hoped to get out of the conference. The only important point on which he could get no agreement was a proposed "code of conduct" to regulate the efforts that several governments are making to work out special deals with Middle Eastern producers in order to assure their own energy supplies. France, for example, is negotiating pacts with Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya that would guarantee it millions of barrels of oil in return for stepped-up deliveries of French weapons and technology to the producers. Kissinger voiced fears that such deals would only bid up oil prices still higher, but French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert pointed out caustically that at least six other nations were negotiating similar trades.

Every other point had to be won over the loud opposition of Jobert, who put on a display of verbal pyrotechnics worthy of De Gaulle at his best. Time and again the tiny, feisty French Foreign Minister implied that the U.S. was trying to establish economic and political hegemony over Europe. He sharply criticized France's Common Market partners, and pointedly noted that the U.S. can supply more of its oil needs from its own production than any European nation or Japan. "We are living in discomfort," said Jobert. "Let those who have comfort understand it."

At one point, Jobert committed a startling breach of diplomatic etiquette by publicly endorsing Democratic criticism of Nixon's energy policy. He quoted approvingly from a speech by an unnamed U.S. Senator who was readily identifiable as Edmund Muskie of Maine. Jobert forced the conferees to rewrite their communiqué many times. The final version carried six asterisks to note that France disagreed with much of it. He also made it clear that France would not join the coordinating group.

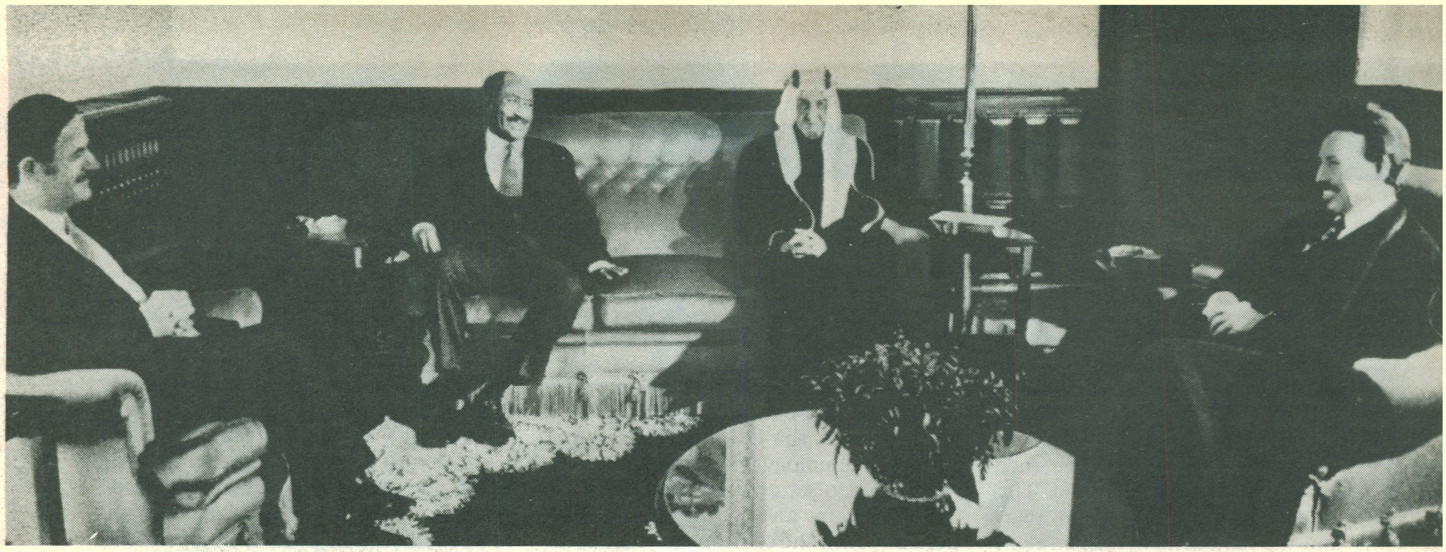
This French obstinacy, reports TIME's chief European Correspondent William Rademaekers, has little to do with energy: "Rather, the French intransigence reflects a general frustration with France's diminishing role in the world at large, and its frantic efforts to carve out a new sphere of influence." France, Rademaekers reports, is worried that smoother U.S. relations with the Soviet Union presage a deal whereby the superpowers would tacitly divide the world into areas of influence, with the U.S. getting Western Europe and France left unconsulted. Also, France is riled by its lessening power in the Common Market, where it must now share influence with Britain as well as with West Germany. All of this has apparently led the French to try to recapture the "grandeur" of the De Gaulle days by reviving his diplomatic style.

WALTER BENNETT



FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER JOBERT
Caustically barbed.

If that is so, the attempt last week boomeranged: Jobert forged a greater degree of unity between the U.S. and



UPI

ASSAD OF SYRIA, SADAT OF EGYPT, FAISAL OF SAUDI ARABIA, BOUMEDIENNE OF ALGERIA CONFERRING ON VALENTINE'S DAY

A mini-summit for the Arabs—who seem as divided as the nations that buy their oil.

non-French Europe than Kissinger had been able to accomplish. West German Finance Minister Helmut Schmidt declared that his country did not want to be forced to choose between Common Market unity and backing the U.S.—but in the end, Germany chose the U.S. Other delegates were less emphatic, but in signing the communiqué without reservations they in effect said the same thing. Germany has proposed that Common Market Foreign Ministers meet next month to try to narrow the various splits, but the new division in Europe over relations with the U.S. bodes no good for the meeting.

The U.S. will press for an early meeting of the coordinating group, but what will happen next on energy is equally unclear. The Arabs seem, if anything, as divided as the nations that buy their oil. Leaders of oil-producing Arab nations were supposed to meet in Tripoli last week to consider, among other things, lifting the embargo and restoring some production cutbacks, but the meeting was abruptly called off at the request of Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Egyptian President Sadat and Saudi King Faisal gave President Nixon private assurances last month that they would try to get the embargo lifted as an expression of faith in Kissinger's peacemaking efforts in the Middle East. But when Nixon publicly referred to those assurances in his State of the Union speech, Syria brought pressure on the other Arab countries to do nothing until an agreement was reached for disengagement of Syrian and Israeli forces along the Golan Heights. Last week's conference was apparently postponed because the Egyptian and Saudi leaders realized that without more progress on disengagement it would be impossible to persuade more militant Arabs that the embargo should be eased. Four influential Arab leaders—Sadat, Faisal, Algerian President Houari Boumedienne and Syrian President Hafez Assad—held a "mini-summit" in Algiers. They decided to dispatch emissaries to Paris to thank the French for their stand and to Washington to outline Arab conditions for an Israeli-Syrian settlement.

Meanwhile the world continues to pay through the nose for the oil that it is getting. U.S. Oil Economist Walter Levy, a frequent consultant to Kissinger, figures that at present prices for imported petroleum the U.S. could run a $13 billion trade deficit this year, *v.* a surplus of $1.68 billion in 1973. Japan, he calculates, may have to pay $11 billion more for oil this year—a sum roughly equal to the nation's entire reserves of gold and foreign currencies—and Western Europe as a whole might have to cough up $35 billion more.

Clearly, negotiating the prices down should be a prime economic and diplomatic goal for the industrialized world. But so far the Arabs, though disunited, have shown great skill at playing off one worried consuming nation against another in order to maintain the prices. The agreement of twelve big oil consumers at last week's Washington conference on a common program could mark an important step toward the needed negotiations with the oil producers. Even the French may eventually join in. Kissinger expects to see his new diplomatic rival, Jobert, at any meeting between oil users and producers.

RATIONING

Spotty Local Starts

The Federal Energy Office made it official last week: it has "certainly decided" against beginning nationwide gasoline rationing on March 1. Administrator William Simon had previously picked that date as the earliest the agency could begin distributing the ration coupons the Government has been printing. So, for at least the time being, the only hope that motorists have for shrinking the long and frustrating lines stretching from gasoline pumps lies in the local rationing plans that are spreading across the country. Last week six more states—Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Washington—and a number of cities, including Miami and San Diego, adopted some form of rationing. Their plans got off to a spotty start.

Nearly all the systems follow the format pioneered by Oregon last month: motorists whose license plates end in an even number can buy gas only on the even dates of the calendar; odd-numbered days are reserved for the owners of cars with odd-numbered plates. In order to prevent obsessive "topping off" of tanks, a minimum purchase of half a tankful, or $3 worth, often must be made. Compliance is generally voluntary, but New Jersey and Maryland joined Hawaii in setting up mandatory systems backed by stiff fines of up to $1,000 on station owners or motorists who are caught acting in violation of the rules.

The plans brought out the best and worst in the customers—more often the worst. Lines generally shortened; "It works!" headlined the Miami *Herald*. But many drivers, says John Bell, owner of a Mobil station in Lexington, Mass., "have tried every trick in the book to beat the system, from 'My wife is about to give birth' to 'My daughter is sick.' It's incredible the sob stories you hear." In Wilkes-Barre, Pa. a woman argued for five minutes at pumpside that eight was not an even but an odd number. In San Diego, bribery reared up. "One day when the station was closed," says Greg Wilson, an attendant at a Phillips 66 station, "a guy drove in and offered me whatever I wanted to fill his tank. He was so angry when I refused."

Troubles aside, the new restrictions on gasoline are necessary. U.S. refineries have only enough crude to operate at 82% of capacity. Oil imports are dropping steadily, reports the FEO: from 5 million bbl. a day two weeks ago to 4.9 million bbl. last week. Compounding an already bad situation, most drivers still seem unwilling to form car pools or switch to alternative forms of transit. In a Gallup poll last week, 79% of those interviewed said that they used autos to go to work—exactly the same proportion as in 1971.

All this puts special pressure on the FEO's program to allocate gasoline supplies equitably throughout the nation. That program, says FEO Deputy Administrator John Sawhill, still has "kinks." For one thing, allocations are based on gasoline sales in 1972, and many areas

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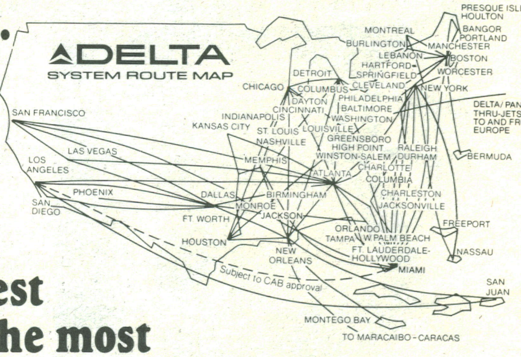
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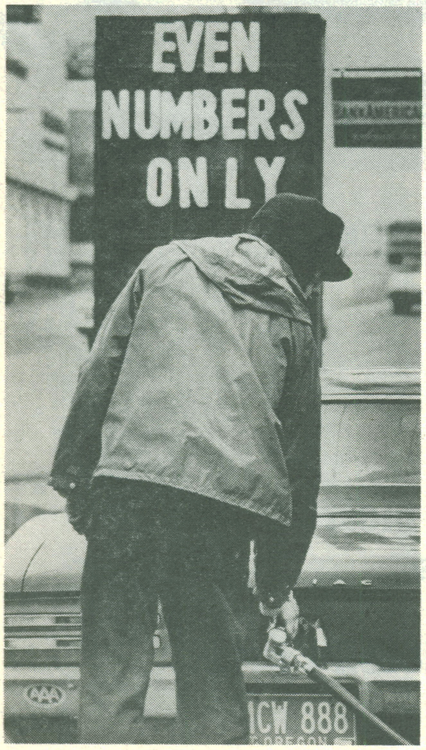
have gained great numbers of cars since then. Also, the allocations that were announced last week were based on incomplete data. As a result, some states were given less gasoline than they merited. Through a quickly corrected computer error, Texas, of all places, was initially granted an extra allocation. Though some changes have been made, top state officials in New England, the Middle Atlantic and Northwest are screaming that they are being shortchanged.

"We see our gasoline conservation efforts going up in fumes while Washington flounders," Connecticut Governor Thomas J. Meskill stated last week. He vowed to confront Simon and to "sit on his desk" if necessary to get more gasoline. Rather than wait, Simon dispatched 20 FEO "action teams" to states in distress. The teams are supposed to advise local officials about how to make the best use of their allocations and to update growth statistics for future allocations. Meantime, Simon forbade service stations to save gas for their regular clients.

ODD-EVEN RATIONING AT WORK IN OREGON



DAVID FALCONER

To many gas-station owners, the new rules and the unruly customers were too much to tolerate. Some closed down in protest. Others took even more dramatic steps. "I've been threatened by a man with a gun, and one of my employees was arrested for fighting with a customer he turned down," said Sam King, who runs a Shell station in Owings Mills, Md. "Now the FEO says I cannot sell to regular customers, and the Internal Revenue Service says I can't sell by appointment only." King's solution: he abandoned the pumps, let customers serve themselves free and watched drivers battle for control of the pump handles.

Salvatore Butera, owner of a BP station in Trenton, N.J., signaled his distress in another way. New Jersey stations are now required by the state to put out various colored flags (red for no gas, yellow for limited sales, green for unlimited sales). Butera hoisted a white flag, explaining, "They got me beat any way I turn."

Despite the new restrictions, the old lines remained in many areas, and with them came opportunities of various kinds. Bob Flynn, assistant manager of the Burger King on Northern Boulevard in Greenvale, L.I., sent his helpers out to motorists waiting to get into the corner Shell station; he sold some $30 worth of food in a half hour. In Brooklyn, lined-up drivers were approached by a man wearing a service-station uniform. "We're trying to speed things along," he said. "We've got a $5 limit, so pay me now and I'll give you a receipt that you hand over at the pump." But when the drivers got to the pump, the attendants did not know anything about the deal, and the wily entrepreneur had vanished.

The only real solution to the troubles is more gasoline. But Simon is leaving to refineries the decision about when and how fast to switch from producing heating oil to making more gas. FEO's Sawhill says that "we should be in better shape by March." Much depends, however, on the Arab embargo; if it is not lifted soon, nationwide coupon rationing may yet prove inevitable.

SERVICE-STATION OWNER RALLYING GAS-HUNGRY DRIVERS IN WALTHAM, MASS.

51 9/10
DON'T YO-YO....
TOGETHER IT'LL WORK
CITGO
HELP US HELP YOU
NEED GAS?
NEED YOUR JOB?
EXPRESS YOURSELF
LET THEM KNOW YOUR OPINION
SENATOR BROOKE 223-7240
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ARTHUR GRACE

OIL

The New Barons of Oil

A consumer who wanted to know where the power lay in the world oil business once had only to memorize the names of the "seven sister" inter*national* companies: Exxon, Royal Dutch/Shell, Gulf, Texaco, Mobil, California Standard and British Petroleum. Now he must also learn such less familiar names as National Iranian, Petromin and Pertamina. They are among a host of government-owned companies that are muscling in on the majors' market by taking over many of the seven sisters' operations outside the U.S.

Last week, in a move deliberately timed to coincide with the oil-consuming nations' talks in Washington—which some Arab countries saw as "an act of aggression"—Libya pointed up the trend. It nationalized the local operations of Atlantic Richfield, Texaco and Standard Oil of California, which together produce about 9% of Libya's daily output of 2 million bbl. a day. The U.S. companies will be compensated for their facilities, but the details of payment remain to be worked out.

By similar nationalization or by negotiating "participation" agreements, nearly every producing nation has entered the oil business. From Abu Dhabi to Zaïre, government-owned firms are asserting more and more control over drilling, pumping, refining, shipping and pricing local petroleum. They already have played a key role in pushing prices to undreamed-of heights: several have auctioned off oil for $14.69, $17.34 or even $20 per barrel.

Some of the most notable of the national companies:

THE NATIONAL IRANIAN OIL CO. is the biggest and most sophisticated government firm. Iran nationalized petroleum in 1951, and N.I.O.C. controls all oil production, pricing and exploration in the country, which has reserves of 60 billion bbl. Pumping the oil is left to a foreign consortium—including British Petroleum, Gulf and Exxon—that is allowed to buy most of the oil that is lifted. Of the 5.7 million bbl. pumped daily, about 600,000 bbl. go directly to N.I.O.C., which refines and markets this amount for use within the country.

Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi is the real boss of N.I.O.C., and he has been pressing the company's expansion. N.I.O.C. now runs four refineries in Iran and holds interests in refineries in India and South Africa. The company is also moving into petrochemicals and exploitation of Iran's immense nat-

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after ten years, just once,
I wanted to tell her I loved her
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Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

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Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

ural-gas reserves. In a deal that suggests the shape of the future, N.I.O.C. is contracting to sell up to 100,000 bbl. a day for 15 years to Ashland Oil Co. in return for a half interest in 180 service stations in New York State (which will sell gasoline under the Ashland-N.I.O.C. brand name) and a refinery in Buffalo.

PETROMIN, Saudi Arabia's company, has enormous potential because of the country's vast reserves, estimated to be 132 billion bbl. At present, it stands in the shadow of the world's biggest oil-producing firm, Aramco, which pumps virtually all of the 7.3 million bbl. produced daily in Saudi Arabia. King Faisal's government holds the largest share of Aramco (25%) in partnership with Exxon, Standard of California, Texaco and Mobil. The government has contracted to take over 51% of Aramco by 1982—and, according to reports last week, may demand 100% much sooner. Whenever the takeover happens, Petromin stands to expand greatly. Today it markets the Saudi government's share of the crude produced by Aramco and operates a refinery, a drilling company and a shipping line. Ultimately, it plans to expand into petrochemicals and to market Saudi oil worldwide.

KUWAIT NATIONAL PETROLEUM CO. operates a refinery and markets oil and other refined products internationally through offices in the U.S., Britain, Japan and Singapore; it may also buy a tanker fleet. The two companies that hold a joint concession in Kuwait, Gulf and British Petroleum agreed in 1972 to sell to the government 25% of their venture at once and the rest by 1982. Wanting more, the government rejected the offer. Now the firms have agreed to sell a 60% interest immediately, for a low price of $112 million, and the remainder in six years. Though the companies would probably continue to act as sellers of Kuwait oil, the marketing and production role of the state-owned firm would be rapidly expanded.

IRAQ NATIONAL OIL CO. rose to power after the government in 1972 seized almost all the concessions, equipment and pipelines of the Iraq Petroleum Co., a consortium that included British Petroleum, Shell, Exxon and Mobil. Iraq has estimated reserves of 31.5 billion bbl., and I.N.O.C. manages exploration and production, though it still sells some to the majors. I.N.O.C. has a big plus: an adequate supply of trained personnel, many of them schooled abroad largely at the expense of the major international oil firms.

NIGERIAN NATIONAL OIL CO. is Africa's largest and most promising state petroleum firm. Nigeria produces 2.2 million bbl. a day—about 40% of which finally ends up in the U.S.—and the government of General Yakubu Gowon openly intends to gain control of every aspect of the petroleum business. N.N.O.C. has already bought 35% of the biggest oil firm, Shell-BP, and will take over 51% by 1982.

PERTAMINA, Indonesia's state company, has prospered by attracting 32 foreign oil companies to explore and by allowing them to earn handsome profits. Until recently, the companies retained up to 58% of the oil that they produced and gave the rest to Pertamina, which sold it. Now, with prices soaring for its low-sulphur "sweet crude" and production up to 1.4 million bbl. a day, Pertamina is renegotiating its contracts with foreign concerns to bring the government share up to 60% or more.

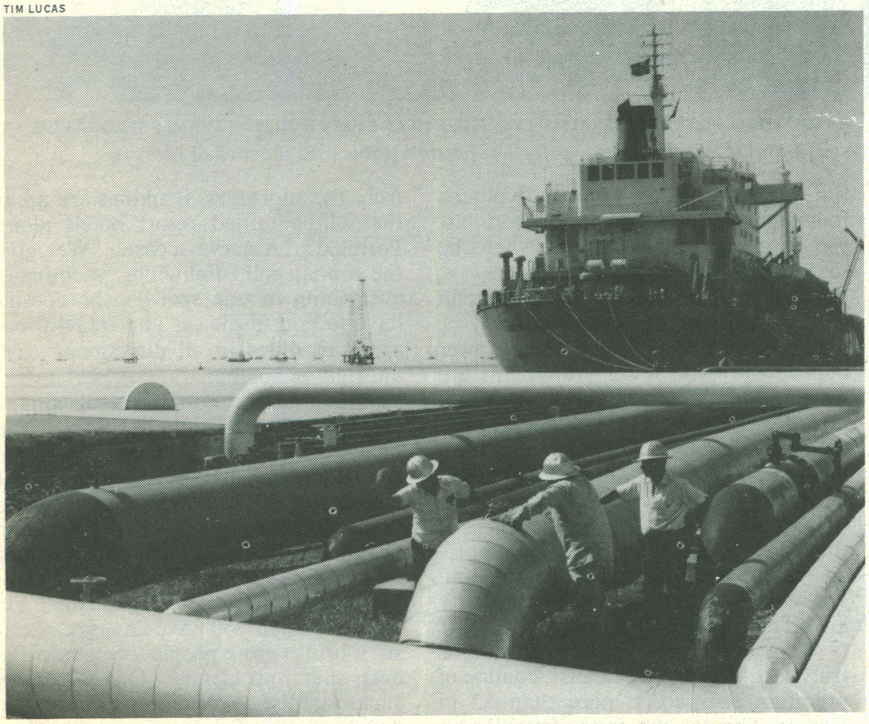
VENEZUELAN PETROLEUM CORP. (CVP) will grow larger in production, shipping and sales because the country's incoming president, Carlos Andrés Pérez, has vowed that the government will take over foreign concessions, including all plants and equipment, before agreements expire in 1983. CVP will soon get a lead role in developing huge reserves along the Orinoco River, though it will need technological help from the majors.

Despite the growth of state-owned companies, the major oil companies will not just fade away. Beyond their massive transportation and retailing facilities, they have the technology and management skills that most producing nations will have to continue to hire, however reluctantly. Instead of acting as entrepreneurs, however, the companies will serve more and more as contractors—pumping, refining and moving oil for governments that own it. The role will be profitable, but it will be some distance from the rewarding position in center stage.

ALEX LUMI

INDONESIA'S SUNGAI GERONG REFINERY ON THE RIVER MUSI AT JAKARTA
From Abu Dhabi to Zaïre, a host muscling in on the majors' markets.

TIM LUCAS



NORWEGIAN TANKER STOPPING AT THE DOCKS ALONG LAKE MARACAIBO IN VENEZUELA
Already a key role in pushing prices to undreamed-of heights.

TOURISM

The Rush to Stay at Home

With Mardi Gras only a week away, Frank Fullmer should be both busy and prosperous. His 53-room Bel-Air Motel (heated swimming pool, free color TV in every room) on a major highway into New Orleans is strategically located to catch the annual stampede of carnival-bound tourists. This year, however, fully one-third of his rooms are empty. "We ought to be filling up about now," he frets. "I guess people just don't want to take a chance this year."

Like thousands of other proprietors of motels, restaurants, travel agencies, airlines, resorts and ski areas from New Orleans to Nice, Fullmer is a casualty of the world fuel shortage. The traveling public, beset by uncertainty over flight cancellations, filling-station closings and gasoline-rationing schemes, is staying home in droves. As a result, the travel industry, which accounts for $60 billion a year in the U.S. alone, is having one of its most chilling winters.

TEAM

EMPTY TABLES ALONG ROME'S VIA VENETO

JIM ANNAN

KILLER WHALES DISPORTING THEMSELVES FOR A NEAR-EMPTY HOUSE AT MIAMI'S SEAQUARIUM

All of slight avail: the lures of Walt Disney World and the Eternal City, color TV, heated pools and touches of blarney.

In the Western U.S., where gasoline is still relatively plentiful, winter resorts are generally still busy. But in the Northeast, about two-thirds of the ski areas are reporting smaller crowds. Many operators have been able to attract the skiers they do get only by buying gas stations or promising to fill the visitors' tanks once they arrive. In Vermont, where skiing is the largest industry, statewide unemployment has risen to 7%. Only 25 people were on the payroll two weeks ago at Glen Ellen—down from 125 a year earlier.

Vermont ski executives blame their troubles as much on a fairly snowless winter as on the gasoline crunch. Yet in western Massachusetts, which was covered with snow last week, the slopes are still underpopulated. Said Ted Trombley as he surveyed the empty parking lot of his Yankee Motor Lodge near Pittsfield: "Up until now we could blame the weather. But with this gorgeous weekend we just had, we're still off 50%, so we know the problem has to be gas."

In Florida, where 80% of all tourists arrive by car, hotel bookings are down 15%. Attendance at Walt Disney World near Orlando is off 6%, and the amusement park has had to lay off about 750 workers. Florida tourism officials bought space in out-of-state newspapers last month to boast that there was plenty of gasoline available in the state. Some visitors to the gas-short Miami area, which started rationing last week, have found no such plenitude. Jim Komer arrived in Miami from Kitchener, Ont., with his wife and another couple, but could not buy more than $2 worth of gasoline at a time for his rented Lincoln. Komer's foursome cut their vacation short last week and returned to Canada, where, he says, "there's lots of gasoline."

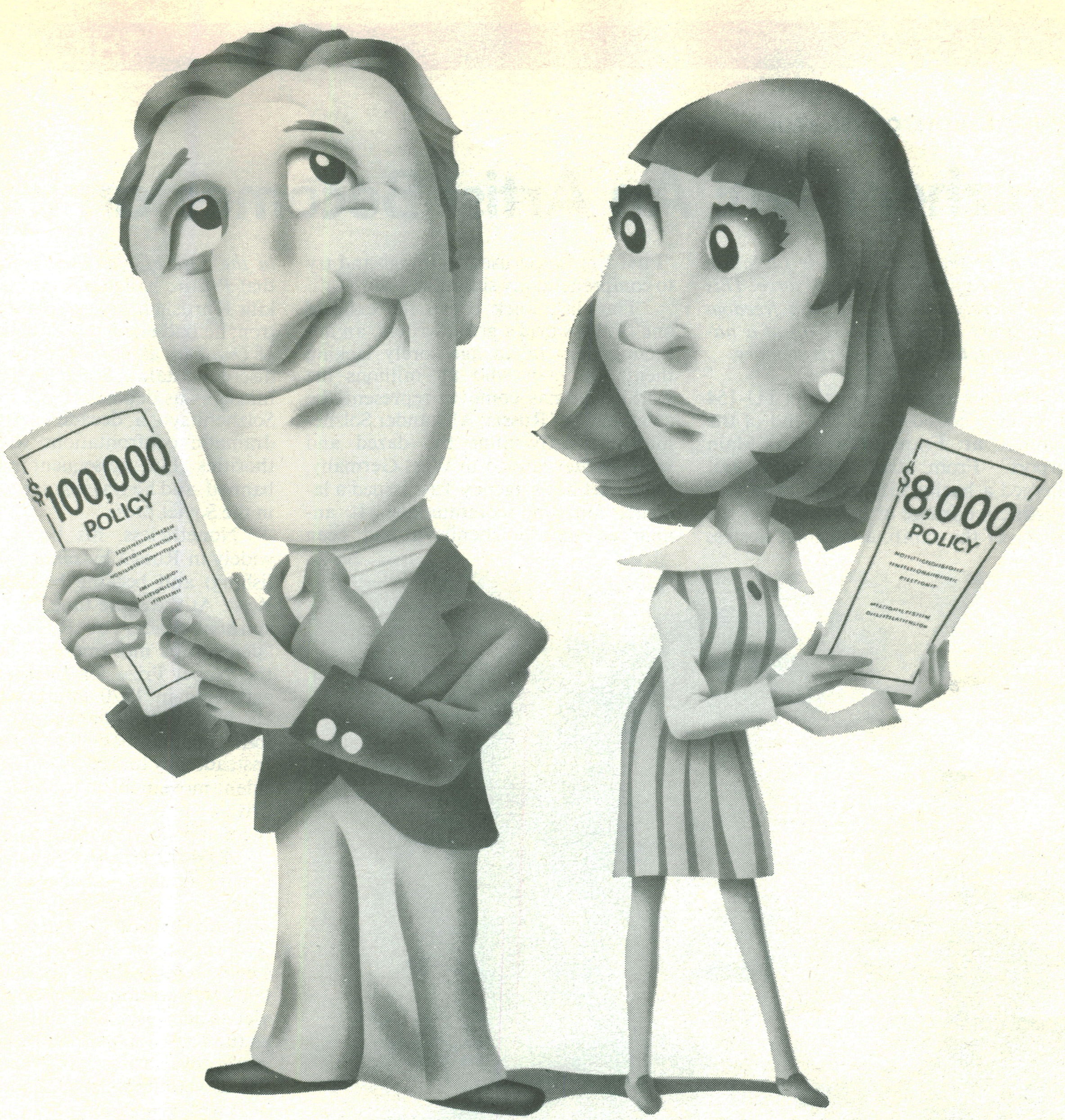
Despite the dollar's recent gain in value against many foreign currencies, which gives it more purchasing power outside the U.S., fewer Americans are traveling abroad these days. The State Department reports that passport applications were down 16% in January from last year. So far this winter, Spain's Costa del Sol has had 50,000 fewer visitors than expected. Only 30% of the rooms at the Rome Hilton were filled last month, against 45% the January before, and Hertz auto rentals in the Eternal City are off nearly 20%.

Gasoline prices in Europe can be truly shocking to Americans. A gallon of premium now costs more than $2 in Greece. The day the price of regular hit $1.70 a gallon in Portugal, three Volkswagen vans were instantly put on sale by their tourist owners at the Monsanto camping area in Lisbon. Paula and Ellen Segal left their jobs as secretaries in California last month, bought a Volkswagen in West Germany, and planned to tour the Continent for six months. They have decided to return home in April, two months early. Says Paula: "No one warned us about the prices."

Prepaid Packages. On the other hand, the energy crisis seems to be affecting travel-related businesses in Europe less dramatically than those in the U.S. Prepaid package tours account for relatively more of the tourism *business* there and foreign tourists are generally exempt from the driving restrictions that European governments have imposed on their own citizens. The Irish Tourist Office has begun advertising, with a touch of blarney, that Ireland is so small visitors can see it on a few gallons.

Both overseas and in the U.S., some travel businesses are actually benefiting from the shortages. Bookings are up at the self-contained resort hotels along Portugal's Algarve coast. "We give the tourist golf, nightclubs, yachting—everything in one spot—so he doesn't have to hop in his car and travel thousands of miles in all directions," says an Algarve hôtelier.

Bus and rail traffic are up almost everywhere. Gray Line bus tours to the race tracks around Washington, D.C., are running nearly 30% ahead of last fall. Across the U.S., hotels and convention centers are reporting an upswing in bookings of their meeting halls by business groups. Bill Neff, sales director of New Orleans' Royal Orleans Hotel, explains: "When you have any type of crisis, it brings more people together to discuss their problems." One example: Jackson, Miss., played host last month to 320 tourism officials who gathered to talk about the energy crisis.



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SOVIET UNION/COVER STORY

Solzhenitsyn: An Artist Becomes an Exile

Woe to that nation whose literature is cut short by the intrusion of force. This is not merely interference with freedom of the press but the sealing up of a nation's heart, the excision of its memory.

The blue and white Aeroflot TU-154 jet airliner taxied to the far end of the terminal at Frankfurt's Rhein-Main Airport. From the first-class exit emerged a husky 55-year-old man with a distinctive fringe of red beard. At the bottom of the ramp, a German hostess handed him a single pink rose; he smiled faintly and bowed over her hand. As police held a swarm of newsmen at bay, the traveler got into a Mercedes-Benz limousine that whisked him to the tiny village of Langenbroich, 100 miles away. Arriving at his host's small farmhouse, he was welcomed in the harsh glare of TV floodlights. He slipped past the crowd of reporters, photographers, local police, neighbors and gawkers. "I was in prison just this morning," he said. "First I must get used to things and try to comprehend my situation."

Thus last week began the exile of one of the world's great writers, an authentic hero in an age sorely lacking them, the man who for millions the world over has come to represent the conscience of Russia: Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Shortly after the dazed and weary writer landed in West Germany, the Soviet news agency Tass issued a laconic, nine-line communiqué. It announced that Solzhenitsyn had been stripped of his citizenship by a decree of the Supreme Soviet and deported for "systematically performing actions that are incompatible with being a citizen of the U.S.S.R." Tass added that his wife and children could join him "when they deem it necessary."

ANDANSON—SYGMA

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN AT HEINRICH BÖLL'S HOUSE IN GERMANY
"There I spoke. Here I remain silent."

With the banishment, Solzhenitsyn's remarkable career as a writer in Soviet Russia came full circle. It had begun with the official publication in 1962 of his concentration camp novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* a work that *Pravda* hailed as a masterpiece. Nikita Khrushchev was, in a way, his patron; he had encouraged the publication of *One Day* as part of his own effort to discredit Stalin. But once Khrushchev himself was deposed, there followed for Solzhenitsyn a decade of increasingly dramatic confrontations with the authorities. His subsequent novels were banned, and he was regularly excoriated in the Soviet press.

Nonetheless, his books circulated widely in Russia by *samizdat* (self-publishing) and became bestsellers in the West. At the same time, he became the spiritual leader of Russia's dissident "democratic movement." The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Solzhenitsyn in 1970 infuriated the Soviets, for it only enhanced the worldwide following that made him hard to silence. Instead, they turned on others in the dissident movement in a brutal three-year drive to imprison its leaders or confine them in police-run madhouses.

A Giant Thorn. Solzhenitsyn's final and intolerable challenge came when he authorized publication in Paris of the first two parts of *The Gulag Archipelago.* A devastating, documented account of Lenin's and Stalin's reign of terror, the book was a reminder of how unfree Soviet society was, and still is. Moreover, as the Kremlin well knew, he had even more devastating revelations to make: five as yet unpublished sequels to *Gulag* deal with repression under Khrushchev and his successor Leonid Brezhnev. Soviet frustration was mixed with anger when the author declared that he would order all his banned work published abroad if he was arrested. Defying the regime to act against him, Solzhenitsyn answered a barrage of criticism in the Soviet press with ever more daring and pointed rebuttals.

By exiling Solzhenitsyn, the Kremlin ridded itself of a giant thorn. And yet, as TIME Correspondent John Shaw cabled from Moscow last week, "in the last analysis, the deportation was an act of weakness and desperation—an admission that the Soviet system holds no answer in law or fact or argument to meet Solzhenitsyn's challenge. Unable to answer his charges, incompetent to silence him, afraid to imprison him and incapable of tolerating his opinions, the Soviet state had no other option but to declare him a non-person."

Solzhenitsyn's deportation climaxed a harrowing suspense drama that had riveted international attention for five days. It began with an ominous summons from the Soviet state prosecutor's office, which ordered the writer to meet with investigators. Solzhenitsyn's wife Natalya rejected the order. In response to a second, more peremptory summons, Solzhenitsyn released a defiant written statement of refusal. "Given the widespread and unrestrained lawlessness that has reigned in our country for many years, and an eight-year campaign of slander and persecution against me, I refuse to recognize the legality of your summons. Before asking that citizens obey the law, learn how to observe it yourselves. Free the innocent, and punish those guilty of mass murder."

Friends, who feared that Solzhenitsyn would be arrested and imprisoned, were struck by his composure. After refusing the second summons, he went back to his desk in his narrow, 6-ft. by 18-ft. study. Solzhenitsyn often worked here twelve hours a day. That kind of dedication made possible his prodigious production in two decades of novels, plays, short stories—not to mention the massive *Gulag*. Six weeks ago, when the official drive against *Gulag* began, he had vowed, "They will not make me lose a single day of work."

Cruel Mockery. The day of his arrest began as a normal, busy family day. While Solzhenitsyn worked, his mother-in-law looked after his five-month-old son Stepan; his two older boys, Yermolai, 3, and Ignat, 16 months, played in the park near by. As dusk fell, seven policemen entered the building and hurried up the stone steps to Apartment 169. Solzhenitsyn's wife was told that the men wanted to talk to her husband. Their leader announced that he had the authority to take Solzhenitsyn with him —by force, if necessary. "There were seven of them," Natalya said later. "What could we do? If there had been two it might have been different." Calmly, Solzhenitsyn packed a razor, a toothbrush and warm winter clothes and kissed baby Stepan goodbye. The men took him to Moscow's Lefortovo Prison, familiar to readers of *Gulag* as one of the most terrible of Russia's prisons.

What followed was like a scene from *Gulag*. Solzhenitsyn was first stripped and searched, then dressed in prison garb. He was questioned for several hours by a team of interrogators but refused to answer questions or sign the usual official report of the interrogation. He was told that the charge against him was treason, for which the maximum punishment is death. Just as another great Russian writer, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, was placed before a sham firing squad 125 years ago, so was Solzhenitsyn subjected to a similarly cruel mockery. Although the Soviets planned all along to deport him to the West, he was locked in a cell that night under the threat of the death penalty. At 1 p.m. the following day, he was ordered to dress in prison-issue street clothes and driven to Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. Only when the jet landed in Frankfurt did he know his destination.

AP

THE WRITER GIVING AUTOGRAPHS AT RAILWAY STATION IN SWITZERLAND
Tolerating if not enjoying the novelty.

Four and a half hours before Solzhenitsyn's departure, Soviet Ambassador to Bonn Valentin Falin had called on the West German Foreign Ministry to inform them of Solzhenitsyn's banishment and formally ask if the writer would be accepted. Bonn quickly agreed, and indeed there was speculation that the arrangement might have been worked out in advance between Moscow and Bonn. Only twelve days earlier, in a curious aside in a speech about freedom of expression, Chancellor Willy Brandt had stated: "Solzhenitsyn would be able to live freely and work unhampered here."

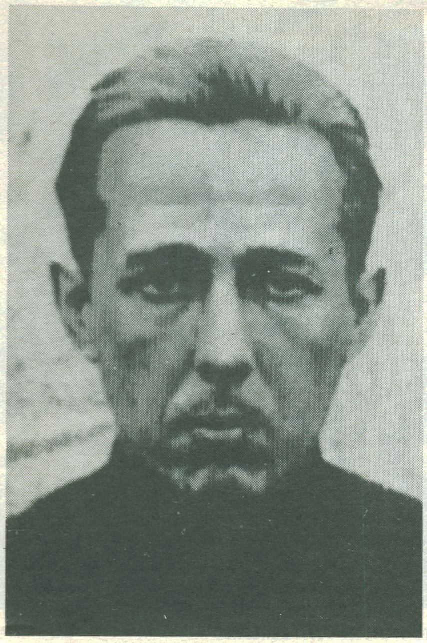
Solzhenitsyn's host in Germany was a friend and fellow Nobel prizewinner, Novelist Heinrich Böll. The morning after he arrived in Germany, Solzhenitsyn posed for photographers and even autographed copies of *Gulag* that were thrust at him by newsmen. Still, he refused to answer questions. *"Genug, genug* [Enough]," he said in German, adding in Russian, "I have given enough in my own country. There I spoke. Here I remain silent."

Among his first visitors was Dimitri Panin, who had been in prison with him and was the model for the character Sologdin in Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*. Panin, who now lives in Paris, later talked with TIME Correspondent David Tinnin. He said he found the author "very nervous, tired and restlessly pacing up and down," but that he seemed to relax somewhat after managing to get a telephone call through to his wife in Moscow. After two days in Langenbroich, Solzhenitsyn took a train to Zurich with his Swiss lawyer, Fritz Heeb. Although the writer chose to remain silent about his plans, Heeb told reporters that he thought the Solzhenitsyns would ultimately settle somewhere in Scandinavia.

The Soviet leaders' decision to deprive Solzhenitsyn of his citizenship and fling him out of Russia was a shrewdly calculated maneuver to rid themselves of their most eloquent critic while defusing the explosion of protest in the West. Although many European leaders expressed shock last week at Solzhenitsyn's summary banishment, the worldwide response was largely one of relief. The Kremlin's solution was made to appear very nearly humane, in contrast with the worst that had been feared.

Clumsy Tactics. The reaction within the Soviet Union of course was quite different. Prior to his arrest and deportation, Soviet papers were full of letters from citizens insisting that the authorities do just that. After his banishment, the letter-writing campaign continued with a new twist. Demands for his punishment were replaced by expressions of gratitude that Kremlin leaders had uprooted "the traitor." Only twelve hours after Solzhenitsyn's deportation had been announced on Moscow Radio, *Izvestia* was able to print a letter purportedly from a reader in Baku, although mail usually takes ten days to reach Moscow from there. Other minor miracles were performed by letter writers from Minsk and Kiev: their messages of approval were also received several days ahead of schedule. Such transparently clumsy tactics were added evidence that the Kremlin had long prepared the action against Solzhenitsyn.

Soviet leaders have reason to fear him: no man alive today has more authority than Solzhenitsyn to draw world attention to the Kremlin's long record of inhumanity. In an era of détente, many would prefer to have that record forgotten. Yet Solzhenitsyn—martyr, survivor and great writer—demands a hearing. He spent eleven years in Stalin's prisons, camps, and in exile, preparing himself to bear witness to what he had observed. His superb earlier novels *(The First Circle, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *The Cancer Ward)* were fictionalized reflections of that experience. In



AP

SOLZHENITSYN IN 1953
Leaving the archipelago.

the first two parts of *Gulag,* however, he set out to document the entire range of horrors inflicted upon the Soviet people from 1918 to 1956. A 260,000-word mosaic, composed of personal reminiscences, interviews with survivors, and documents, *Gulag* lays out the intricate patterns of terror.

True, that terror subsided after 1956, when, by Khrushchev's decree, millions were freed from the giant "archipelago" of prisons and camps run by "Gulag," the Central Corrective Labor Camp Administration. But the significance of *Gulag* lies in its thrust into the present—and future—of the U.S.S.R. Solzhenitsyn perceives that an entire nation has been debased by four decades of totalitarianism far more oppressive than Czarist authoritarianism. Ordinary people have been rendered indifferent to injustice and pitiless toward the suffering of others. Among bureaucrats, the absolute exercise of power in the past continues to corrupt absolutely in the present. "Thus," he mourns, "have we been driven to become savages."

By Accident. Solzhenitsyn argues that Stalin's rule by terror was no mere aberration in the development of Communism. Instead, he writes, it is inherent in the system established by Lenin, consolidated by Stalin and preserved, in essence, by the present Kremlin leaders. He points an accusing finger at Stalin's accomplices who still hold office in the Soviet Union: "What a path to ruin lies ahead if we cannot cleanse ourselves of this filth festering in our body!"

Much of *Gulag's* power to persuade lies in the author's unsparing personal account of the path he traveled before arriving at the convictions expressed in his book. An archetypal child of the Russian revolution, he was born in 1918, the son of an officer, and brought up in the provincial city of Rostov-on-the-Don. As a youth, Solzhenitsyn dreamed of writing a history of the revolution. "Then," he recalls, "I never needed anything but Marxism to understand the revolution." He failed to recognize signs of mass terror, like the column of prisoners he remembers seeing pass through Rostov in his boyhood. Solzhenitsyn entered Rostov University to study mathematics in 1936 on the eve of the Great Purges, which sucked millions of innocent people into the camps. He admits that it was only by accident that he was not hired by the secret police when their recruiters came to the university. "I was a fully qualified executioner," he writes. "If I had gotten into NKVD school under Yezhov,* maybe I would have matured just in time to serve Beria."

Instead, Solzhenitsyn was drafted into the Red Army in 1941. After that, he confesses, he acquired the habits of the Soviet elite: "I ate my officer's butter with pastry, without giving a thought to why I had a right to it, while rank and file soldiers did not . . . This is what happens when you put epaulets on people's shoulders; they begin to feel like little gods." Rising to the rank of artillery captain, Solzhenitsyn was decorated several times for bravery while serving on three fighting fronts. Then, in the midst of a battle in 1945, he was arrested for criticizing Stalin in letters to a friend.

Solzhenitsyn views his arrest as a great personal turning point—the beginning of his life as a thinking being. At that same crossroads, he suggests, millions of Russians entered into one of two categories of Soviet citizens: the oppressed and the oppressors. This national dichotomy, he says, tragically disturbed the balance of good and evil that he perceives in every man. Speaking of the oppressors, he asks: "How did this tribe of wolves arise from among our people? Are they not of the same root, the same blood?" He confesses that he too might have joined the predators had he not been imprisoned.

In *Gulag,* Solzhenitsyn describes his arrest for the first time. In February 1945, as the Red Army rumbled inexorably through Germany to Berlin, the battle-worn captain was suddenly seized near Königsberg, on the East Prussian front. He was stripped of his rank, his medals and his gun, and escorted by armed guards back to Moscow's Lubyanka Prison. It was then that the writer was born. Passing through a Moscow subway station en route to Lubyanka on that bitter winter day, Solzhenitsyn paused and surveyed the scene:

"The circular upper hall with its white cupola is bathed in electric light, and from the depths of the station, along two parallel escalators, Muscovites rise to meet us in serried ranks. They all seem to look at me as if expecting me to shout at least one word of truth. Why am I silent? . . . Because these Muscovites standing on the escalator stairs are not numerous enough; my cry would be heard by 200, perhaps 400 people. But what about my 200,000,000 compatriots? I have a vague premonition that one day I will scream out to all those 200,000,000. But for the moment I do not utter a sound, and the escalator carries me irresistibly to the nether world."

Bitter Paradox. Gifted with near-total recall, Solzhenitsyn set out to develop his powers of observation while in captivity. In the monotonous daily routine of his first weeks in Lubyanka, he noted that "the events are tiny, but for the first time in your life you learn to examine them under a magnifying glass." For the first time, too, he encoun-

SOVFOTO

VLADIMIR LENIN & JOSEPH STALIN MEETING IN 1922
Terror was inherent in the system.

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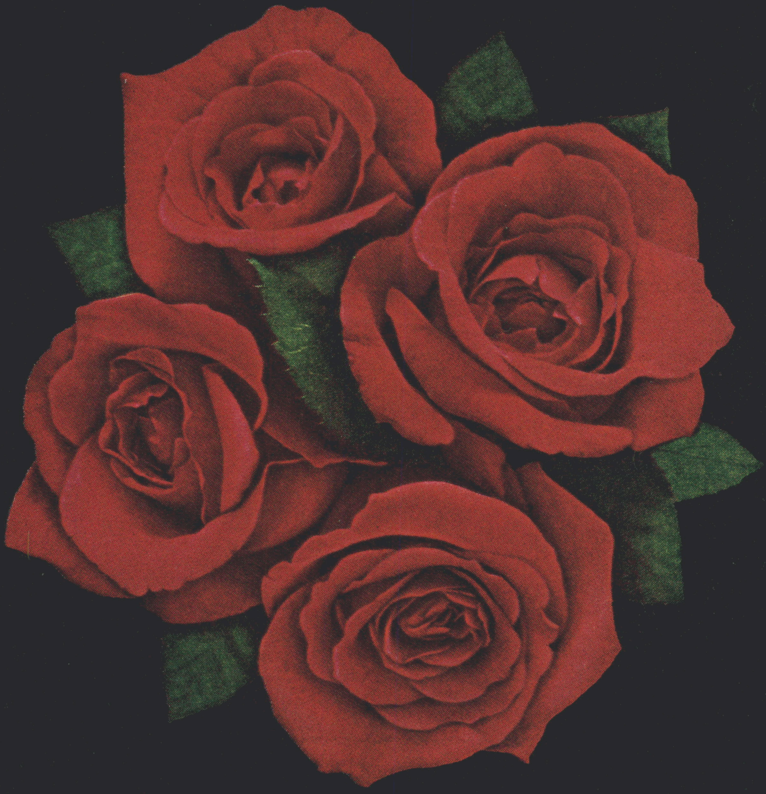
*Nikolai Yezhov, head of the secret police from 1936 to 1938; he was replaced by Lavrenty Beria.

All you have to know about great American whiskey can be summed up in two words.



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CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA.

tered the victims of Soviet terror whom he would meticulously interview for the next 23 years. He was struck by a bitter paradox: prison offered the possibility of discussing freely what was unthinkable "outside." Meetings with prisoners led him, for the first time, to question his faith in Marx and Lenin. One old-time convict, a former associate of Lenin's, told him: "You're a mathematician. Don't forget Descartes. Subject everything to doubt. *Everything.*"

Solzhenitsyn also became aware at that time of alternatives to Communism. From an Estonian lawyer he heard about the democracy that was finally crushed by the Soviets in 1944. "I had never before dreamed that I would become interested in Estonia or bourgeois democracy," he writes. "It was not clear why, but I began to like it all, and the new information was stored away in my mind." His education continued as he learned of the mass arrests that had swept millions of peasants, as well as hundreds of thousands of party members and Soviet intellectuals into prison camps in the 1920s and '30s. He memorized hundreds of grim stories told by the survivors. He also noted the methods of police interrogators, often so cynical that they did not even bother to disguise their disbelief in the confessions they wrung out of their victims.

Scope of Evil. After a few weeks in Lubyanka, the seeds of doubt had been planted in the mind of the fervent young Marxist. But it was only after he was transferred from Lubyanka to another Moscow prison, Butyrki, that Solzhenitsyn began to perceive the scope of the evil that had befallen his country. In Butyrki, he met the first contingent of Russian soldiers and civilians who had been captured by the Germans during the war. These people were now being repatriated—straight into Stalin's prisons and camps. Nearly 2 million of the 5.7 million prisoners of war had died of hunger and mistreatment in the Nazi camps. Now Solzhenitsyn began to hear the appalling stories of the survivors. Recalling one of the horrors recounted to him by an ex-prisoner, Solzhenitsyn writes, "A crazed P.O.W. might have crawled up to me, too, as I was dying, and gnawed the flesh off my elbow ... Listening to such things, the story of my own arrest seemed to me insignificant."

Solzhenitsyn regards the brutal fate of these returned P.O.W.s as one of the most frightful of Stalin's crimes. "They were called traitors," he writes of them, "but they did not betray the motherland. The motherland betrayed them, and betrayed them three times." The first betrayal was Stalin's bumbling strategy, which nearly lost the war and allowed the Germans to capture vast numbers of prisoners. Then these Soviet P.O.W.s were virtually abandoned by Stalin and left to die in Nazi camps. Finally the survivors were lured home by the oft-repeated promise of forgiveness.

Some of the repatriated Russians were, as Solzhenitsyn concedes, Nazi collaborators. He does not condone the fact that more than 500,000 Soviets served in the German army—mostly as noncombatants. But he also points out that this was the first time in history that a nation had formally and officially renounced its P.O.W.s, refusing to sign the Geneva Convention on prisoners of war. Since Stalin had written them off, Hitler treated the Russians far more cruelly than other Allied prisoners.

As a result, many felt compelled to serve the Germans in order to survive. Solzhenitsyn is careful to distinguish between degrees of collaboration. Some "scum" joined the Nazi *polizei.* Ukrainians, Latvians and other national groups, deeply embittered by Soviet persecution, joined Waffen SS divisions. The so-called "Russian Army of Liberation"* held the pitiful belief that a German victory would enable them to bring democracy to Russia. Other P.O.W.s escaped the Nazis to fight with the Soviet partisans or try to rejoin the Red Army. Whether scum or hero, all received the same sentence when they returned home: ten years.

As a former soldier, Solzhenitsyn deeply identifies with the plight of these wretched men. He records "with shame" an incident he witnessed at the front. A sergeant of the Soviet Secret police, on horseback, was using a knout on a captured Russian soldier who had served in a German unit. Staggering, the man was naked from the waist up, his torso covered with blood. Suddenly he cried out to Solzhenitsyn in agony: "Mister Captain!"

"Any officer in any army in the world should have put a stop to this act of torture without trial," he writes. "But I was a coward ... I said nothing and I did nothing ... This picture has remained in my mind ever since. It is, after all, almost the symbol of the archipelago."

The passages in *Gulag* about the Russian P.O.W.s are the first accounts of their tragic fate to come out of the Soviet Union. Soviet authorities have used these chapters to portray the author as a Nazi traitor. Most of the official attacks on the book have included falsified quotations purporting to show that Solzhenitsyn called General Vlasov a "hero" and "mocked the sacrifices made by the Soviet people during the war." Though utterly untrue, these allegations were shrewdly calculated to appeal to the citizenry of a nation that lost 20 million in World War II. This terrible memory has been kept alive by three decades of Soviet propaganda, presenting "the Great Patriotic War" as an unmitigated triumph for Communism. Any objective appraisal of wartime collaboration by Soviet citizens with the Germans is still forbidden.

But this, as Solzhenitsyn points out, is no way to write history. "My object," he declares, "is to examine the social reasons for this unheard-of phenomenon: that several hundred thousand young people took up arms against their mother country on the side of her worst enemy. We must consider who was to blame—these young people or the motherland. You cannot explain it by some inborn biological instinct for treachery. In general," he concludes, "the war showed us that the worst thing on earth is to be a Russian."

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

SOVIET P.O.W.s IN 1942
Three times betrayed.

The Kremlin would clearly have preferred a harsher punishment for Solzhenitsyn had he been less famous and more vulnerable, but exile had its political advantages. The author's deportation was unlikely to cause more than an intense but brief flurry of dismay at the 34-nation European Security Conference currently meeting in Geneva.

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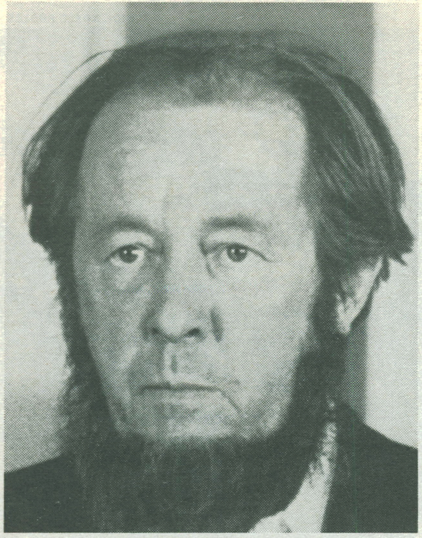
* A phantom "army" led by ex-Red Army General Andrei Vlasov. Two Russian divisions in the Wehrmacht were formed in 1944 under him. These units switched sides in 1945 and helped liberate Prague from the German army.

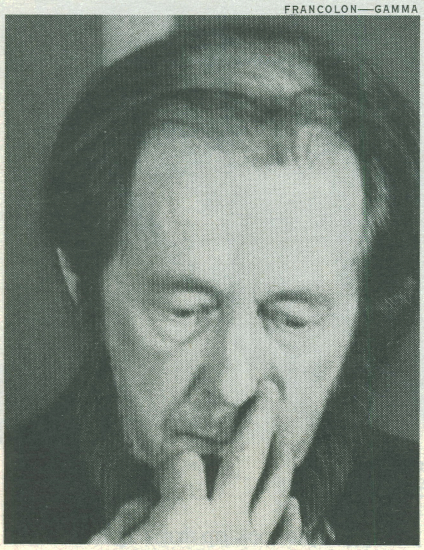
Plans for the Brezhnev-Nixon summit next spring continued in Washington, and the White House declined to comment on the deportation. Predictably, Democratic Senator Henry Jackson called Nixon's silence "deplorable." He said that "the Administration has posed a false choice between avoiding nuclear war and keeping faith with the traditional value of individual liberty."

High-level State Department officials, on the other hand, were relieved that the writer was out of prison before Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was obliged to face the issue of his arrest. Explained one U.S. Government official: "Kissinger was rescued from a terribly difficult situation. He would have had to deplore the arrest or lose a great deal of stature. From his standpoint, he was very lucky." Kissinger's statement was distinctly cool. He said that Solzhenitsyn would be welcome to settle in the U.S., but added that "our constant view has been that the necessity for détente does not reflect approbation of the Soviet domestic structure." That necessity, in Kissinger's view, is rooted in the threat to the world's survival posed by the U.S. and Soviet nuclear arsenals; hence the absolute priority given to a measure of concord and understanding between the two superpowers.

SIMON—KATHERINE YOUNG



FRANCOLON—GAMMA



From that perspective, the Solzhenitsyn case has long been regarded by the Nixon Administration as troublesome for the course of détente, however just the writer's case and criticisms of the Soviet regime. In turn, Solzhenitsyn has often been cited by opponents of East-West accommodation as the symbol and proof of the Kremlin's resistance to any ideological or social change.

Inevitably, questions arise as to whether he had any sort of political strategy plotted out in the timing of *Gulag's* publication, which seemed to force the pace of retribution against him. By all accounts, apparently not. He has never directly engaged in polemics about détente, unlike his friend and fellow dissident, Physicist Andrei Sakharov, who appealed to the U.S. Congress last year to make democratization of the U.S.S.R. a precondition for expanding trade relations with Russia. Solzhenitsyn's concerns have always been less political than moral. In his Nobel Prize lecture, he wrote: "The salvation of mankind lies only in making everything the concern of all. People in the East should without exception be concerned with what people are thinking in the West; people in the West should without exception care about what is happening in the East. Literature, one of the most sophisticated and sensitive instruments available to human beings, has been one of the first to pick up and to join in expressing this feeling of the growing unity of mankind."

MOODS OF A MASTER WRITER
Controlling the future.

Though provoked by Solzhenitsyn's defiance, the Soviet leaders' action against him was doubtless calculated to deprive the dissident movement within Russia of its spiritual leader while further intimidating the regime's remaining critics. About 50 dissidents have been detained and interrogated in the past three weeks, and many feared that Sakharov might soon be deported too. "We now feel very naked, very alone," a young liberal intellectual told Correspondent John Shaw in Moscow last week.

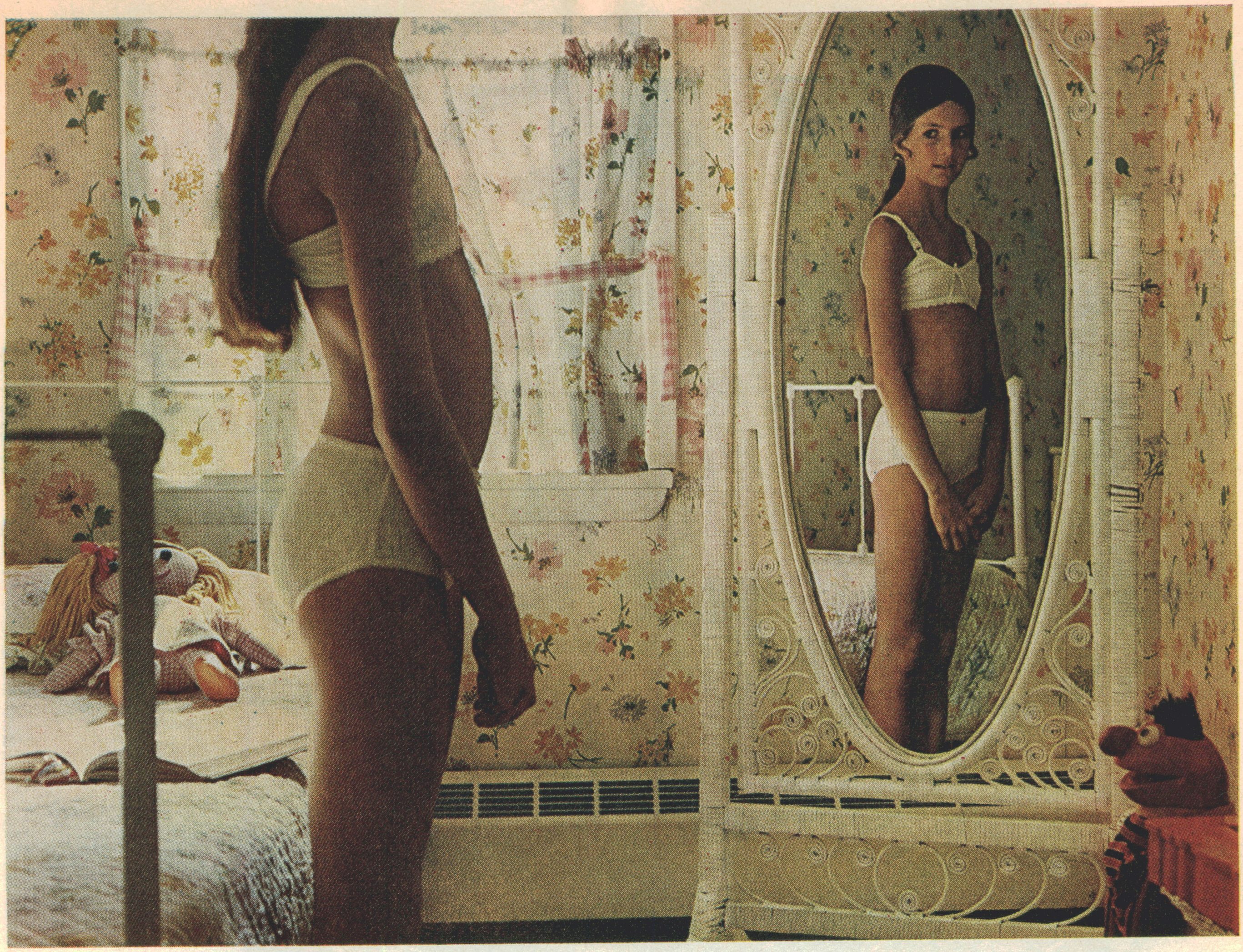
Nonetheless, Solzhenitsyn's example may in fact hearten rather than discourage Russia's libertarians. Last week Sakharov and nine other prominent dissenters issued an impassioned defense of Solzhenitsyn's actions: "His so-called 'treason' consists of his disclosure to the whole world, with shattering force, of the monstrous crimes committed in the U.S.S.R. not very long ago." They demanded the publication of *Gulag* in the Soviet Union and called for an international investigation of the crimes against innocent Soviet citizens.

But what now of Solzhenitsyn in exile? From a financial standpoint, at least, he has no worries. Swiss banks have custody of anywhere from $2 million to $6 million in royalties on his books—money that he had earmarked for "humanitarian purposes." Part of this could justifiably be used to ensure his family's future. Ironically, a new life of freedom might expose Solzhenitsyn to a hazard he never faced in Moscow: the constant, distracting attention of *paparazzi* and other celebrity seekers. So far he seems to be tolerating, if not actually enjoying the novelty. On arriving in Zurich, he smilingly acknowledged cheers from the waiting crowds.

The larger question, though, is whether his work might suffer now that he has been cut off from his native language. Solzhenitsyn certainly is aware of the difficulty: a character in *The First Circle* refers to exile in the West as "spiritual castration." Most experts, though, believe that he will survive as a creative force, even though he will have lost his unique platform in Russia.

His Mission. Britain's leading specialist in Soviet literature, Max Hayward, points out that "Solzhenitsyn is already a fully formed, great writer who has completed many major works in Russia. Exile is hardly likely to affect him now as a writer." Leonard Schapiro of the London School of Economics adds that "even if he is cut off from the living speech of Russia, he is now engaged in writing historical works, and there is no doubt that he has a tremendous gift of bringing history alive that is denied to us mere historians."

Before his exile, Solzhenitsyn spoke of his "relief and calmness" in the accomplishment of his mission. This he perceives as a memorial to the dead of the archipelago. But his books are also Solzhenitsyn's gift to the living. Mindful of George Orwell's dictum that he "who controls the past controls the future," he has already wrested Soviet history from those bent on obliterating it and restored it to his people. In the future, he may also succeed in quickening the conscience of both the oppressed and the oppressors in his unhappy country. For, as he wrote in his Nobel Prize lecture, "The persuasiveness of a true work of art is completely irrefutable; it prevails even over a resisting heart."



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Datsun Saves

BRITAIN

Ted and Harold on the Hustings

In a six-story Georgian-style office building on London's Smith Square, Prime Minister Edward Heath strode into Tory Party headquarters to sound the keynote for his campaign for reelection. "It is essential to have a strong government which is firm but fair," he declared, picking up the theme of the Tories' 12,000-word manifesto "Firm Action for a Fair Britain." Across the square, Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, in a rival press conference, tartly retitled the Tory manifesto "Infirm and Unfair." Slimmer than during his two terms as Prime Minister and reflectively puffing on a pipe, Wilson lashed out against inflation: eggs up 99% since 1970, cheese 78%, chicken 69% and bread will rise to just half a penny less than the celebrated "three-shilling loaf" that Heath in 1970 had said would be the inevitable result if Labor were returned to power.

So it went last week as Britain plunged into another national election campaign, its ninth—and perhaps most crucial—since World War II. By American standards, it will be brief (three weeks) and cheap (each candidate, including the party leaders, is limited to spending $2,358). It will also be the first to be waged in the midst of a nationwide coal strike and a three-day work week. Yet the crowds have been polite and the campaigning has proceeded with a minimum of fuss. Both men motored without fanfare to their constituencies (Heath to Sidcup, a London suburb; Wilson to Huyton in Lancashire), speaking, shaking hands, and signing autographs with scarcely any security detail in evidence.

Britain's 270,000 miners began their strike at the same time that the campaign got under way, and so far the pickets have been as orderly as the voters. After the National Coal Board warned that a third of the mines were endangered by flooding or underground fires, pickets allowed safety crews to go into the shafts for maintenance work. Nonetheless, the strike was effective. Britain's huge Transport and General Workers' Union threw its weight behind the miners by refusing to deliver coal to electrical generating stations.

Insidious Energy. Heath has centered his campaign on the miners' refusal to work until they get pay hikes of up to 30%, charging their demands are inflationary. "Inflation," declared Heath, "is the most insidious enemy a nation can face." He depicts the miners—and the Labor Party with which they are most closely allied—as controlled by militant leftists. A typical Tory television spot shows pound notes being flung at a miner's helmet. Then Heath appears, saying he has no quarrel with the unions, only with "extremists" who seek to bring down the elected government.

Extremists or not, the miners give no indication of halting their costly strike, meaning Heath will have to find more money for them if he is returned to office. Last week he ordered his Pay Board to get cracking on a possible settlement beyond the 16% increase the government has offered, whereupon Wilson accused him of asking for a mandate to pay the miners after the election what he refused to pay them before. "For the first time in history," Wilson declared, "we have a general leading his troops into battle with the deliberate aim of giving in if he wins."

Slight Tory Edge. By and large, however, Wilson sought to steer the campaign away from the miners and zero in on Heath's overall economic policies, which he charged had brought the country "dangerously close to bankruptcy, industrial paralysis and economic ruin." His most telling salvo was aimed at the terms under which Heath negotiated Britain's entry into the Common Market, terms which Wilson promised to renegotiate more favorably. The Market is a sore point with many Britons because it prohibits importation of cheap Commonwealth food.

So far the Tories have a slight edge in the campaign according to three polls out last week, but no matter who wins the election, Britain faces tough times in the months ahead. It has been estimated that the three-day work week imposed two months ago to conserve coal has driven British industry from an annual $11 billion rate of profit to a $9 billion loss. Calling Heath's economic policies a "peacetime version of a scorched-earth policy," the liberal *New Statesman* predicted that many firms soon will go out of business, unemployment will soar, and the critical balance of payments situation will become "a nightmare." Said Historian A.J.P. Taylor, whose *English History 1914-45* is regarded as a contemporary classic: "I think we're in for something close to chaos here. Adam Smith said it takes a great deal to ruin a nation, but he did not allow for Edward Heath."

Not all economists blame Heath alone for Britain's economic failures. Since World War II, the country's growth has been much slower than its European neighbors; as a result, it is the first to show the strains of economic contraction, points out Andrew Shonfield, Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. But Heath is faulted for his unsuccessful gamble for growth, which sent the trade deficit soaring to a record $5.1 billion in 1973. Inflation is now spiralling toward 15%, and it is certain to go higher with new oil prices. Gasoline rose 20¢ per gal. last week, bringing the price to $1.15.

The biggest question facing the next government will be how to finance the deficit without turning the pound into a banana-republic currency. As the conservative *Economist* magazine put it last week: "There is not just a whiff of Weimar in Britain. There is a smell of Argentina." Because of its rich coal and vast North Sea oil reserves, Britain is a good credit risk—provided it is willing to endure a period of austerity.

But austerity measures are something neither party likes to talk about in a campaign—and so far neither has. Heath is standing on his wage and price control policy. Labor has pledged to repeal tax rebates for the rich, impose price controls and nationalize North Sea oil. No matter who wins, however, the next government will almost certainly have to impose much more drastic measures: stiff cuts in government spending,

BUREAU—SYGMA

LABOR'S WILSON AT LITTLEBOROUGH
A deep ambivalence.

KEYSTONE

TORY HEATH IN ILFORD

tough new tax increases, a policy of slow- or no-growth.

Inevitably, the staggering problems that lie ahead and the battle weariness of leapfrogging from crisis to crisis have left many Britons with a deep feeling of ambivalence about the election. Said one British labor organizer: "It's the only election in 20 years I've felt this much uncertainty about. We're in a hell of a mess with what Ted's doing, but what's Harold doing to put it right?"

PERSIAN GULF

Moslem v. Moslem

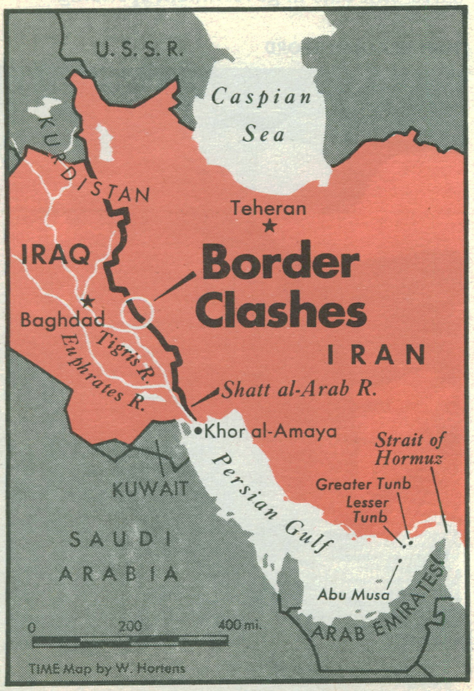
The latest explosion of violence in the Middle East does not involve Arab and Israeli. It pits Moslem against Moslem. On the long-embattled 630-mile border between Iraq and Iran, troops of the two oil-rich nations blazed away at each other last week in a battle that left perhaps as many as 65 dead and 103 wounded. It was the third and most serious clash in less than two months, involving tanks and artillery. Each side claimed that the other had initiated the hostilities, but both in fact had been spoiling for the fight.

Though they share the same religion, the two countries could hardly be more different. Iraq is an Arab state, governed by the left-wing Baathist regime and aligned with Moscow. Iran is a conservative, Western-oriented monarchy whose people are of predominantly Aryan origin. The Iraqis are armed by the Soviets; the Iranians bought some $2 billion worth of U.S. arms last year.

Since the British pulled out of the Persian Gulf in 1971, Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has engaged in an expansionary policy aimed at filling the power vacuum. His troops have occupied the Persian Gulf islands of Greater and Lesser Tunb and Abu Musa, which—despite their comic-opera names—guard the strategic Strait of Hormuz, through which 120 tankers a day carry a little more than half the oil consumed by the non-Communist world. Iran earlier had abrogated a treaty granting equal navigational rights to the crucial Shatt al-Arab, a confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates that leads to the gulf. Iraq feared that Iran was attempting to cut off its oil routes from Khor al-Amaya, Iraq's principal oil terminal at the top of the gulf. Iraq broke off diplomatic relations with Iran.

An older, more bitter bone of contention is the fate of the Kurds, the nomadic people who inhabit a mountainous region that includes parts of Iran, Iraq, Turkey and Syria. The Kurdish tribes have long sought nationhood but are divided politically between left- and right-wing elements, which are supported respectively by Iraq and Iran—each of which accused the other of trying to subvert its native Kurdish leadership. Yet another source of friction is Iran's dispatch of an estimated 1,500-man commando brigade to the Persian Gulf sultanate of Oman, where it is helping 11,000 loyalist troops who are trying to put down a Soviet-armed guerrilla force.

The October Arab-Israeli war brought a temporary truce, and diplomatic relations were re-established. Iraq then felt free to send an army division to face the Israelis on Syria's Golan Heights. With the cease-fire, the Iraqi troops were again posted on the Iranian frontier. Inevitably, a series of border incidents led to last week's duel. Both sides now accuse each other of massing troops on the border. Ironically, as long as the Arab-Israeli cease-fire holds, the Iraqi-Iranian conflict will almost certainly grow more bitter and more bloody.



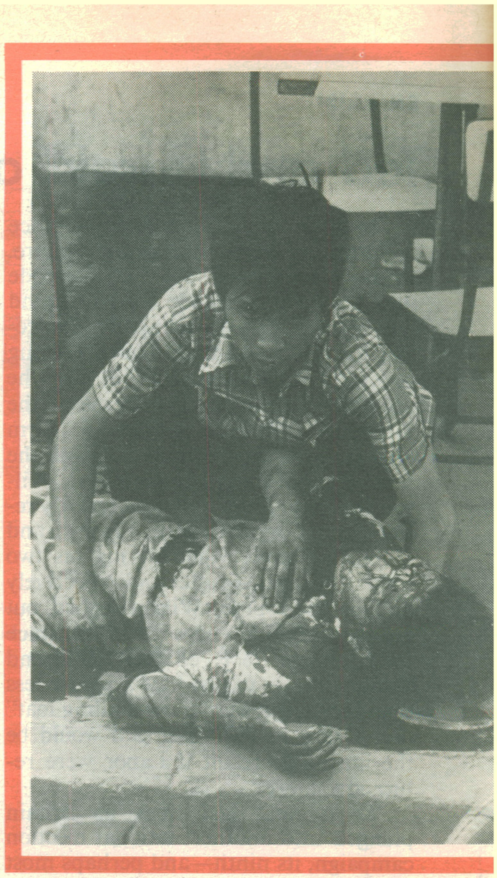
TIME Map by W. Hortens

THE HEMISPHERE

Dialogue of Equals

Henry Kissinger starts off this week on another Mission: Impossible. Meeting in Mexico City with Foreign Ministers from 25 other hemisphere countries, the U.S. Secretary of State will try to improve the sour feelings that have resulted from the Nixon Administration's near-total neglect of inter-American problems. Indeed, if the conference succeeds, it will be for one reason only: nobody expects very much from it.

Perhaps in recognition of that unhappy fact, Washington has been talking about the Mexico City meeting in rather guarded terms. Notably missing has been any grand verbal sweep of the Yankee sombrero—the rhetorical overkill that, for instance, heralded the southern tour of Kissinger's predecessor William Rogers as the most important visit by any American Secretary of State in more than 40 years. Such hyperbole—which said "everything without doing anything," in the words of one Latin diplomat—has turned many Latin Americans into skeptics about U.S. intentions. Kissinger described the goal of his trip quite modestly. Its purpose, he said last week, was to "create the mood and atmospherics so that Latin America again can become a vital part of the foreign policy of the U.S."



The shift in Washington's attitude began last October. Speaking to the Latin Foreign Ministers and ambassadors in Manhattan, Kissinger called for "a new dialogue" between the U.S. and the other countries of the hemisphere. American policy, he acknowledged, had been "characterized by alternating periods of what some of you have considered intervention with periods of neglect. We are proposing to you a friendship based on equality and on respect for mutual dignity." With U.S. encouragement, the Latin Americans met in Bogotá last November to work out an agenda for Mexico City.

At the same time, Kissinger took his own crash course in Latin America. He also dispatched to Latin posts perhaps the ablest team of diplomats the U.S. has sent south of the border for years. Jack Kubisch, an expert on Brazil who worked with Kissinger in Paris during the Viet Nam truce negotiations, was named Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. John Crimmins, a former Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, was posted to Brazil; John Jova, a former Ambassador to the Organization of American States, was assigned to Mexico. Earlier this month, Kissinger flew to Panama to initial an agreement that promised to remove one of the most emotionally charged irritants in hemisphere relations—contin-

DELIVEYNE—SIPA—LIAISON

Phnom-Penh Under Fire

Life in beleaguered Phnom-Penh was gradually returning to normal. For ten days the Cambodian capital had been spared the pounding of the Khmer Insurgents' artillery. Then suddenly, one day last week at midafternoon, captured American 105-mm. howitzers slammed 73 shells into the city in the worst attack in the history of that war.

Eight shells fell within the grounds of President Lon Nol's Chamcar Mon Palace, damaging shacks of the palace guard and killing eight. Other rounds came dangerously close to the U.S. embassy. Most of the shells impacted in a densely populated refugee area. Fanned by gusting winds, flames raced through flimsy wood-and-straw huts in a fire storm so intense that a huge pall of smoke almost blotted out Phnom-Penh's bright afternoon sun. The attack took a heavy toll: at least 140 dead, 200 wounded, more than 1,000 homes destroyed and 10,000 people homeless.

Lest Phnom-Penh's stunned residents should think that the worst was over, the Insurgents circulated leaflets warning that the shelling would continue. At week's end intelligence sources reported that Insurgent howitzers had been moved to within killing range of the capital's crowded center.

ued U.S. control of the Panama Canal. The Panamanians, the agreement promised, would have the canal—at some as yet unspecified time.

The fact that Kissinger, involved as he was in Middle East negotiations and questions about détente, decided to go to Mexico City, has already impressed many Latin leaders. They know where power lies, and that Kissinger, unlike Rogers, has it. They snubbed Rogers, but they will not do the same to Kissinger. "The Mexico City meeting would be the same as the others if it weren't for Kissinger," says one Latin diplomat. "He has a personal obligation to succeed; so he will." Adds Costa Rica's President José Figueres: "I've come to place my hope in great men, and Kissinger is one of them."

It may well take a great man to solve some of the problems that the ministers must consider. High on the list will be what to do about Cuba. Partly on his own and partly at the urging of the Soviet Union, Fidel Castro has obliquely hinted that he would like to resume friendly relations with the rest of the hemisphere. Seven Latin American countries already have diplomatic relations with Castro. The U.S. economic embargo against Cuba becomes a little less effective each year as other Latins, eager to increase their exports, send catalogues of their goods to Havana.

For purely cold-blooded reasons, Washington is unwilling to cozy up to Castro at this point. For one thing, it wants his somewhat tarnished charisma to lose a little more of its luster before he is welcomed back into the family of hemisphere states. For another, it is quite content to see Moscow go on spending $1.5 million a day to prop up Castro's economically troubled regime. Recognition of Cuba, the State Department reckons, is a pawn it may sometime want to use in the larger game with the U.S.S.R. Kissinger will find out this week whether other hemisphere nations are prepared to go on playing Washington's waiting game with Cuba.

Painful Memory. A high place on the Mexico City agenda will also go to trade and aid. U.S. trade with Latin America has grown from $7.1 billion ten years ago to $17.4 billion today, and three Latin countries—Mexico, Brazil and Venezuela—are among the U.S.'s twelve biggest trading partners. The Latins will argue that since about half of Washington's estimated $1.9 billion trade surplus in 1973 came from their countries, the U.S. should import more goods from them. They will also voice some predictable complaints about interference in their countries' internal affairs by U.S. companies. ITT's well-documented meddling in Chilean politics is a green and painful memory throughout the hemisphere. Even if Kissinger accepted all of the Latin arguments, however, he would still have to persuade a sometimes reluctant Congress to modify trade and tariff pacts.

The most hopeful element in U.S.-Latin relations may result from the Arab oil embargo. "The energy shortage puts our relations with Latin American countries on a somewhat more equal basis," says one key American ambassador. "They may need us, but we need them too." Latin America's vast undeveloped natural resources have given it new importance to all industrialized countries. Says the host of the conference, Mexico's Foreign Minister Emilio Rabasa, "We will have a dialogue as equals, forgetting the past and thinking of the future." Intangible as it is, a change in mood may be just enough to make the conference a hit.

THE PHILIPPINES

The Limits to Martial Law

When Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos imposed martial law 17 months ago, one of his major justifications was that only drastic measures could crush the insurrections that were plaguing the islands. Since then he has suppressed all political opposition, imposed strict press censorship and outlawed private possession of guns. Yet violent opposition to his regime has not only continued but burgeoned.

Moslem insurgents in the southwestern Sulu Archipelago, where the population is 95% Moslem, have recently mounted their largest attacks ever against the Manila government. Early last month the insurgents occupied the towns of Parang and Maimbung on Jolo Island. Then at dawn two weeks ago several hundred Moslem guerrillas infiltrated Jolo city, the island's chief town, while more than 1,500 attacked from outside. Taking government forces by surprise, they quickly overran the airport, occupied the headquarters of the 1st Army Brigade, and captured nearby Notre Dame College. The government counterattacked with more than 5,000 troops and ordered the city—whose population had been swollen to 80,000 by refugees—to be strafed by F-86 Sabre jets and bombarded by gunboats in the Sulu Sea and army units using mortars and 105-mm. howitzers. After 20 hours of fighting, the rebels retreated. In their wake they left hundreds dead; the central marketplace, the Roman Catholic Cathedral and more than half of the town were in smoldering ruins. More than 25,000 refugees were without shelter, water and rice; another 35,000 fled by boat to Zamboanga on Mindanao—an island that itself is racked with Moslem insurgency.

AP

POLICE IN SEARCH OF REBELS
Trying to walk a tightrope.

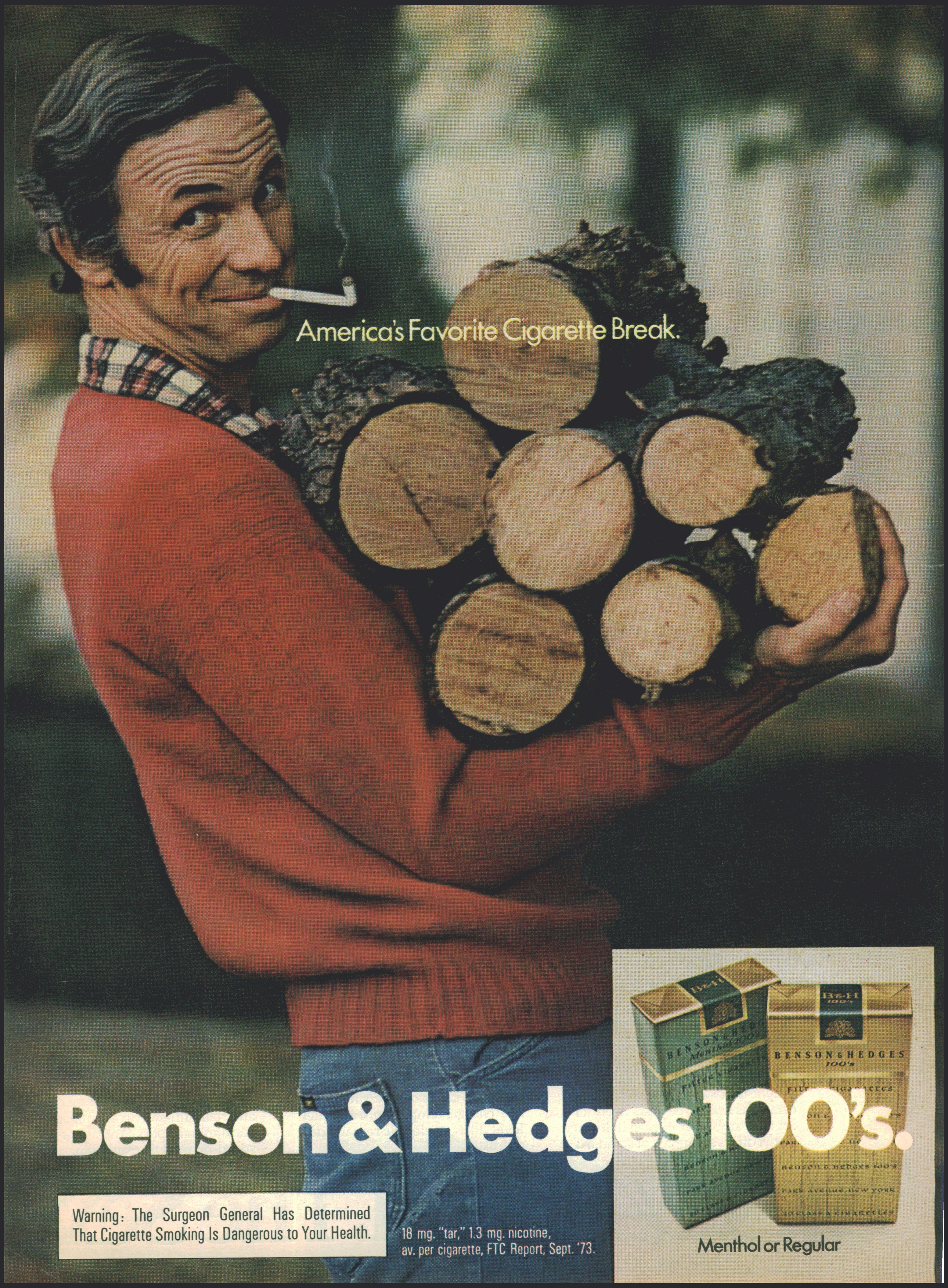
For more than 400 years, the Moslems in the southern Philippines, who now number about 2.5 million, have resisted attempts by the country's predominantly Christian administration to govern them. In recent years they have violently opposed Manila's policy of encouraging Christian settlers to migrate south and buy Moslem land. It was in part to end this violence that Marcos imposed martial law. At that time he demanded that all citizens turn in their guns to the government. Many Moslems balked and called for creation of an independent Moslem state. They took to the hills, where they seemingly have an unlimited supply of ammunition, Belgian-made automatic rifles, light- and heavy-caliber machine guns and British-made hand grenades. So well armed are the rebels that they shot down two F-86 jets attempting to chase them from the hills.

Maoist Rebound. Unless Marcos is willing either to meet some of the Moslems' demands for greater self-rule or to commit most of his 70,000-man armed forces to massive search-and-destroy operations, the insurrection is likely to continue for a long time. So far he has shown little inclination to grant even minimal autonomy to the Moslems.

Marcos confronts other knotty challenges elsewhere. In the hill country of southern Luzon, the Maoist "New People's Army," which was severely weakened in the first months of martial law, has rebounded. With the membership up to around 2,000, the Maoists terrorize local officials and hold propaganda sessions in the villages to urge establishment of a Peking-style government.

Though a Catholic himself, Marcos has been under fire from part of the Catholic clergy. Some clerics criticize the government for not enforcing the 90¢-per-day minimum wage everywhere. Others accuse Marcos' regime of torturing political prisoners and of moving the Philippines toward "totalitarianism." Bishop Francisco J. Claver recently declared that the suppression of freedom of speech, press and assembly had created a national mood of "fear and uncertainty, cynicism and distrust." A handful of young priests have gone even further; they have joined the Communists, and a few are suspected of having planned guerrilla actions. The government has responded by raiding several churches and convents and interrogating their members.

Despite the growing resistance, Marcos can justifiably point to improvements since he imposed martial law. After the government confiscated some 500,000 firearms from the populace, the number of violent crimes dropped dramatically, particularly in Manila. The capital, once one of the most crime-ridden cities in Asia, has become one of the safest—an improvement reflected in last year's 48% increase in tourism. A drastic crackdown on tax evaders has increased government revenues enough to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enable Marcos to double state expenditures on roads and utilities. A "beautification project" has removed some of the ugly squatter slums from Manila.

Marcos' most dramatic success has been in the economy. In 1973 real growth surged ahead at 10%, compared with an annual average of less than 6% during the preceding decade. A large part of this growth has resulted from the fortuitous jump in world prices of commodities, such as sugar, lumber, copper and gold, exported by the Philippines. But Marcos' policies of encouraging foreign investment have also been a powerful spur to growth. He has lured American and Japanese businessmen to the islands by liberalizing monetary and credit policies and allowing foreign firms to repatriate all of their profits.

So far a majority of Filipinos clearly back Marcos' policy of martial law. They have benefited from the improved economy and the drop in street crime. But the catalogue of problems facing Marcos could turn that support into opposition almost overnight. His challenge is to maintain a growing economy and at the same time pacify the various insurgencies threatening his control. It is a tightrope act, for if he chooses to fight the insurgents and all other opposition rather than compromise, the costs could ultimately sap the economy.

CHINA

Slandering the Sage

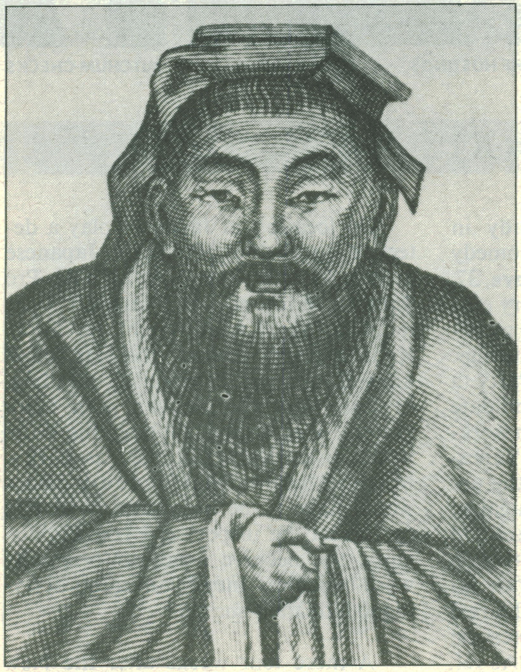
One of the most baffling features of China's latest cultural revolution is the concerted ideological attack on the sayings and teachings of Confucius. Last week the posthumous drubbing of the ancient sage, whose name is frequently linked with that of the dead, disgraced former Defense Minister Lin Piao, continued unabated. New meetings of the masses denounced Confucius "and his like" as "buffoons who had a place only in the garbage of history." Lin was again condemned for "preaching the rubbish of Confucianism as part of his attempt to restore capitalism in China." It is almost as if the gentle philosopher were still alive and well and leading a counterrevolutionary cabal.

In many ways he is. And that late "bourgeois careerist, renegade and traitor" Lin Piao is far from being the only one to fall under his influence. As the mounting ideological attacks on the "four olds" (old thought, old culture, old customs and old habits) indicate, the traditional Confucian values have died hard in China and remain an obstacle to the success of Mao's revolution.

Confucius, whose name is a Latinized version of King Fu-tzu or Master Kung, would likely be amused at all the attention he is getting. His own life was singularly lacking in worldly success. Born in 551 B.C. of an impoverished noble family in what is now Shantung province, he spent his life as an itinerant office seeker, wandering throughout the feudal kingdoms into which China was then divided, looking for a ruler who would put his ideas about government into practice. Except for a few months as a minister in his native state of Lu, he remained unemployed until his death in 479 B.C. But, like Socrates, he ensured that his teachings would live on after him by imparting them to a devoted group of disciples.

Confucius' ambition was to restore order to a chaotic society. The China of his time, 300 years before the founding of the first dynasty, was torn by constant warfare among the country's greedy feudal princes, who were described by Confucius as "stuffing themselves with food all day while never using their minds at all." He envisioned an ideal ruler of benevolence, moderation and humanity, a type that he believed had existed in a halcyon era long past. While the bad ruler relied on terror and force, the Confucian prince would restore order simply by the strength of his moral example. "If a ruler himself is upright," Confucius taught, "then all will go well without commands."

CULVER



CONFUCIUS
A posthumous drubbing.

It was an ethical rather than a religious doctrine. The cultivation of virtue was the key to political tranquillity. Confucius rejected the concept of life after death as a spiritual reward and felt that the desire for wealth was found only in the "small man." Although theoretically anyone could become a cultured man, Confucius stressed a hierarchical ordering of society in which each accepted his position. Personal satisfaction lay in cultivating the virtues of obedience, filial piety and benevolence toward others: summed up as "the Way." "Having heard the Way in the morning," Confucius taught, "one may die content in the evening."

Ironically, some aspects of Communist rule are reminiscent of these Confucianist ideas. Mao Tse-tung studied the Confucian classics for six years as a youth and never entirely escaped their influence. In his four-volume *Selected Works,* no less than 22% of his references to other writers are to the sage or his disciples—just short of the 24% devoted to Front-Runner Joseph Stalin. Both Confucius and Mao place great stress on internalizing "correct" ideas and on the need for the ruler to act as a moral exemplar. Moreover, the party cadres, steeped in Marxism-Leninism, bear what must be to Mao some disconcerting resemblances to the old Confucian bureaucracy, steeped in the revered classics.

Confucius may have had peace and order in mind, but he nonetheless laid the ground for China's traditional authoritarianism. His stress on reverence for authority provided a foundation for often passive, fatalistic obedience to the rulers of the state. Confucius believed in the necessity of an educated elite, a kind of aristocracy of virtue, to run the affairs of society. Thus, in the eyes of the Communists, he fostered exactly the kind of deep division between ruler and ruled that runs counter to Mao's expressed principle that in a proletarian society the masses rule themselves. Even more offensive to the Communist is the Confucianists' extremely unproletarian disdain for manual labor. "The superior man attends to spiritual things and not to his livelihood," was Confucius' pronouncement.

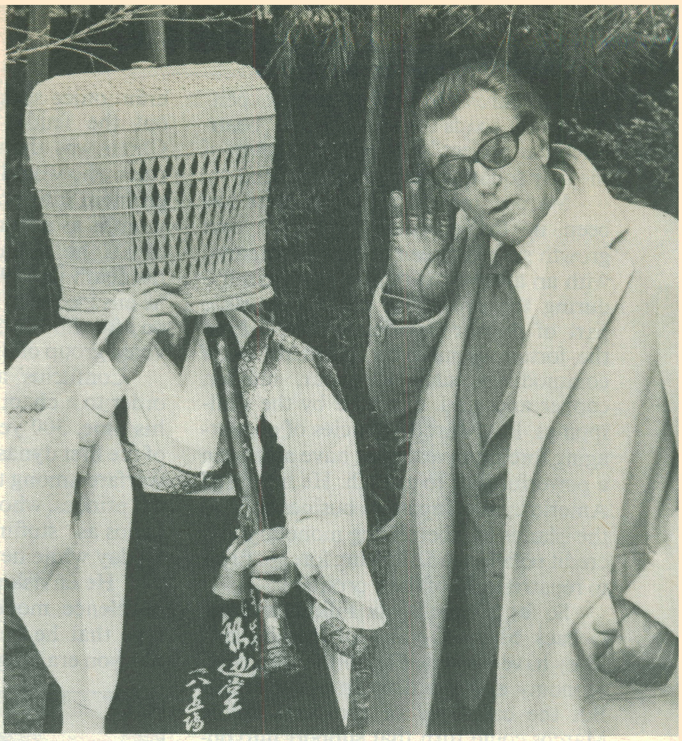
Remaking Man. At the root of Mao's rejection of the sage is Confucius' belief: "By nature men are pretty much alike." He was convinced that human nature remained unchanged from time to time and society to society, only being affected by education. The Communist goal is to remake man in a new proletarian image. "There is no human nature in the abstract," Mao wrote in 1942, "there is only human nature with class character." Thus, in the Communists' eyes, the ideas of Confucius contain no universal truths. They merely reflect the class nature of the slave-owning aristocracy of his own epoch.

Looked at in the long run, the anti-Confucian diatribe is part of Mao's continuing effort to transform the nature of man. He wants to replace the Confucian habits of tranquillity, obedience and fatalism with a new Promethean man of struggle and combativeness. For him, Confucius continues to be a symbol of everything in China that represents hierarchy, stagnation and complacency. For that reason, the sage cannot be permitted to sleep in peace.

Workers Revolutionary Party
MANIFESTO

COMRADE VANESSA CAMPAIGNS ON THE HUSTINGS

ALAN CLIFTON



MITCHUM CHECKS OUT DISGUISE

JOHN BRYSON

Playing the sophisticated lady in Noël Coward's 1932 commune comedy *Design for Living,* **Vanessa Redgrave,** 37, lights up London's West End every evening with brittle charm. Come morning, however, she is out on the hustings. As the Workers Revolutionary Party (a minuscule Trotskyite group) candidate for Newham Northeast, a London working-class constituency, Comrade Vanessa faces a stiff four-way fight in the upcoming British general election against the incumbent Labor candidate and Tory and Marxist contenders. Although her victory chances are small, Vanessa is emphasizing what she calls "the real issue" of the campaign—"the oppression of workers by the ruling classes." As yet, however, she has not officially agreed with her party leader Gerry Healy's claim that British airfields are now being converted into concentration camps.

■

Out on parole in Manhattan last week after serving nearly 18 months for the Great Howard Hughes Hoax, an apparently reformed **Clifford Irving** said he might write a book about the need for prison reform. "Prison is a farce and a disaster," he declared sententiously. "If you are treated as an untrustworthy person, you become one." He added that "I felt my decision-making abilities had become affected." Then he hurried off to meet Sons Nedsky, 5, and Barney, 4, who were being flown from London to live with him in the U.S. Acknowledging that his wife Edith may divorce him when she is released in May from a Swiss jail, and that he has debts of nearly $1 million, Irving is, however, back at work, lining up interviews with "people high in government" for publication in *New Times.*

On location in Japan to play a detective in Sydney Pollack's Japanese mobster movie *The Yakuza,* Old Pro **Robert Mitchum,** 56, himself was mobbed. Strolling through the Gion, Kyoto's geisha district, the star found himself surrounded by geisha pleading, "Please, Kirk Douglas-san, your autograph." Regretfully rubbing his chin, which is as deeply dimpled as Kirk's, Mitchum resolved that future excursions would have to be incognito. Next day on the set, he inspected a possible disguise: the beehive headgear originally worn by jobless, mendicant samurai trying to hide their shame.

■

A mere four weeks after the New York *Times* announced that **Sally Quinn** would join its Washington bureau, the Quinn byline turned up on a Washington *Post* interview of Nonagenarian Alice Roosevelt Longworth. It seems that Sally is returning to her old beat, the *Post's* style section, after all. "One day," she said dramatically, "you'll know why I made the decision not to join the *Times* and why I couldn't tell you." Veteran reporters thought they already knew. Sally was *persona non grata* among *Times* staffers because of the allegedly inflated salary of $35,000 she was said to be getting. She would be a double risk if she becomes the wife of the rival *Post's* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee—another current story about Sally.

■

On his uppers in the '20s, young **Antony Tudor** worked at London's Smithfield meat market. Passing the Royal Opera House one day, he saw that Diaghilev's Ballets Russes was appearing; he bought a ticket and found his vocation. Last week Tudor, now 64 and a founder member of the American Ballet Theater, was given one of *Dance* magazine's prestigious annual awards in recognition of his contributions to modern ballet. On hand at the Manhattan ceremony to present Tudor with his laurels was Colleague **Agnes de Mille,** 64, with whom he has had a close but not always cordial relationship for 40 years. Unequivocal on this occasion: "He made us see dancers as people, not just Swan Queens and mythical dolls." Turning to Tudor, she demanded: "Why the bloody hell weren't you given this award sooner?" Noting that he had not done a new ballet for seven years, Tudor replied: "I think I am being given this award for not doing ballets."

■

Like Queen Victoria's descendants, the spoor of American Presidents can be tracked the world over. This is a preliminary conclusion reached by researchers now compiling in London *Burke's Presidential Families of the United States of America.* To be published early in 1975, *Burke's Presidents* is intended to be a transatlantic version, more or less, of Burke's 150-year-old standard reference works on the British peerage and landed gentry. So far, Genealogist David Williamson has found one family close to extinction: **Abe Lincoln's.** And among those of royal lineage: Through his mother, Teddy Roosevelt was seventeenth in descent from Robert III, King of the Scots.

■

Two of the Senate's crustiest, most idiosyncratic voices will retire at the close of the 93rd Congress. Republican dean of the Senate, **George Aiken,** 81, of Vermont, announced that he would

BARRY TENIN

CHUBB FELLOW ERVIN CHATTING WITH YALE STUDENTS

PEOPLE

drop out at the end of his fifth term. Patent holder of an everbearing strawberry plant, as well as the 1966 Aiken formula, in which he suggested that the U.S. simply pronounce a Viet Nam victory and pull out, the blunt-speaking former fruit farmer has influenced a couple of generations of farm legislation. Characteristically terse about future plans, Aiken said, "I haven't had a chance to go fishing in several years." Meanwhile, his more voluble colleague, North Carolina's Democratic Senator **Sam Ervin,** 77, who is also retiring, was enjoying a three-day dialogue with Yale undergraduates in his role as a visiting Chubb fellow. However, in a speech at the Yale Law School, Ervin was hissed twice: once when he mentioned his own alma mater, Harvard Law School, and again when he opposed the proposed equal rights amendment.

▪

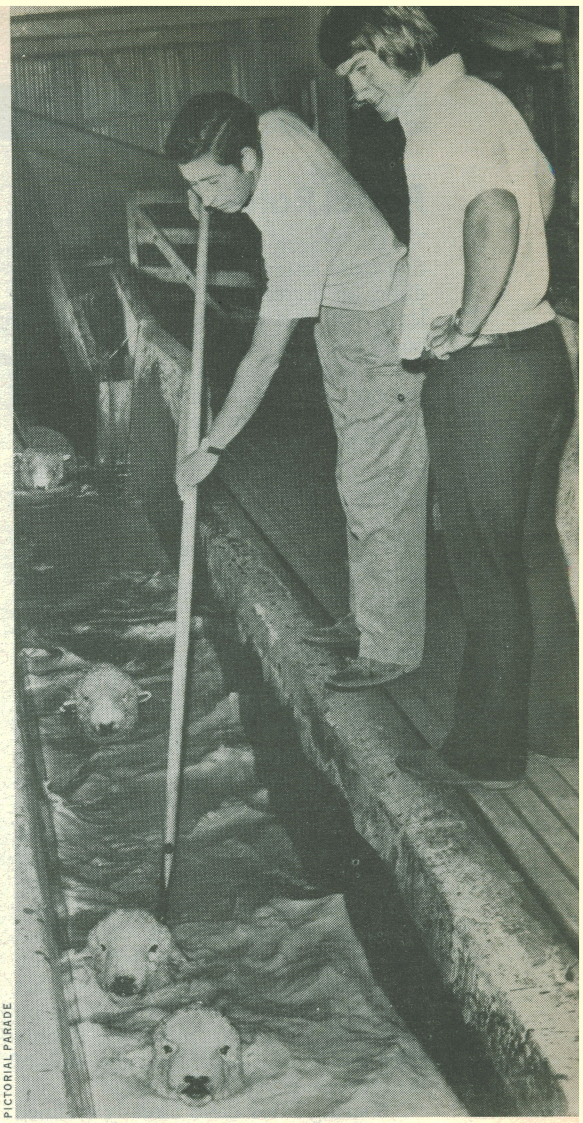
Having reaped a huge financial success with *The Exorcist,* Director **William Friedkin** and Warner Bros. hope to gather a few Oscars in April as well, notably for **Linda Blair's** performance as the demonically possessed heroine. But it seems that the Devil may be claiming his due. Doubts are being raised as to how much of the role was performed by 15-year-old Linda. First, there was **Mercedes McCambridge,** whose bloodcurdling Devil-in-Linda voice would have gone unrecognized if she had not fought for screen billing. Now comes **Eileen Dietz Elber,** who was Linda's double. Eileen, who describes herself as "over 21," charges that Friedkin tried to prevent her from taking credit even on job résumés for her role as Linda's body in the movie's major dramatic moments. In the face of Warner's denial, she insists: "I shot several exorcism scenes and played nearly all the vomit scenes." Added Eileen: "If Linda wins an Oscar, I'll be the first to cheer."

BILL PIERCE

WAS EILEEN LINDA'S BODY?

▪

The sheep were in amateur hands, but the tall, sunburned man in khaki trousers and work boots wielded with alarming efficiency the forked pole that ducked the woolly heads in insecticide. In fact, the professionals on New Zealand's 119-year-old Brancepeth sheep station were impressed with **Prince Charles'** ability to fit in wherever he was during an official visit to meet the Kiwis. Although one dissent was recorded—a cry of "Go home, Pom" directed at his mother **Queen Elizabeth** after the whole family had got together to open the Commonwealth Games—the welcome accorded Charles by local teenyboppers was more typical of the royals' reception. "Oh, you gorgeous thing!" cried one of the girls, who were out in force wherever he went.



PICTORIAL PARADE

CHARLES DUCKS A SHEEP

▪

It is, agrees Soprano **Kiri Te Kanawa,** an unusual name. At Covent Garden last year, Basso Cesare Siepi kept asking, "Where is Kanawa?" as he looked around for a Japanese singer. In fact, the elegant Kiri is a New Zealander, the descendant on her father's side of a Maori chieftain. She now lives in England, where for the past three years her star has been steadily rising. Last week Kiri began to shine in New York too. In the grandest of operatic traditions, she made her Metropolitan Opera debut on a mere three hours' notice. Substituting for an ill Teresa Stratas, she sang Desdemona in Verdi's *Otello,* with Tenor Jon Vickers. Said the New York *Times:* "Her voice had a lovely fresh sound. She won the audience from the very beginning." Kiri herself credited Vickers. "He made me feel," she explained, "like a wee baby being taken care of."

Postal Rates: Up, Up, Up

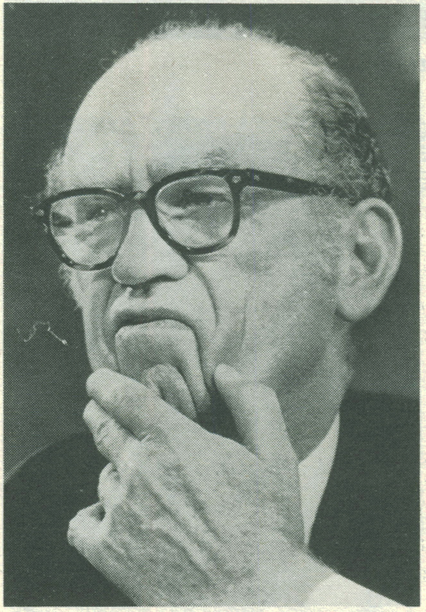
On March 2 the cost of mailing a first-class letter will go up from 8¢ to a dime, an increase of 25%. Most Americans will feel that bite of inflation at once, but another may go unnoticed at first. On the same day, a new jump in second-class postal rates, which affect magazines and newspapers, will take effect. This increment is the first installment of a 40% rise to be spread over the next 28 months. It comes on top of a five-year, 145% rate hike begun in 1971. The new increase, being imposed on a compound basis, means that periodicals collectively will have to pay at least 242% more to use the mails in 1976 than they did in 1971.* Some predictions are even grimmer. Richard J. Barber Associates, Inc., an economic counseling firm in Washington, D.C., says that accelerating Postal Service costs will actually force a crushing 406% rise in second-class postage by 1976.

According to figures compiled by the Magazine Publishers Association, the new rate immediately boosts the average cost of mailing each copy of a magazine by six-tenths of a cent. That amount may seem modest, but it is not, when weighed against the harsh fact that the average profit now earned on each copy of a U.S. magazine is only eight-tenths of a cent. And the bulk of the increase is yet to take its toll.

Soaring rates have already claimed some significant victims. Executives of both *Look* and LIFE blamed projected postal increases as a major factor in the decision to fold those magazines. To fend off a similar fate, many magazine publishers now face a bleak future of radical cost cutting.

Part of the March 2 increase involves a rising charge for each piece of second-class mail. But the increase is also based on a complicated formula involving a magazine's ratio of ads to editorial content, its weight and size, and the distance it must travel. Thus no two magazines will be affected in precisely the same way, but all that use the mails are hurting. Says *National Review* Publisher William Rusher: "Journals of opinion traditionally lose money. The *National Review* is a journal of opinion, so the postal rates won't eat into our profits—they will simply swell our deficits. It's a very serious problem for us." *Harper's* Publisher Russell Barnard says that his projected postal expenditures during the next two years "could more than wipe out our total profits." Hearst Magazines President Richard Deems says, "We're spending every waking hour thinking about how we'll keep our publications as viable businesses."

UPI



POSTMASTER GENERAL ELMER T. KLASSEN

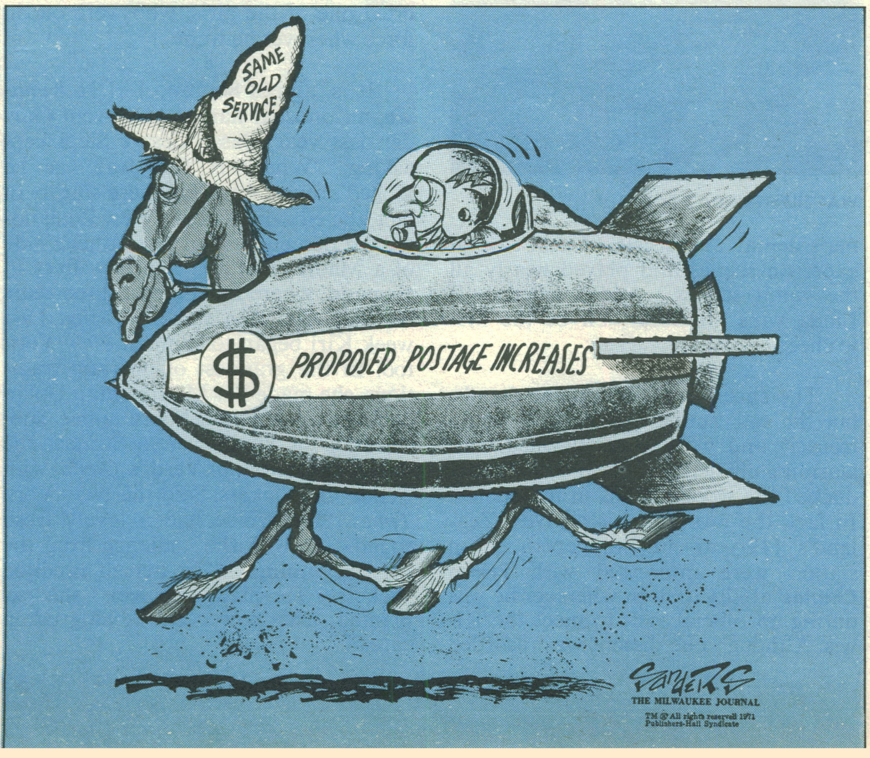
Postal Service officials do not view the publishers' dilemma as their problem. The Postal Reorganization Act of 1970, which created the present Postal Service as a quasi-independent body, stressed that most classes of mail should pay their own way and contribute a "reasonable" share to the service's general overhead by 1976. The service clearly regards that mandate as all important, and never mind the consequences. "I don't see why any enterprise should expect any sort of subsidy," says Postmaster General Elmer T. Klassen, 65, who was with American Can Co. for 43 years. "The only way to look at this is that we're running the Postal Service like a business organization." Critics point out that the service retains nonbusinesslike features; for instance, it charges the same flat rate to mail a letter across the street or across the country, despite the widely differing costs of each operation.

Ralph Nicholson, a senior assistant postmaster general, argues that the old U.S. Post Office performed many different roles essential to the developing nation. It was a builder of roads, an employer of last resort. It charged low rates to second-class users to stimulate an infant free press and the flow of ideas throughout the country. Those days are over, Nicholson says, and adds: "Maybe we look like the heavies in this second-class matter, and I guess we are."

Loaded Rivalry. The Postal Service says that publishers should be tough enough and inventive enough to offset their new mailing costs with new revenue. That sounds easy, but the experience of the magazine industry—and the record of its casualties—shows that it is not. Businesses ordinarily pass along added operating costs to their customers. But magazines face a damned-if-they-do, damned-if-they-don't choice. They cannot afford to absorb the new rates, and the entire history of subscription promotion shows that many readers will refuse to pay the freight as well.

The fewer number of people able to afford the higher prices will mean a lower rate base for advertising. Advertisers seeking large audiences will have further incentive to pump still more dollars into television, already a rival for magazines' advertising. In many ways, this rivalry is loaded against magazines. Television has a government-licensed monopoly over the public airwaves. The cost of "distributing" a program is virtually nil, and it is no higher for 40 million viewers than for 4 million. There is

SANDERS—THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL


SAME OLD SERVICE
$
PROPOSED POSTAGE INCREASES
Sanders
THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
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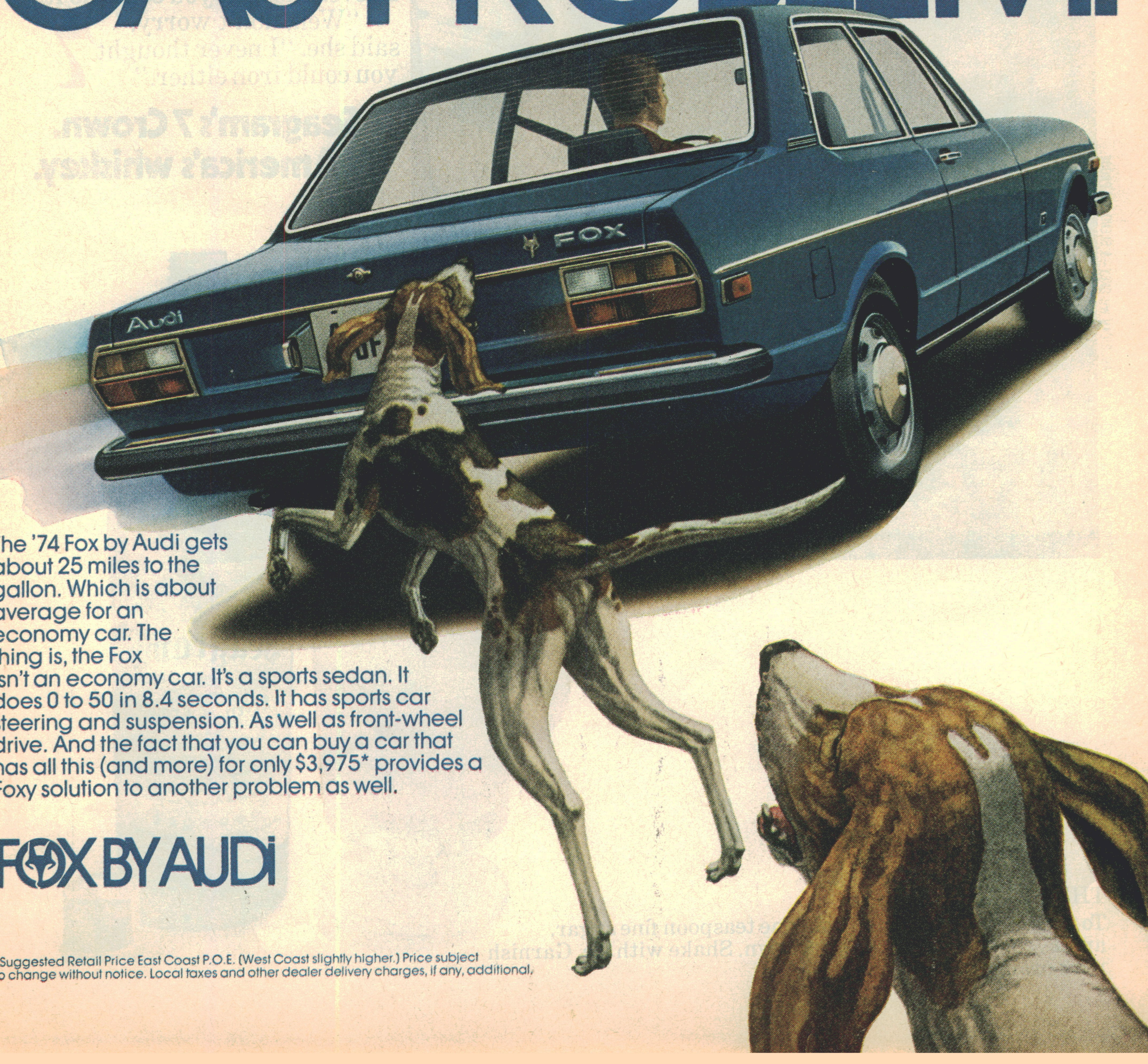
*Magazines paid $84.5 million in U.S. postage in 1971. The projected yearly payment as of July 1976 is $289 million, even if, as seems unlikely, there are no additional increases beyond those now scheduled.

A FOXY SOLUTION TO THE GAS PROBLEM.

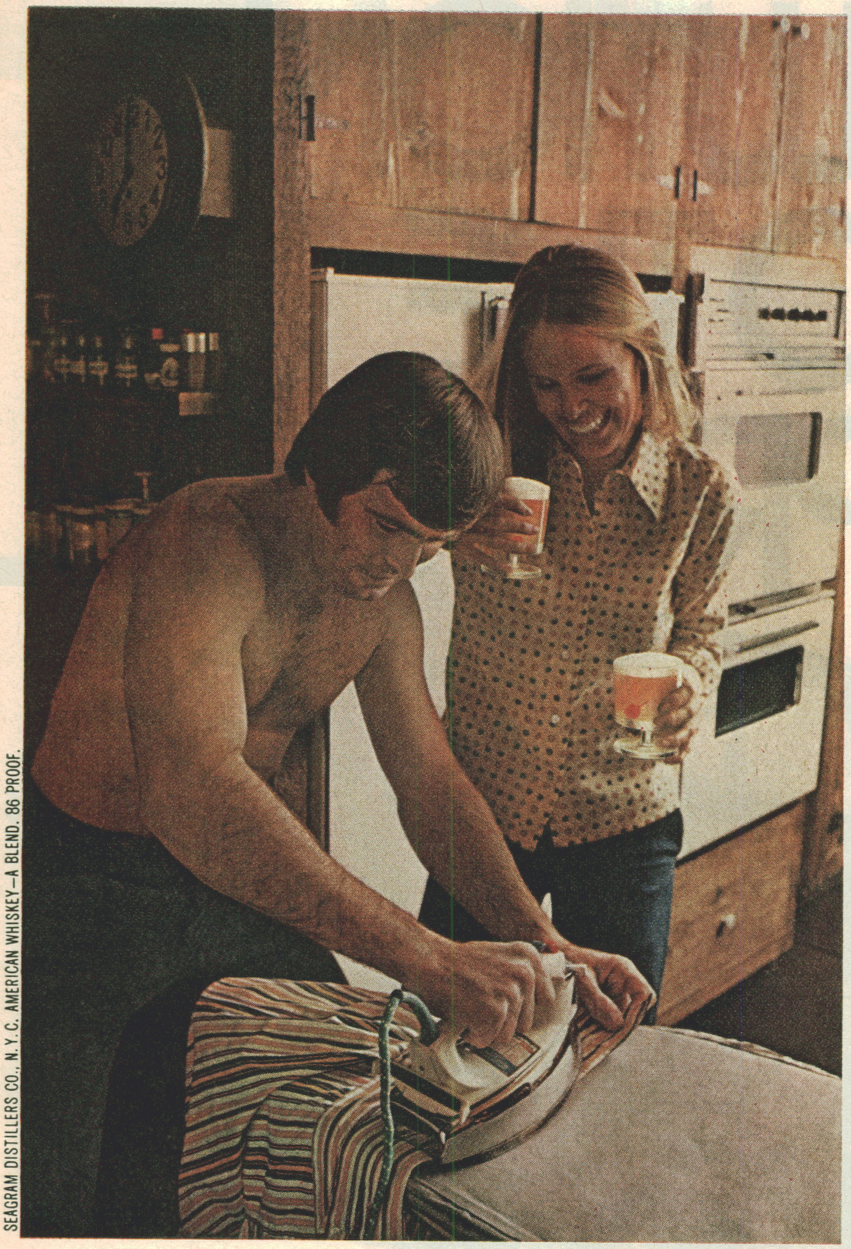


The '74 Fox by Audi gets about 25 miles to the gallon. Which is about average for an economy car. The thing is, the Fox isn't an economy car. It's a sports sedan. It does 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds. It has sports car steering and suspension. As well as front-wheel drive. And the fact that you can buy a car that has all this (and more) for only $3,975* provides a Foxy solution to another problem as well.

FOX BY AUDI

*Suggested Retail Price East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast slightly higher.) Price subject to change without notice. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

The Seven Sour.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.

"Let's be different," she said. "You try doing something you never did before. And so will I."

So for the first time in his life, he picked up an iron. And she tried her hand at bartending.

She squeezed some lemons into a shaker, spooned in just enough fine sugar, poured in a couple jiggers of Seagram's 7 Crown, and shook it all up with ice.

Finally she sliced an orange, opened a jar of cherries, and there they were. Seven Sours on the rocks.

He took a sip.

"Hey, you make a terrific Sour. I never thought you could do it."

"Well, don't worry," said she. "I never thought you could iron either."

Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's whiskey.

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
AMERICAN WHISKEY
A BLEND

THE SEVEN SOUR:
To the juice of one lemon, add one teaspoon fine sugar, and 1½ ounces Seagram's 7 Crown. Shake with ice. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

no correlation between cost and audience size. But every added magazine mailed through the Postal Service—another monopoly—means added cost. Many publishing experts worry that skyrocketing postal rates will enhance TV's present advantages.

Stymied by the Postal Service and harsh economics, publishers continue to seek help in Congress. But despite criticism of the second-class increases by such remarkable allies as Edward Kennedy and Barry Goldwater, Congress has been reluctant to intercede in matters it delegated to the new Postal Service in 1970. Many Congressmen remain unmoved by the magazines' plight. A House bill drafted by Representative James Hanley that did not reduce but merely stretched out the phased increases from five to ten years died last summer. The Senate Post Office Committee will soon vote on a similar bill, authored by Committee Chairman Gale McGee. Members are reported to favor the measure by a narrow 5-to-4 margin, and McGee may decide not to seek full Senate approval if the vote remains that close. Basically, any congressional remedy would involve an appropriation to offset revenue that the Postal Service seeks from second-class users. Klassen opposes that approach.

Congress is free to amend the postal law. Klassen's position, however, has some appeal on Capitol Hill because it is associated with traditional marketplace economics. But Congress helps particular industries when it considers that the public interest is at stake, and the Klassen policy is a wrenching reversal of another U.S. tradition. Says Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr.: "The reason that the founding fathers believed that newspapers and magazines should be transmitted at preferential rates was because they perceived a powerful public interest in the dissemination of information and opinion."

This interest still exists. The Postal Service's own policy demands that it "bind the nation together through the personal, educational, literary and business correspondence of the people." The balancing of this intangible requirement with the ambition of the Postal Service to break even may be a difficult task, but is surely an essential one. Says Schlesinger: "To condemn magazines to a lingering death would be, as the founding fathers well understood, to weaken the foundations of the Republic."

Gentleman George

When the Greater Boston Feminist Fair voted Boston *Globe* Columnist George Frazier "Worst Male Chauvinist Pig" for his comments on the women's movement and awarded him a muzzle, he had it bronzed and placed over his fireplace. After he made the White House "enemies list," having labeled Richard Nixon "a louse" and David Eisenhower "the creepy kid," Frazier observed the occasion typically. He donned a starched dickey shirt, planted a carnation in the buttonhole of his 30-year-old Brooks Brothers suit, and sauntered over to Locke-Ober's Café for his favorite finnan haddie dinner. He was aspishly relieved that a local boy should have won such notice: "My God, what if I hadn't made the list? Men have been known to take the gas pipe with less provocation."

Equal Flair. Frazier need not have worried. Gentleman George is not only an ornamental Boston legend but a social commentator whose tart views reach an audience far beyond Boston. Besides writing four columns a week for the *Globe,* he discourses once a week on the CBS *Morning News* show and again on a local Boston TV program. At 62 he is one of the oldest writers to get an assignment from *Rolling Stone.* Most journalists his age have the years gentle their pace or prejudices. Frazier is as eager as ever to flay those he thinks pompous.

STEVE HANSEN

COLUMNIST FRAZIER AT HOME
Flaying the philistines.

His targets are so inclusive—nearly all politicians and women's rights advocates, many fellow journalists and people who wear white socks—that he is doubtless on many enemies lists. Unlike most press scolds, who tend to ignore social trivia for headier political game, Frazier has anchored his reputation by roasting the large and the small with equal flair. He regularly assaults national institutions like Howard Cosell ("commits a public disturbance every time he opens his mouth"). But he also stalks such Main Street game as deer hunters ("revolting humanoids") and people who call up radio talk shows ("idiots who elude their keepers long enough to get to a phone").

Most of the columns are written in stream-of-consciousness style that leaps from notion to notion with scant regard for structure or logic, neither of which is a Frazier forte. Rather, his strength is an unerring eye for targets vulnerable to his wit, delivered in the bilious tones of an aggrieved headmaster. Once in a while he softens with memories of the good old days. He can sentimentalize at length about bar-hopping with Hemingway and Thurber, and pay tribute to Tim Costello, the late keeper of a Manhattan literary saloon, this way: "Without himself, who has been in the ground and as one with the heather on the heath these many unstylish years, Tim's was never again as it was when he was there softly singing *John Anderson, My Jo* or discussing the Dublin of Joyce."

Frazier wastes no sympathy on what he might call the Great Sartorially Unwashed: those who wear double-knit suits off the rack and monograms, which he regards as "manifestations of insecurity." He devoted an entire column recently to upbraiding a Los Angeles physician who had tried to crash Boston's proper Ritz bar in a Cardin turtleneck. A city councilor, Albert ("Dapper") O'Neil, has filed suit against him for $1 million because of Frazier's gibes at the crease in O'Neil's trousers.

Such hauteur may not become the son of a West Roxbury, Mass., fire inspector. But Frazier, who went on from his lace-curtain upbringing to acquire a Harvard degree and Brahmin persona, views himself as a romantic in mourning for his era's lost grace and style. The common man (H.L. Mencken's *Boobus americanus)* is to Frazier the root of the new philistinism—"ignorant, ill-clad, ill-spoken."

Frazier's acid snobbery occasionally backfires. He angered early employers at such papers as Boston's *Record American* ("The readers all moved their lips when they read, but then so did the editors"). His views do not exactly coincide with those of the liberal *Globe* either. In 1971, after Frazier savaged the TV performance of five earnest young Boston reporters, attacking them mainly for looking tacky on camera, Editor Tom Winship sacked him. Frazier promptly hired a small plane to fly over a jammed local football stadium trailing a banner: BRING BACK GEORGE FRAZIER. He was soon rehired.

Despite Frazier's outrageous excesses, he is an original whose following keeps coming back for more. "The whole trouble with this era," muses Frazier, "is that there is very little eccentricity. An age is great in art and every other way in proportion to the eccentrics who thrive in that time." What other eccentric would confound his readers by observing the Red Sox's winning baseball opener in Latin?

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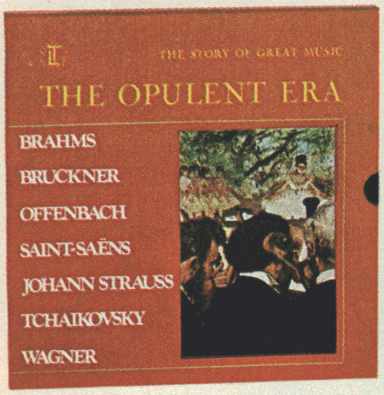
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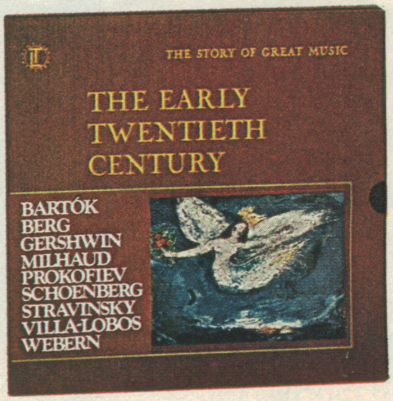
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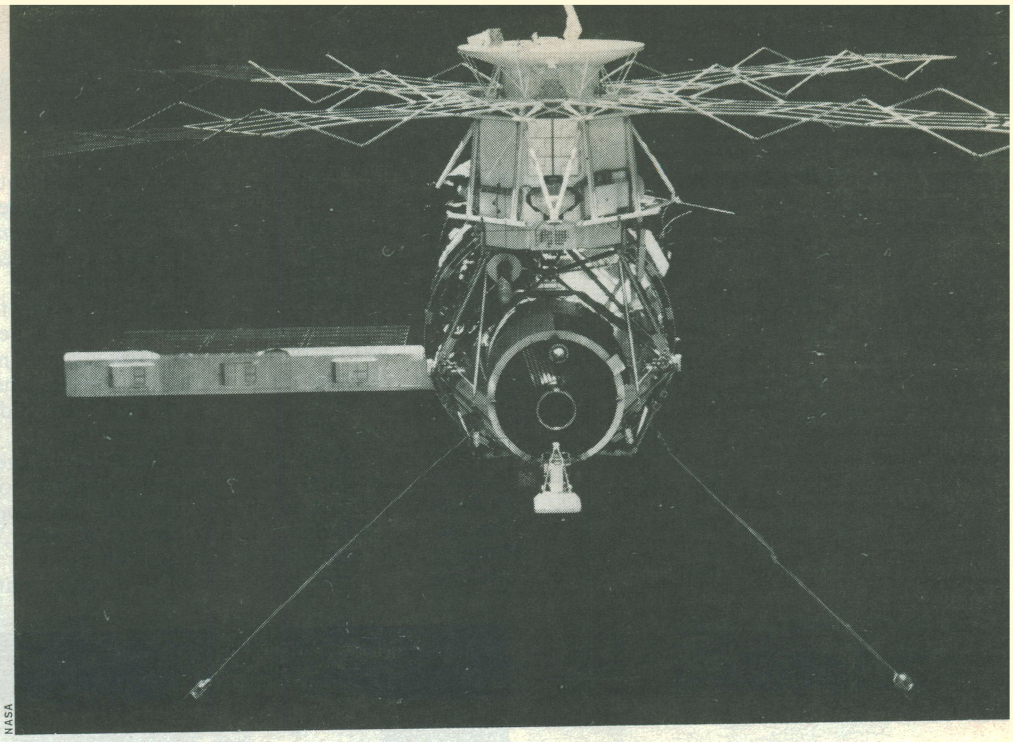

NASA

SKYLAB WITH MISSING SOLAR WING AS SEEN BY DEPARTING ASTRONAUTS

SCIENCE

Enjoying the Earth

Momentarily forgetting that he was no longer living in the weightless environment of spaceflight, returned Skylab 3 Astronaut Ed Gibson put his blood pressure kit out in front of him and turned away; he was startled when the kit crashed to the floor. His fellow space traveler, Gerald Carr, was so astonished by the sound of tumbling ice cubes in his refrigerator that he nearly jumped out of his seat. His wife reassured him: "It's not the CMG No. 2 [Skylab's balky gyroscope]. It's just the ice maker." Usually a shy homebody, Astronaut Bill Pogue began calling numerous friends and wanted to go to the theater—just to "see all the different faces."

After 84 days in earth orbit, the three men were constantly reminded that readjusting to terrestrial life was not without perils and problems. Once familiar sights and sounds now seemed exceedingly strange. Though their initial dizziness soon passed, every physical effort was a chore. Pogue, who said he felt as if he weighed a thousand tons, found that it even was work to roll over in bed. When Carr rested his head in his wife's lap, he kept asking: "Is this too heavy for you?" Nonetheless, the astronauts were delighted to be home. During the ride from the airport, Carr remained glued to the car window, gazing intently at the people, the houses and the greenery. Gibson quickly asked his wife Julie to join him in a walk. "I want to see the trees, feel the sun, hear the birds," he explained. "It's so nice to run again on the 'good earth.' "

For the first seven days after their splashdown off Lower California, the crew had little chance to sightsee. While NASA technicians began processing the 70 lbs. of film brought back from Skylab 3, the astronauts were kept in semiquarantine; their contacts were limited to wives and selected NASA officials, as doctors tried to shield them from infections that would interfere with the medical tests. For 21 days the astronauts must also continue to eat Skylab-type prepackaged food, a teetotaling, less-than-gourmet diet that was particularly hard on Commander Carr; in space he dreamt continually of savoring his favorite cold beer while watching football on TV. The astronauts took the restrictions in stride. As they reported for their medical examinations at the Johnson Space Center, Flight Surgeon Jerry Hordinsky commented: "You would think that they were just three guys coming in for a routine blood test."

In some ways, the Skylab 3 crewmen were in better shape than their Skylab 1 and 2 predecessors, who had spent only 28 and 59 days in space. As expected, the three men almost immediately lost the 1 to 1½ inches in height that they had gained in orbit; without any weight on the spinal column, the spaces between the vertebrae had expanded. But none of the astronauts showed the loss of muscular strength in their arms and legs or weakening of the heart experienced by the earlier crews. The difference was probably a result of the stepped-up regimen of exercises on Skylab 3. In fact, Gibson, a 37-year-old solar physicist who is the youngest of the astronauts, was in such good shape that he began his Texas week by jogging a brisk mile. The only really puzzling physical effect of the long tour was the loss of red blood cells and blood plasma, though it was less than that of other crews. Doctors conceded that subtle changes might show up later in their continued studies or during longer flights. But there was a growing conviction that there may be no practical limits on how long man can live in space.

One Hit, One Miss

As Mars moved into a favorable position last summer, the Russians sent four unmanned space ships on six-month voyages toward the Red Planet. Last week the Russians disclosed that the first two craft had reached their destination. One of the ships, Mars 5, went into orbit around Mars, they reported, but the other, Mars 4, soared past it into deep space. Reason: Its braking rocket failed to fire.

Despite that mishap, the multiple Mars mission may well be successful. According to the Russians, Mars 4 came within 1,400 miles of Mars, close enough to take an undisclosed number of pictures. Furthermore, the two remaining probes—Mars 6 and 7—have yet to make their rendezvous with the planet. Earlier reports had indicated that both were scheduled to land and possibly photograph the surface. Mars 4 and 5, on the other hand, were orbiters designed to relay data back to earth from the Martian terrain. Thus, the Russians may still be able to use their single successful orbiter, Mars 5, as a radio link—if at least one of the landers succeeds in its assignment.

Uncommon Apprentice

Henry Wiggen is a winner—a blond-and-blue-eyed All-America baseball hero, golden, graceful and uncomplicated. Julian Weston is a maggot-pale homosexual prostitute, strung out like a taut wire between self-inflicted denigration and a yearning for clean, well-lighted love. What these totally disparate characters—the one in John Hancock's film *Bang the Drum Slowly,* the other in English Playwright John Hopkins' Broadway drama *Find Your Way Home* —have in common is the very uncommon talent of Actor Michael Moriarty, who plays them both. With the release of the film in August and the opening of the play last month, Moriarty has emerged as one of the top young actors in the U.S.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

MARTHA SWOPE

MORIARTY IN *BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY* (LEFT) & *FIND YOUR WAY HOME*
"I finally bore fruit. It was hanging all over me!"

Moriarty is among a handful of young stars who dominate the recent spate of "masculine mystique" movies —Al Pacino *(Serpico, Scarecrow),* Robert De Niro *(Bang the Drum, Mean Streets),* Harvey Keitel *(Mean Streets),* Martin Sheen *(Badlands).* They are neither heroic nor anti-heroic leading men but character actors. The star quality is there, but deliberately subject to the stage-oriented discipline of craftsmanship and technique. Moriarty is not really a "natural talent," observes Donald Schoenbaum, managing director of Minneapolis' Tyrone Guthrie Theater, where Moriarty spent four seasons in repertory. "His talent is as much intellectual as it is natural."

Unlike stardom, craftsmanship and technique do not happen overnight. Although his watercolor-washed good looks belie it ("You look ten!" said Katharine Hepburn, his co-star in the recent television version of *The Glass Menagerie),* the 32-year-old Moriarty has been working hard in the profession for 15 years. "For a long while," he says wryly, "I felt like a barren tree. I knew there were a lot of creative juices inside of me and yet nothing was happening. Then in 1973 I finally bore fruit. Boy, did I ever! It was hanging all over me!"

A shy, withdrawn Detroit teen-ager, Moriarty was hooked by a high school production of *Arsenic and Old Lace.* "My whole identity became 'an actor,' " he says. "It was a 24-hour obsession."

His career got off to a breezy start. After graduating from Dartmouth, he won a Fulbright scholarship to the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Moreover, Joseph Papp, one of the Fulbright judges, immediately cast him in his first professional role—as Octavius in a New York Shakespeare Festival production of *Antony and Cleopatra.* "I was a bonus baby," recalls Moriarty, "just like in baseball. I was a raw young talent with little technique and a lot of gall based on very weak foundations—which started to crumble when I got to England."

He returned from his year in London with his confidence and his ambition in tatters. But after six months of selling tires back in Detroit, Moriarty auditioned successfully at the Guthrie Theater. At first he was discomfited by the Guthrie's classically English style of acting. "I didn't see the value in being able to say nine lines on one breath," he says. "What was missing is what American actors are known for: interior work, subtext work." But with the advent of Director Mel Shapiro, Moriarty found a mentor whose approach to acting meshed with his own, and he soon was playing increasingly important roles in everything from *Mourning Becomes Electra* to *Merton of the Movies.*

Shapiro, who has worked with him in seven plays, describes his performances as "very physical." Nowhere is that physical vocabulary more apparent than in his portrayal of Julian Weston. Neither obtrusively limp-wristed nor so-straight-you'd-never-know-he-was-one, Moriarty captures Julian with a slightly fluttering finger, a momentarily stuttering step, the almost imperceptible lift of his chin. It was not easy to accept the role of a homosexual, he confesses, "because it deals with an area of yourself you don't normally have to deal with." But, he reasoned, if he let his reluctance stop him, "I might as well phone in my resignation as an actor." Eventually he based Julian's character on his mother, an "undisciplined romantic," who died when he was 25.

Moriarty lives now in Greenwich Village with his wife Françoise, a former dancer with the Joffrey Ballet, and their one-year-old son. A self-taught jazz pianist, he spends his free time filling in at small jazz spots in his neighborhood. He will not become really good as an actor, he says, until he is 40. "All the best work onstage comes from men of 40 and up. That is when the heart begins to creep into the technique in England, and when actors in America learn not to indulge themselves." Meanwhile, audiences can look forward to the next eight years of apprenticeship.

Man, Is That Funny?

Remember the old stand-by two-liner, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" Well, today it is more likely to turn up translated into something like Comedian George Carlin's street-dude one-upper: "Hey, man, what'd ya do last night?" Answer: "I was out wit ya muther, man!" And the audience guffawing at it is most likely gathered not down at the old vaudeville house, but at home round the old stereo.

The comedy record, which has been gathering dust at the back of record racks since its heyday in the early '60s, has made a major comeback. More than 15 comedy albums have been released in the past six months.

A few of the new albums are shots in the old vein—Veterans Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks with their *2000 and Thirteen*-year-old man or the literate stand-up style of David Steinberg's *Booga Booga.* But the hottest newcomers are the "rock" comics, whose pot- and pop-flavored material is aimed directly at the under-30 funnybone.

By far the most successful of the rock

comics are Richard ("Cheech") Marin, 27, and Tommy Chong, 33, an energetic Chicano-Chinese duo whose freakish cast of characterizations includes Sister Mary Elephant, Ashley Roachclip, and Buster the Body Crab. Their first two albums have sold 4 million copies so far, and their newest, *Los Cochinos,* jumped onto the pop charts at 22, a feat usually accomplished only by top rockers. But several others are stalking comedy's new-found rock audience in their wake.

Last year's Grammy for Best Comedy Record went to George Carlin, 36, who began as a straight-suited stand-up. Now sporting chest-length locks and painted undershirts, Carlin tells low-key tales of his kidhood on the fringes of Harlem: "You put five white guys and five black guys together and after a month . . . what you'll see is redheaded guys named Duffy sayin' 'What's happenin', baby?' " Carlin also deals heavily in various bodily functions. In one routine called "Filthy Words," he blithely reels off the rapidly dwindling list of banned *mots*—the kind of vocabulary that got Lenny Bruce arrested.

Albert Brooks, a cherubic 26-year-old with a curly halo, has a softer approach in recounting his adventures as the opening act at Neil Diamond and Richie Havens concerts. His album, *Comedy Minus One,* could even be taken home to Mother—provided Mother was reasonably aware of what gets smoked at rock concerts. Singer-Songwriter Martin Mull is the only newcomer who is literally a rock comic, laying his words on music. His hit record is in fact an instrumental called *Dueling Tubas.* His other folk-rock ditties include *Ventriloquist Love* ("Whenever I kiss you, your lips never move") and the ultimate Hare Krishna lover's gambit: "I made love to you in a former life, why can't we do it now?"

Dope and Dirty Words. Perhaps because politics today provides its own, few of the new comics play with political satire. Most of rock humor seems securely tied up in the double-whammy bags of dope and dirty words. Dope naturally supplies the subject matter. The dirty words, no longer reserved as final zingers, are strung right along through almost every sentence—alternating, of course, with the word *man,* the *sine qua non* of the species.

When these elements are used as tools of comic construction, the results can be splendid parody, as in Cheech & Chong's TV quiz-show takeoff *Let's Make a Dope Deal,* "where young pushers try to parlay their stash into the reely big connection and move up into dealerhood." Unfortunately, the dope and dirty words too often seem intended to be funny in themselves, giggling passwords to separate "us" from "them." Nevertheless, the appearance of young comics making fun of their own culture is a good sign. Says Comedian and Disc Jockey Don Imus: "It used to be Bob Hope making fun of hippies; now it's hippies making fun of hippies."

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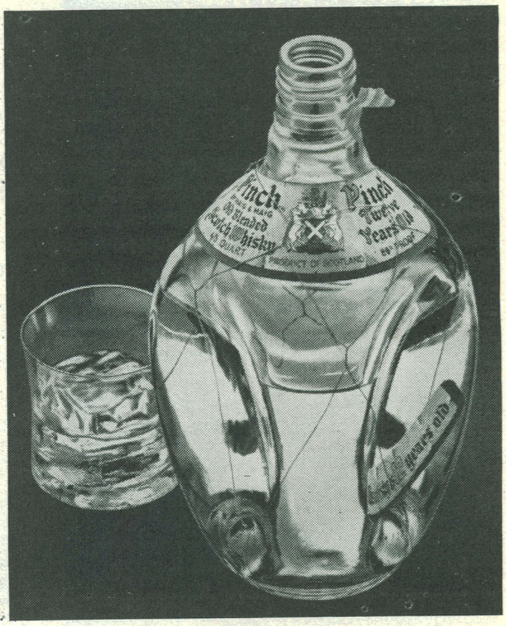

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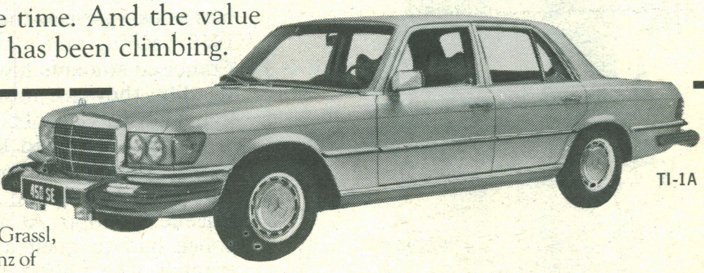

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Fogbound Schools

San Francisco Educator Edward Kloster estimates that more than half the students in his institution need help with their reading. He is particularly concerned about the 250 or 300 who cannot even decipher words. Kloster is not, as one might suppose, a teacher in an elementary school. He is chairman of the reading department at City College of San Francisco, and his nonreading students are graduates of San Francisco's public high schools. They are just one reason why many San Franciscans agree with the county grand jury, which last month declared: "The most serious problem facing the city is the deterioration of its public school system."

STEPHEN FRISCH

STUDENTS IN ENGLISH CLASS AT SAN FRANCISCO'S WOODROW WILSON HIGH SCHOOL
Graduating with only fifth-grade reading skills.

In the past, the grand jury—selected annually to investigate the city government—has praised the schools. This year's blistering indictment is just one of many attacks on a school system that is becoming increasingly beset by troubles as pervasive as the city's fogs. Since 1969, reading and math scores for San Francisco students have been dropping steadily; they are now well below national norms. School board meetings are repeatedly disrupted by noisy, contentious community factions attacking each other, the board and Board President Eugene S. Hopp. At a recent meeting, police had to quell a minor riot that erupted when spectators attacked 13 uniformed American Nazi Party members, who were present to protest school integration plans. The board has already missed an HEW-imposed January deadline for approving an integration plan for secondary schools.

The Supreme Court has added to the board's difficulties by requiring it to set up special English courses for the sizable minority of students who speak only Chinese (TIME, Feb. 4). On another front, attorneys are preparing to defend the city against a $500,000 suit filed on behalf of a boy who claims that he was allowed to graduate from Galileo High School with only fifth-grade reading skills. As a result, he is unqualified for any job "other than the most demeaning, unskilled, low-paid labor."

One of the major problems for the board has been the accelerating flight of white children from the public schools—aggravated by the fear of further integration and accounting for most of the drop in total enrollment from 90,600 in 1968 to 77,000 last fall. Although San Francisco's population is 57% white, only 27% of public school pupils are white (*v.* 40% in 1968); some 28,000 white children now attend private and parochial schools in the city. The remaining public school pupils are a polyglot collection who speak 33 different native tongues. The 73% from nonwhite minority groups include blacks (30%), Chinese (16%), Mexican and Latin Americans (14%) and Filipinos (7%).

Many San Franciscans feel that too much of their tax money is being used to support the entrenched bureaucracy in the school system's central office, which the grand jury report labeled a "tight oligarchy" surrounded by "walls of indifference"; 84% of the current annual school budget of $154 million goes to salaries and other personnel expenses. While salaries for the system's 4,433 teachers average $14,320 (with a top of

$17,115), the 98 administrators in the superintendent's office earn from $21,650 to $37,520. The grand jury report also criticized the central office for its poor performance in managing the system's budget. For example, a letter went out last month to school principals reminding them that all money not spent by Feb. 5 would have to be returned and hinting that such a move would adversely affect next year's budget. Urged the letter: "Spend before it is too late!"

Although widely accused of an ostrich-like refusal to admit that anything is wrong and "plain incompetence right down the line" (as one principal puts it), the administrators are protected from dismissal by tenure agreements or ironclad contracts. How to get rid of inept administrators is one of his greatest problems, says Board President Hopp. "They are impossible to move," he explains. "You have to catch them committing rape on the steps of city hall."

Shrill Opponents. A mild-mannered ear, nose and throat specialist, Hopp, along with his board, was accused by the grand jury of amateurism and weakness in the face of attack by "small, shrill groups of opponents." The report pointedly suggested that "more than mere citizenship be considered as qualification for election to this board."

The fact is that any board president would find the San Francisco schools a formidable challenge. As in other big-city public school systems, violence, truancy and class cutting are widespread. Science Teacher Nathan Weinstein gave failing grades to 19 of his 28 biology students at Woodrow Wilson High School last semester, mainly because they never showed up for class. Many of the students who do appear are stymied by their inability to read. Math Instructor David Friedman says the reading ability of Woodrow Wilson students is so low that teachers cannot use standard math texts, but instead must devise their own simplified versions.

There are a few bright spots in the otherwise beleaguered school system. In fact, the grand jury acknowledged that there are schools in San Francisco "where learning is going on and where there is an obvious feeling of pride and accomplishment." One institution that seems to work is Opportunity II, an alternative school for 170 high school students, some of whom were reading at first- and second-grade levels when they entered. The teachers make special efforts to compensate for parental indifference (which Principal Hal Abercrombie attributes largely to the problem of poverty) and often find themselves acting as surrogate parents. "They cling to you," says Abercrombie of the students. "They wait at the door for you to come to school in the morning. They are so anxious to be around you, they'll do anything you say." Abercrombie would like to see as many as 15 such schools set up in the district. That, he feels, would at least be a start toward penetrating San Francisco's educational fog.

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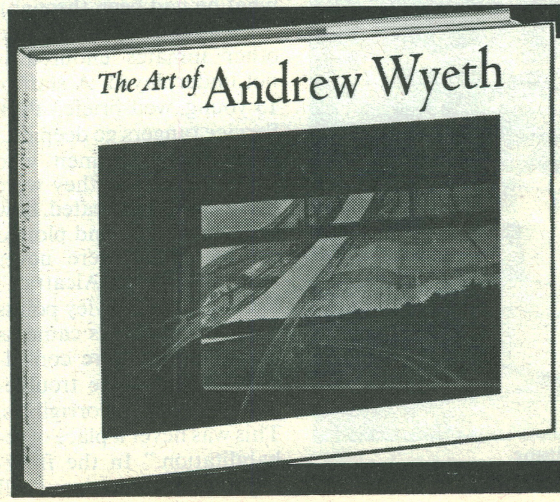

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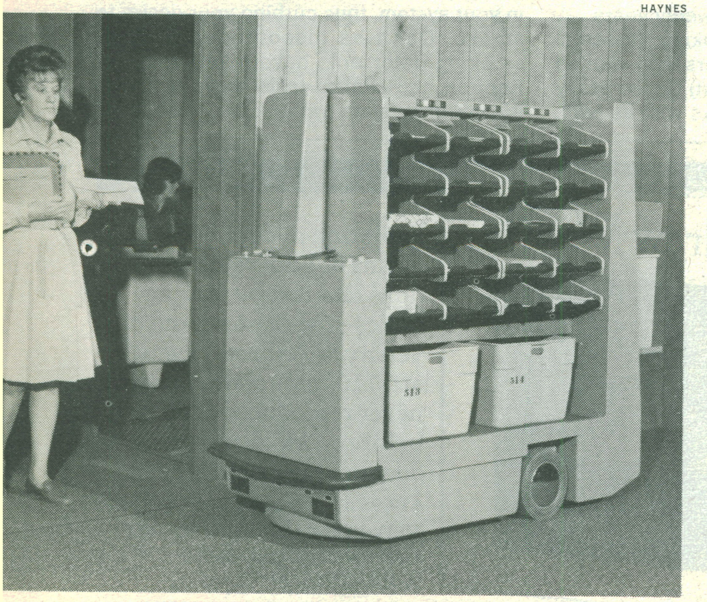
During a trial run, the mailboy missed a turn and went crashing through a men's room door. Now he has a regular office job—delivering and picking up letters on the 49th floor of Chicago's 110-story Sears Tower—and should do much better. He will probably never bump into anyone or anything, never pause for idle chatter or flirtation, or stop for more than 42 seconds at any one desk—indeed, never veer from any of his appointed rounds. If his fellow Sears employees find this paragon irritatingly inhuman, they can be excused. For the methodical new mailboy is a robot.

Beeping Sound. The dream mailboy is a completely automated cart with 20 mail compartments. It runs on four rubber wheels and is driven by a battery-powered electric motor. Electrical sensors in the cart pick up low-frequency radio signals from wires that are strung under the carpets along the desired route. Following their path, the 500-lb. robot stops when its photoelectric sensing system picks up signal lights bounced off reflective tiles strategically placed on corridor walls at knee level. Wherever a stop is out of a secretary's line of sight, the robot sounds a chime or blinks a light to attract her attention.

As it wends its way around the floor at about one mile per hour, the mailboy emits a soft beeping sound and a low-intensity blue light to alert unwary humans. If these warnings are ignored, infra-red sensors inform the robot when it is four inches away from a leg or a misplaced piece of furniture, and it comes to a stop after moving only another inch. When the obstacle is removed, the mailboy immediately resumes its travels.

The manufacturer of this mechanical wizard, Detroit's Jervis B. Webb Co., has had long experience making such automatons. One device, designed for carting material around trade shows and conventions, actually says "Pardon me" (in a recorded male voice). Webb's most sophisticated installation is at Detroit's 650-bed Harper-Webber Hospital. There, 70 automated, self-propelled carts recently began doing everything from delivering meals and surgical equipment to carrying off dirty linens and wastes. To prevent the spread of germs from one area of the hospital to another, the carts are programmed to return directly to an automatic sterilizing "car-wash" after each delivery or pickup. The automated orderlies can electronically signal the hospital's elevators and ride up and down by themselves.


HAYNES

AUTOMATED MAILBOY ON HIS ROUNDS
Never a pause for chatter or flirtation.

Pelican Pen

The Spanish christened it Isla de los Alcatraces, Isle of Pelicans. But to generations of moviegoers and newspaper readers, the island in San Francisco Bay has been better known as the Rock, the ultimate roost for a tougher kind of fowl—the jailbird. Alcatraz was decommissioned as a prison in 1970 and is now part of the Golden Gate Recreation Area. Since it was opened to the public by the National Park Service last October, the U.S. equivalent of Devil's Island has become San Francisco's biggest tourist attraction.

To date, more than 60,000 visitors have paid two dollars each for the round-trip boat ride and one-hour guided tour of the pen. Though there are 13 scheduled tours a day, come gale, fog or high water, tickets for weekends and holidays are sold out a month in advance. Tourists include some of the Indians who occupied Alcatraz in 1970, penologists, historians, police officers, prison wardens, troops of schoolchildren and an occasional former inmate (one ex-con insisted on getting married there, so that his wife would understand what he had been through).

The ordeal that he and other inmates endured is not underplayed. A staff of 13 young, well-briefed Park Service rangers go deep into Rock lore: the men who came there, how they were treated and mistreated, how they lived, died and plotted escape. "Men were never sent directly to Alcatraz," Ranger Jane Rowley points out. "They always came as transfers and were considered the hardcore troublemakers, the incorrigibles. This was never a place of rehabilitation." In the freezing rows of three-tiered cell blocks—one called Michigan Avenue, another Broadway—Ranger Sara Conklin says (with some exaggeration), "Most prisoners died of pneumonia."

STEPHEN FRISCH

SCHOOLCHILDREN TOURING ALCATRAZ
Deep into Rock lore.

Leading her charges into the isolation wing, Sara explains that prisoners relegated to the "strip" or "oriental" cells were left naked, without blankets or light. "Try it," she tells a group of students. "Go into the cell, and I'll close the door, and you pretend you have to stay in there alone, 24 hours a day." After five minutes, the kids emerge, solemn-faced and committed to lives of virtue. Next, Sara points down ten stone steps to the "dungeon of Alcatraz." That was where the prison authorities would try to break a man, she explains, "when he was still able to say, 'I am me.' His hands were manacled to the walls, there was a lot of putrid water on the floor and lots of rats." The tour includes thumbnail sketches of such famed alumni as Al Capone ("He had syphilis and eventually died of it") and Robert Stroud, the so-called Birdman of Alcatraz ("The movie was a bunch of hooey—Stroud was a nasty person who killed two men").

According to present plans, Alcatraz will be operated as a tourist attraction only for the next five years. Ideas for its future use are solicited from the sightseers, who have suggested, variously, that it should eventually be turned into a West Coast Statue of Liberty, a crab farm, a U.N. memorial, a seminary, an Indian amusement park or a monument to the conquest of space. Some stern-visaged visitors think it should become a prison again, but others suggest simply giving it back to the pelicans.

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Ghetto Chayefsky

WHAT THE WINE-SELLERS BUY
by RON MILNER

Steve Carlton is a bright and loving son to his widowed mother. He wears a Northeastern High School jacket, dribbles a basketball round the house and spoons with his sweet girl friend Mae, the cheerleader. But Steve falls in with a bad companion from next door, and before long his mother hardly knows him.

What the Wine-Sellers Buy, which opened in Manhattan last week, is essentially a sentimental domestic morality play of wayward youth, a play that is a dramatic refugee from the 1950s. Except that here the characters are black and the setting is the Detroit ghetto. The bad influence arrives in the form of Rico, a wonderfully reptilian pimp who means to apprentice Steve to his trade by having the lad peddle Mae in the streets. Will Steve choose the life of vice? Will he break his old mother's heart, not to mention Mae's?

FRIEDMAN—ABELES

TURMAN & GREENE IN *WINE-SELLERS*
Middle-American virtue.

The answer is not much more interesting than the question. It is, of course, both dislocating and diverting to have such small-time Chayefsky framed in a raw ghetto context. Much of the wild street talk is funny, and the acting often superb. Glynn Turman's Steve is a skillfully subtle combination of pride and confusion. Dick A. Williams' dazzlingly evil pimp sweeps round the stage, almost a production unto himself, costumed like a Liberace with soul.

At last, a sort of Middle American virtue triumphs in the victory of mother, church and romantic love. In the final scene, when Steve rejects the life of sin and sweeps up Mae (Loretta Greene) in his arms, her feet leave the floor and you almost expect her, slowly and sensuously, to kick off high-heeled shoes in Hollywood abandon to the last cuddle. ■ Lance Morrow

Black People's Time

THE GREAT MacDADDY
by PAUL CARTER HARRISON

There is a moment in *The Great MacDaddy* when a group is seated around the table at Mother Faith's St. Louis boardinghouse playing cards. An old man, gesturing with his half-pint of Imperial, harangues the assemblage in a woozily disgusted lecture on black pride, or the lack of it. Infected by his rhythms, the card players and their women begin, raggedly at first, then with a soulful swell, to sing *Amazing Grace,* coloring the hymn with a chaotic ardor and subtlety that would surely alarm any white missionary. It is not conventional hallelujah; like much of this odd, ritualistic musical, the moment has a certain magnificent energy that leaves one feeling lonely when it is over.

MacDaddy, which is the season's first production by Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company, is a free-form, episodic journey through black people's time. It ranges across 20th century America, crisscrossing decades. MacDaddy (David Downing) begins as a sort of hustler-prince, a Prohibition vintner on the trail of his vanished friend Wine, who represents a lost magic, the secret of the race. A funky and inventive Candide, MacDaddy travels through peckerwood racism, black venality, Tomism and the death's-head enemy, heroin.

His adventures are organized as a sequence of sketches, or "beats," as Playwright Harrison calls them, with many of the 17 cast members playing a variety of roles—a deacon, a shuffling Stepin Fetchit, crapshooters, addicts. They speak dialects that fall into scatty rhyme, slick and ingenious, while Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson's music runs from gospel to voodoo to jazz. The evening is a fairly dense and ambitious odyssey that flirts with incoherence and goes on a bit too long. But the trip is worth it. In a season of obsessive nostalgia, *MacDaddy* at least has blood in it, and not embalming fluid. ■ L.M.

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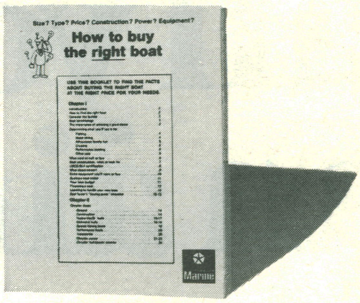
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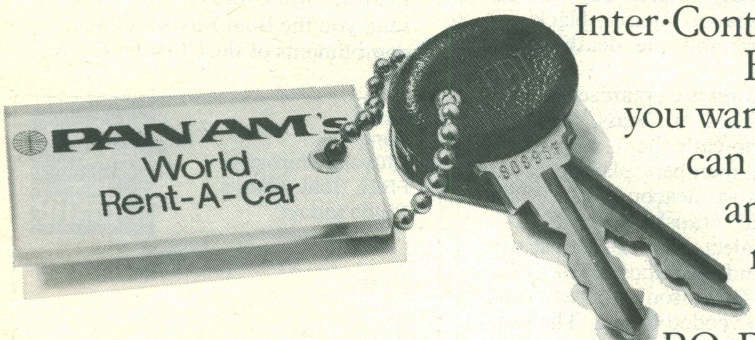

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Walton: Basketball's Vegetarian Tiger

Oregon State was coming to town for an important game, so U.C.L.A. Center Bill Walton prepared in typical fashion. He began each day with his regular breakfast diet of yogurt, cottage cheese, nuts, cereal, raisins, seeds and honey. He rode his ten-speed bicycle to the beach and contemplated the Pacific. He took his weekly acupuncture treatment: needles in the ears or legs to relieve pain from tendinitis in his knees. On the night before the game, he stayed up until 2 a.m. working on his latest cause—organizing campus opposition to a proposed experimental program for modifying the behavior of criminals by brain surgery. Finally, he put in a half-hour of Transcendental Meditation, chanting his mantra in solitude.

D. GORTON

A PENSIVE WALTON BROODS AT THE BEACH
No place to hide from gawkers and gapers.

William Theodore Walton (known on his fans' banners as WILLIAM THE GREAT or WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR) was ready at last for a little serious basketball. As usual, the vegetarian tiger played as if he had dined on red meat all week; as if he had slept sweetly and spent all his waking hours on the practice court; as if his knees were made of steel cables; as if his only icons were the ball and the hoop.

Bruin boosters roared their pleasure as their hero gathered in lob passes, then levitated his lanky, 6 ft. 11 in. frame and dropped the ball delicately downward for a basket. At the opposite end of the court, Walton planted himself in front of Oregon State shooters like a giant redwood tree, branches stretching toward the ceiling. Near the end of the game, when Oregon State surged to within three points of U.C.L.A., Walton responded with a torrent of shots and rebounds that kept the Bruins in the lead. For his efforts that evening early this month: 31 points, 19 rebounds, and an 80-75 U.C.L.A. victory.

With that kind of overpowering skill, Walton has become the most successful college athlete of his generation. His achievements, by now, are legion and legend: his team ran up the longest winning streak in college history (88 games); counting an unexpected loss to Oregon State in a rematch with that school last Friday night, U.C.L.A. has lost just twice in three years of Walton's varsity play; it has won two N.C.A.A. championships and a third is expected next month. Walton himself has a personal won-lost record of 148-2 (reaching back to his junior year in high school), and several multimillion-dollar offers to turn pro after his junior year. Even for Coach John Wooden, who has made winning as common as Los Angeles smog, the Walton era has been *sui generis.*

As if his stats were not enough, Walton, 21, seems intent on shattering every jock stereotype. He is serious about his studies (history major, solid B-plus average), radical in his politics, reclusive in his lifestyle, contemptuous of money and luxury. So fierce is his sense of individualism that he says that he will not turn pro when he gets his diploma next month unless he can play in Southern California. "Living," he says, "is more important than playing."

Nevertheless, the N.B.A. and the A.B.A. are hoping to find a way to land him. Walton is simply too important a catch. There are taller college centers (Tom Burleson, 7 ft. 4 in., of North Carolina State) and stronger ones (Notre Dame's John Shumate). But none can dominate a game the way that Walton does. "It's not how tall you are that matters," he says. "It's how tall you play."

Walton plays very tall. He always hustles, always pushes and plots his way to the most strategic territory under the basket. His blue eyes never stop scanning the court as he watches for plays to develop. He is constantly yammering to teammates: "Watch the screen! Screen coming left!" On defense, he blocks shots and picks off rebounds by launching himself upward like a dolphin leaping from the sea. After grabbing the ball, he seems able to hang in mid-air until he turns and fires a long pass downcourt to lead the fast break.

"My Fault." Double- or triple-teamed, Walton can still torment opponents with soft hooks and reliable jump shots. When the ball is dropping for him, Walton simply cannot be stopped. In last year's N.C.A.A. championship game against Memphis State, he led the Bruins to victory by hitting on a remarkable 21 of 22 field-goal attempts. This year he is averaging 20 points per game.

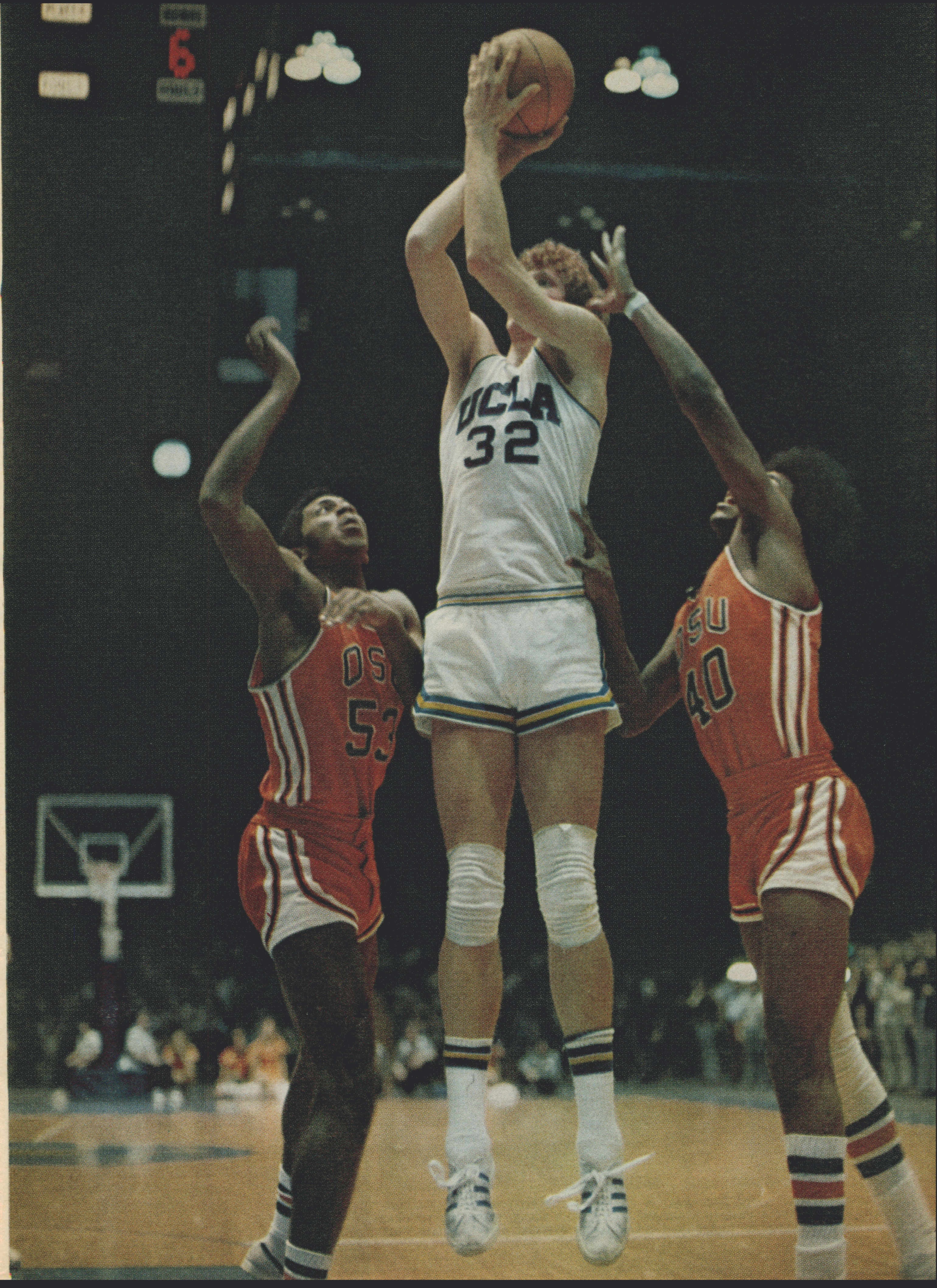
In almost every situation, Walton plays the key role in Coach Wooden's orthodox script *(see box page 75).* "There have been many great players in the game," says Wooden, "but not many great team players. Walton is a very great team player." At least half a dozen times every game, Walton passes to a teammate instead of taking an easy shot. Whether snarling at an errant official, raising his fist in triumph after a crucial basket or yelling "My fault!" to teammates when he errs, he is a constant rallying force for U.C.L.A. In practice sessions, Co-Captain Walton often criticizes teammates for sloppy play. A moment later he grins at the abashed player and shouts: "Hey, we love ya!"

The crucial ingredient, he feels, is concentration. When Walton started practicing Transcendental Meditation last year, he found that it aided his mental alertness on court. At 3:30 on the afternoon of an 8:00 p.m. game, Walton meditates for half an hour. "I come on the court now totally refreshed, with a sharpened and concise thought pattern," he says. "I'm ready to play."

Walton has found a lot more than meditation to improve his game. He plays with an extraordinarily talented group of teammates—and for a coach who is probably the best in basketball. Quality players are nothing new at U.C.L.A. In the past decade the Bruins have developed such top professionals as Laker Guard Gail Goodrich, Trail Blazer Forward Sidney Wicks, Knick Guard Henry Bibby, Buck Guard Lucius Allen and, of course, Walton's personal hero,

BILL WALTON LEAVES DEFENDERS EARTHBOUND
AS HE GOES UP TO SHOOT

Photographs for TIME by John Zimmerman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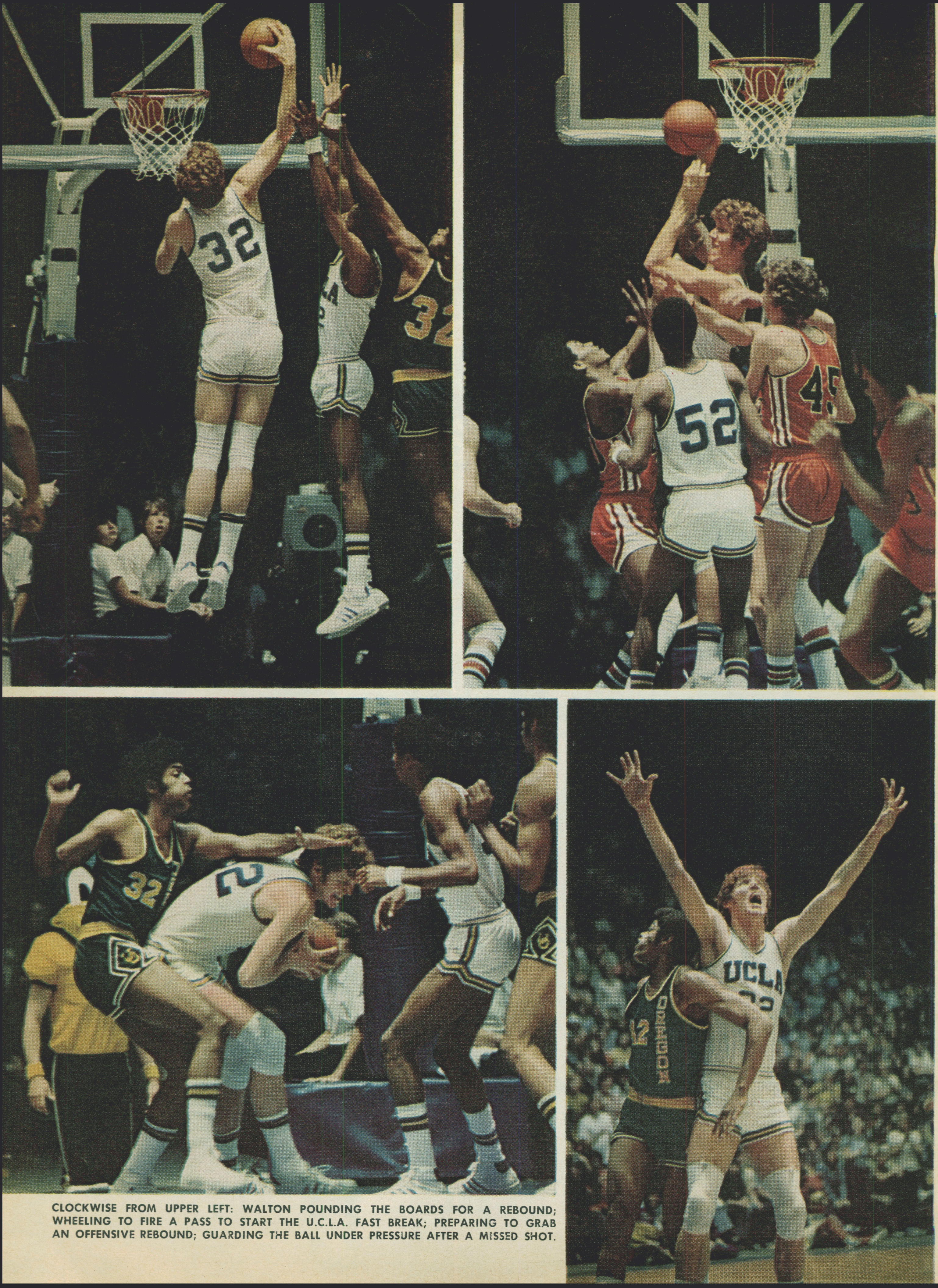
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CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT: WALTON POUNDING THE BOARDS FOR A REBOUND; WHEELING TO FIRE A PASS TO START THE U.C.L.A. FAST BREAK; PREPARING TO GRAB AN OFFENSIVE REBOUND; GUARDING THE BALL UNDER PRESSURE AFTER A MISSED SHOT.

Buck Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

This year's team maintains the standard. The Walton gang includes the likes of Dave Meyers, a rangy shooting threat from outside; Marques Johnson, a strong, aggressive freshman forward; Tommy Curtis, a bandy-legged spark plug and ball handler; and Keith ("Silk") Wilkes, a high-scoring forward who may be the second-best college player in the nation. As usual, the bench is overloaded with reserves who could start for most other teams.

Teaching that raw talent to cohere into N.C.A.A. champions is John Wooden's contribution. Since coming to U.C.L.A. 25 years ago, Wooden has won 584 games and lost but 141. Though the straitlaced deacon of the Christian Church looks hopelessly out of sync with today's loose and kinky players, Wooden, 63, gets them to play his brand of basic basketball year after year. The days are past when Wooden would instruct players to wear high-topped black sneakers, but he still concentrates on the proper execution of every move, from dribbling to blocking shots.

Because Walton is the dominant player and personality on the team, Wooden goes out of his way to maintain a good relationship with his center. It has not always been harmonious. "We've had our moments about haircuts and Bill's style of dress on the road," admits Wooden. But each has softened a bit to accommodate the other. During the basketball season, Walton keeps his thick red hair trimmed well above his shoulders. Wooden, for his part, accepts Walton's sandals and jeans, and even excused his star from spending the night before the home game against Notre Dame with the rest of the team in a motel. "I've changed," says Wooden. "The times have changed. You can't be rigid and unyielding." Says Walton: "I don't have blind reverence for authority. People I respect earn my respect. Coach Wooden has earned it."

No Hiding Place. Mutual admiration is easy when the victories keep coming. This year there have been a couple of close calls (against Maryland and U.S.C.), the one-point loss to Notre Dame, and the 61-57 loss to Oregon State. Wooden admits: "We are not as hungry this year as we were the past two years." Walton, whose play was hampered by a back injury in January, rode silently with the Notre Dame loss, though the defeat in South Bend was the first time Walton had been on the losing side in six years of play. Afterward, when he heard that Wooden's wife Nell had been harassed by a group of Notre Dame supporters, Walton said quietly, "It's a shame how some people forget that basketball is just a game."

Walton himself rarely forgets. Few superstars have managed to keep their athletic careers so separate from their personal lives, although the size that serves him so well on the court becomes an attention-getting brand as soon as he steps on the street. "When you're this

John Wooden's Simple Strategy

"We are easy to scout but tough to play against." That is John Wooden's way of saying that U.C.L.A.'s court tactics are textbook-simple on paper yet devastatingly effective on the court. "With Bill Walton in our lineup, our strategy is simple," Wooden explains. "You go to him until the opposing team stops it. Then you go to others. If you don't go to Walton, it's like using Babe Ruth in your lineup to bunt."

The Wooden approach is, of course, more sophisticated than that; the Bruins always play within a well-rehearsed plan. On offense, Wooden's first love is the fast break, with Walton firing lead passes to his teammates streaking down the court to score before the opposition's defense can set up.

For more patterned play, Wooden deploys four men near the basket—three forwards and the center—leaving only one guard to bring the ball up court and start the play. In this "low-post" system, Guard Tommy Curtis' priority is to pass the ball to Walton, positioned on the left side of the court close to the basket. If Walton is well covered, Curtis tries to hit Keith Wilkes, roving near the foul line. As a last resort, he can also pass to Marques Johnson or Dave Meyers, who play up front on opposite sides of Walton.

■

A spread-out offense like that—in theory—discourages defenders from peeling off the player they are covering to double-team Walton. The moment that happens, a U.C.L.A. player is left wide open. Another play designed to produce an open man stacks Meyers and Wilkes together to the right of the basket. This bunches the defense, setting up a "breakout" for Wilkes or Meyers, who can spring down the foul lane and take a pass from Curtis or Walton to score on a lay-up. Other favorite U.C.L.A. plays bring Walton out to a "high-post" position (near the foul line), opening up the middle for passes to Wilkes, Meyers or Johnson.

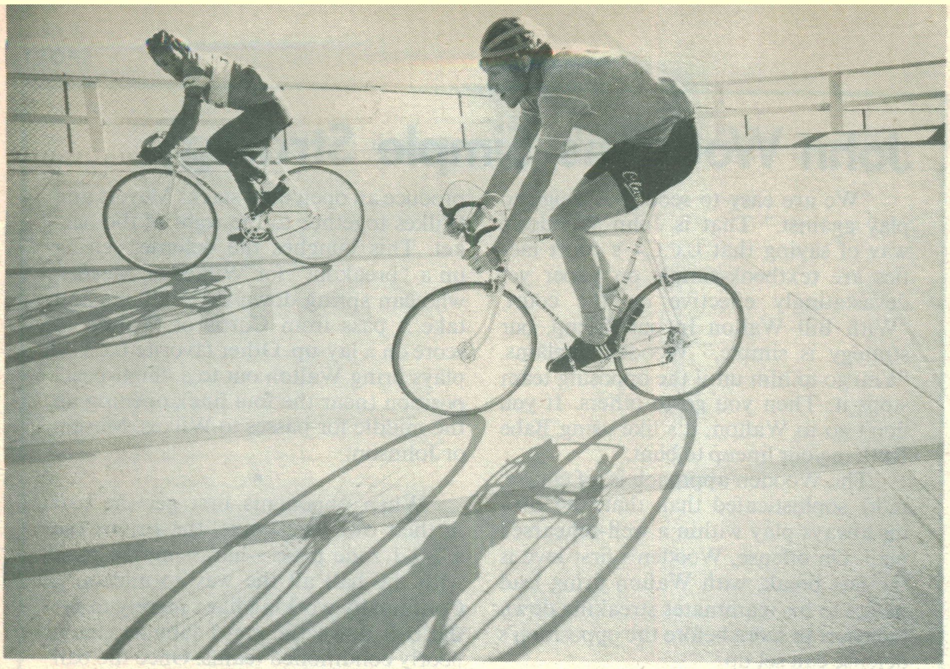
■

When opponents first get the ball in their own backcourt, the Bruins use a 2-2-1 zone press—harassing the man with the ball all the way to midcourt. Continually working hard merely to get the ball down the court fatigues many poorly conditioned teams. Once the ball is across midcourt, U.C.L.A. falls into man-to-man defense, sagging off players to converge on the man with the ball. With Walton to clog up the middle and intimidate anyone considering a lay-up, this defense forces play to the outside, where most college shooters are least effective.

After three years of playing together, the Walton gang is a little set in its ways. In one recent game, the Bruins simply ignored Wooden's instructions to start using a full-court press. "They listen but don't hear," says the coach. Wooden has another, more unlikely problem. "I tell my kids to play as if Walton wasn't playing," he laments, "but I think subconsciously they have the attitude 'Bill will do it.'" Other coaches dream about having troubles like that.

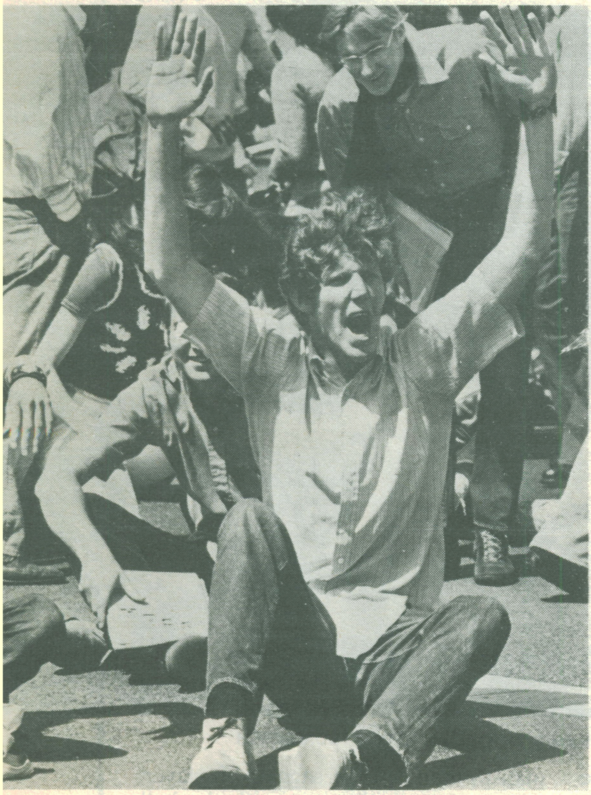
D. GORTON

WALTON, ASSISTANT COACH GARY CUNNINGHAM & WOODEN ROOTING FROM BENCH



D. GORTON

WALTON & CYCLING INSTRUCTOR PEDALING AROUND RACING TRACK



LOS ANGELES TIMES

PROTESTING VIET NAM POLICY
Touch the ceiling for $1.

tall, there's no place to hide," he complains. To be less conspicuous, Walton slouches in chairs until he is eye level with companions and walks close to buildings to camouflage his height. When celebrity hunters do approach, a weak smile crosses Walton's puckish face, and he professes to be just another guy named Bill.

Walton resents publicity so much that he shunned lengthy interviews for two years. Recently he has relented somewhat and last month agreed to a series of conversations with TIME Correspondent Leo Janos. As a rule, Walton avoids those he considers "intruders and aggressors" by retreating to a small, private world. The center of that world is his pad, a large room attached to a garage on the Brentwood estate of a U.C.L.A. fan. Pool and sauna privileges are included in the $125-a-month rent.

Inside, Walton has converted a portable bar into a health-food stand: bottles of apple juice, jars of honey, and sacks of fruit replacing the bourbon and Scotch. An enormous water bed dominates one corner, and a photograph of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the founder of Transcendental Meditation, sits in a frame on his desk. The only visitors Walton receives are "the friends who accept me for what I am." They include his girl friend Susan, a tall, attractive brunette whom Walton has been dating off and on since his sophomore year. Other regulars include teammates Greg Lee, Tommy Curtis and Keith Wilkes. Walton passes the time with his friends listening to rock music or rapping about politics, ecology and schoolwork.

For Walton, "friend" is a title bestowed seriously, and his circle exerts a major influence on his life. "When someone you respect is doing something he believes in," says Walton, "it seems to me you wouldn't have much respect for him if you didn't give it a try." From Susan, he adopted meditation, which he then introduced to Curtis, Lee and the rest of the team. From Lee, Walton picked up the vegetarian habit.

Perhaps the most important piece of friendly persuasion to come Walton's way recently was the idea of acupuncture, recommended by a physician friend. During his first two years at U.C.L.A. Walton seldom played without pain, the result of tendinitis in both knees that developed when Walton shot up six inches between his junior and senior years in high school. So severe was the pain that Wooden gave Walton the unusual right to call time-out during games whenever the ache became unbearable. Walton still girds his knees with elastic bandages, but acupuncture has allowed him to play without agony.

Among Walton's off-court pursuits, the most controversial is his militant politics. When the U.S. mined Haiphong in May 1972, Walton joined student protesters at U.C.L.A. and was arrested for helping to close down the university administration building. From the police van, Walton spotted U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles Young and let fly a barrage of obscenities. Young immediately slapped Walton with a yearlong probation.

Walton calls himself "a revolutionary" and "an internationalist." He says that he cannot understand labels of nationality or why people in California are so much more affluent than those just across the border in Baja California. "My concept of revolution," he explains, "has nothing to do with violence. Instead, each person starts within himself questioning his own values, judgments and relationship to society. Ultimately, you wind up living as part of the problem or part of the solution."

Convinced that Richard Nixon is part of the problem, Walton wrote to the White House, urging the President to resign after the firing of Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox. ("Thanking you in advance for your consideration in this matter," Walton's message concluded.) Ten of his U.C.L.A. teammates signed the letter, and Walton even sought Wooden's signature. "Come on, John," Walton appealed, "you've paid your dues as a citizen." Wooden refused, although he said that he endorsed the letter's sentiments.

Sunshine Boy. Walton recognizes that some of his attitudes and activities may be a passing phase. "My life is a progression of ideas being constantly developed, often revamped, sometimes discarded," he says. Dressing like "street people" and talking like a radical may be manifestations of the process. "That's part of the process of coming to age, and I'm not about to fight it."

One thing that Walton has never fought in himself is the original California sunshine boy. Whenever possible, Walton gravitates to the beach or goes backpacking in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Since childhood, he has spent weekends exploring the brooding canyons at the edge of the Mojave Desert. Most of all, Walton loves to ride his bike, which he calls his refuge. It was also almost his death. While riding to school last summer, Walton was stung by a bee and came close to dying from an allergic reaction to the sting. Only a quick injection of antitoxin saved his life. Now whenever Walton mounts his oversize, custom-made British Falcon racer, he carries a hypodermic.

Walton takes his cycling seriously. On a recent weekend he worked out at a local track with Bike Racer and Friend Norman Hill, spinning around the steeply banked oval like a veteran competitor. "I love it," announced Walton. "I'm really going to get into racing after I graduate."

Bill Walton picked up his affection

for all sorts of contests at an early age. His father Ted, a San Diego welfare department official, and his mother Gloria nourished a competitive atmosphere at home for their three sons and one daughter, all of whom now stand at or over 6 ft. The senior Waltons sponsored foot races up the long hill to their house and contests to see which child could hold open a spring clothespin for the longest time. There was one affair that Gloria still remembers well: "Ted offered a dollar to the first kid who could touch the ceiling with his hand. We had them jumping like maniacs, covering the ceiling with smudges. The contest ended when Bill began touching the ceiling with his elbows."

Bill's athletic career did not begin in earnest until his junior year at Helix High, when he reached the height of 6 ft. 7 in. With Walton teamed with his older brother Bruce (now a reserve tackle for the Dallas Cowboys) Helix turned into a basketball powerhouse. In Bill's senior year, the team finished 33-0, and college recruiters poured into town. Walton finally settled on U.C.L.A., where his brother was already a freshman.

As the winning continued at U.C.L.A., Ted and Gloria often drove up from La Mesa to watch the big games. Gloria was not sure that she liked all the success. When U.C.L.A. squeaked by Maryland earlier this year, Bill's mother remarked, "Well, I just think winning all the time is immoral."

Ted has a different concern: the vast sums of money that Bill will soon be offered to sign with the pros. "Bill has barely taken his first big steps in life," says his father. "There's no reason he shouldn't go to graduate school for a few years." In fact, Bill often talks of teaching as a career.

On Notice. But professional basketball teams are prepared to pay Bill handsomely to forget about more school: $3 million in salary and benefits at last count. That was the offer made by the Philadelphia 76ers last year to lure Walton out of school. He refused, putting both pro leagues on notice that he will play nowhere but in Southern California. "If I can't," he says, "I'll do other things. I don't want a lot of contradictions in my life."

That presents an unusual problem for the leagues. With the N.B.A. Los Angeles Lakers or the A.B.A. San Diego Conquistadors unlikely to finish this season with the worst record in their respective leagues, neither team will get the chance to pick first in the draft. That means Walton's desires can only be satisfied by some fancy maneuvering. In the A.B.A., for instance, one scenario might go this way: the Memphis Tams, the worst team, pick Walton in the draft. With all A.B.A. team owners agreeing that Walton would enhance their struggling league, Memphis would then trade him to San Diego in return for a large cash payment financed by all the clubs. Considering that the Tams are owned by feisty Charles O. Finley of Oakland A's fame, it is not impossible that he would choose to move the entire franchise to Los Angeles.

Walton admits there is a certain attraction to turning professional. "It would be a challenge," he says. "Do I have the stamina and ability? Can I stand the punishment? These questions can't be answered until I try. After all, it's my ticket to do what I want for the rest of my life." Then he grins. "Got to eat too, you know. The way the cost of living is going up, it might take a million to keep me in vegetables."

A Patron Called Papa Sam

The inscription on the framed photograph of Milwaukee Bucks Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar reads: "For a true friend in all seasons." The legend on the picture of Bruce Walton (Bill's brother) says: "Maybe it's corny, but I love you." The object of such unabashed affection is a millionaire Los Angeles building contractor, Sam Gilbert. His own three children are grown, and for Gilbert, 61, U.C.L.A. athletes—past and present—are now his family. Gilbert is their confidant, business adviser and surrogate father. Hence the nickname: "Papa Sam."

A U.C.L.A. alumnus, Gilbert attends most home games and occasionally travels with the team. Gilbert's luxurious Pacific Palisades house, with 50-ft. swimming pool and well-stocked refrigerator, serves as a second home for the athletes. "The kids are hungry for a bit of home life," explains Gilbert's wife Rose, who teaches English at Pacific Palisades High School. "They love having this hangout." Bill Walton would agree. At last year's Thanksgiving dinner, a basketball team tradition at the Gilberts' that ranks next to Sunday bagels-and-lox brunch, Walton (on a dare) gleefully wolfed down an entire pumpkin pie smothered with a quart of ice cream. When Bill came down with a severe strep throat last season, he went to the Gilberts' to recuperate. Says Walton of Sam: "He's just a great dude."

Gilbert's study, filled with photographs and trophies that Walton has won ("Bill's not much for trophy collecting"), also serves as a counseling office for troubled players. The problems? "You name it," Gilbert says. "Everything from pregnant girl friends, failing grades, deep disappointment in not playing either regularly or well, problems with their parents, uncertainty about their futures." Father-like he also nags his charges about their grades, and last year helped to arrange the wedding of Walton's back-up center, Swen Nater. The wedding was in conservative Orange County, and Gilbert suggested that Keith Wilkes' father, a Baptist minister, perform the ceremony. "We all loved the idea of blowing some minds in Orange County by having a black clergyman officiate at the marriage of a white couple," says Gilbert.

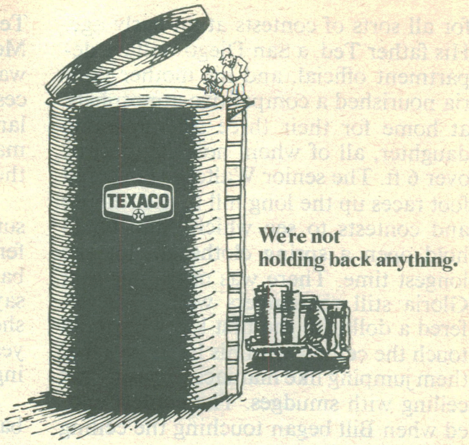
▪

Papa Sam began his relationship with U.C.L.A. basketball in the mid-1960s, when former All-America Willie Naulls brought two disgruntled sophomores, Lew Alcindor (now Jabbar) and Lucius Allen, to him for some counseling. Alcindor and Allen in turn brought their teammates, and Sam eventually negotiated the professional contracts of Alcindor, Allen and other Bruin stars, such as Sidney Wicks, Henry Bibby and Nater. Like all his other services, Gilbert's agentry comes free. "I do it because I'm a friend and also a savvy businessman who knows most of the tricks and clauses that the kids have no knowledge about."

When—and if—Bill Walton decides to negotiate a professional contract, Gilbert will call the financial shots. The San Diego Conquistadors, hoping to capitalize on the father-son relationship, recently approached Gilbert about buying the club. Gilbert rejected the deal. "I want to be Bill's friend, not his owner," he said.

SAM GILBERT

BILL EPPRIDGE


TEXACO
We're not holding back anything.

More energy for America ...a capital idea.

About Texaco's "Excess" Profits—Excessive for What?

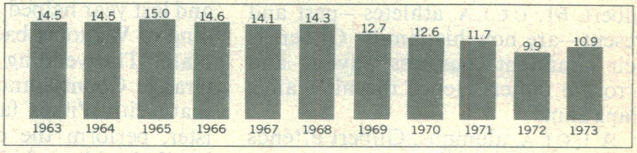
Texaco earned $1.3 billion in 1973. We invested $1.6 billion in 1973 in exploration and facilities to help provide you with crude oil and petroleum products. Our investments could be close to $2 billion in 1974.

Profits are essential to the investments we need—and this nation needs—to find and develop new sources of petroleum and to build transportation and refinery capacity to produce more gasoline, heating oil, and other petroleum products.

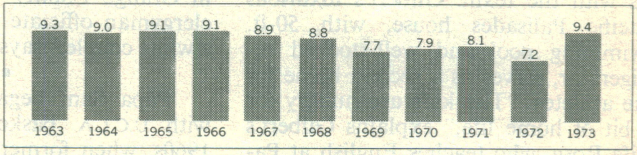
- Profits must provide much of the capital that goes right back into the business to assure growth—growth for an industry which is this nation's principal hope for overcoming the energy crisis.
- Profits must also be adequate to pay a fair return to investors on the capital they entrust to us.
- Profits must grow to encourage more individuals and lending institutions to advance additional funds for investment.

Texaco's profits last year were not excessive. Texaco's results for 1973 showed an improvement both in profits on gross income and as a percentage of average total assets—but this was only an improvement in a trend that had been declining for an entire decade. Texaco's earnings attributable to United States operations in 1973 increased only 3.6% over 1972.

Profits in cents per dollar of gross income:



Profits as a percentage of average total assets:



The Energy Shortage Can Be Overcome Only by Multibillion Dollar Investments.

Today and in the future, Texaco and the industry must invest more billions by far than ever in the past to discover and process new sources of petroleum and alternate energy supplies.

New sources of petroleum are more difficult to find than old ones. They are scarcer; they are often offshore; they are almost always deeper in the earth. All this means much higher costs for exploration and production.

NOTE: Data on investments, capital and exploratory expenditures, taxes, and total assets in this advertisement include Texaco and its share in affiliated companies.

Enormous outlays must be made to increase the capacity of existing refineries and to build new ones. Pipe lines, supertankers, and superports will be necessary to handle more supplies of petroleum. Of our anticipated capital investments of close to $2 billion in 1974, more than one-half are allocated to the United States.

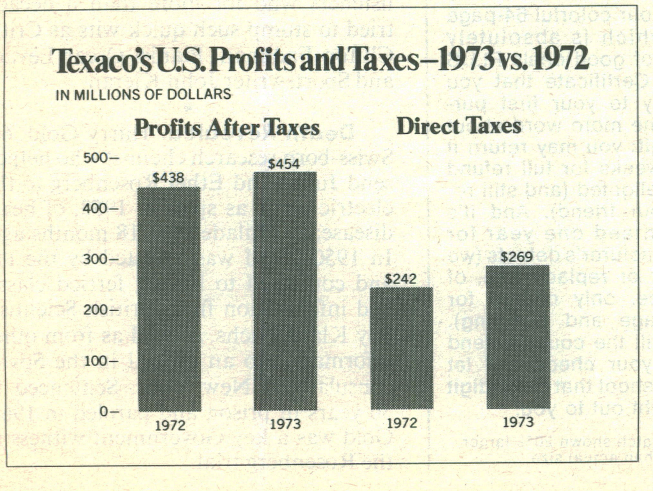
During the past five years alone, the cost of building a 250,000-ton tanker has risen from $30 million to $60 million; the cost of building a new 100,000-barrel-per-day refinery has risen from less than $200 million to more than $400 million; and the cost of a typical offshore producing platform has risen from $3 million to more than $5.5 million. Many such facilities must be built by the petroleum industry.

One source outside the industry has estimated that, in the 15-year period 1970-1985, the industry's financial needs—allowing for capital and exploratory expenditures, dividend payments, debt service, and other requirements—will be more than *quadruple* its needs in the previous 15-year period. Altogether, the industry's financial needs will be in excess of one *trillion* dollars.

Should the Oil Industry Be Penalized With Heavier Taxes?

There is much talk in Washington today about levying punitive taxes on oil industry profits. Let's look at the facts about the taxes Texaco pays in the United States.

In 1973, Texaco's after-tax earnings attributable to its operations in the United States were $454 million, and the estimated total of direct taxes paid by Texaco in the United States amounted to $269 million—an effective domestic tax rate of about 37%. This figure includes $38 million in Federal income taxes, which constitute just one part of the company's total U.S. tax burden. Direct taxes paid by Texaco in the U.S. also include $231 million for such other items as oil and gas production taxes, property taxes, state income and franchise taxes, import duties, and other government levies. These figures compare with U.S. earnings of about $438 million and direct U.S. taxes of $242 million in 1972 (see chart below).



These taxes do not, of course, include state and Federal taxes, totaling from 9 to 14 cents a gallon in the case of gasoline, that are collected and remitted to government agencies as our products are sold to consumers.

On a worldwide basis, Texaco earned $1.3 billion in 1973 and paid total direct taxes of about $3.7 billion. These figures compare with worldwide earnings of $889 million and worldwide direct taxes of $2.7 billion in 1972. These taxes exclude those collected and remitted to governments as our products are sold to consumers.

What Would Added Oil Taxes Mean to the Effort to Overcome Shortages?

To provide necessary energy supplies for the United States, Texaco must strive—within its financial ability—to unearth new sources of petroleum and alternate fuels.

- An increase in taxes would take away from funds needed to find and develop new energy sources. This, at the very least, could force a stretchout in the number of years required to make our nation more self-sufficient in energy resources.
- Alternatively, if the scale of effort to find new energy were to continue in spite of the added tax burden, the additional cost would have to be passed on to the consumer in the form of higher product prices.

We believe that neither of these alternatives is in the best interest of the consumer or of the nation.

What It Boils Down to Is This: The Search for New Energy Should Be Encouraged, Not Discouraged.

In this period of shortage, hasty and punitive legislation will more likely harm the national drive for self-sufficiency than help it. When it comes to Texaco's profits, you might like to keep these simple facts in mind:

- Last year approximately 35% of Texaco's worldwide earnings were attributable to operations in the United States.
- These earnings from domestic operations were $454 million, an increase of only 3.6% over U.S. earnings in 1972.
- Direct taxes, including income taxes, in the United States amounted to $269 million, an effective tax rate of about 37%.
- In 1974, Texaco plans to spend in the United States more than one-half of its worldwide capital investment program of close to $2 billion.

The most important source of the funds that Texaco needs to provide you with increased supplies of energy must be the company's earnings. Any increased taxes will decrease our ability to achieve this objective.

At Texaco, we've been working
to keep your trust for over 70 years.
We don't intend to lose it now.

TEXACO

Scamp vs. Pinto. Squeeze gas, not people.

In a compact Valiant Scamp, you get room for six vs. Pinto's four and over 2-1/2 times the trunk space. Yet you get pretty good mileage, too, without giving up power to pass and accelerate. In its October issue, Popular Science magazine published results of tests they ran on '73 vehicles (adjusted by them for '74 model changes and the results of E.P.A. tests) that show the "Slant Six" engine that's standard in our basic Valiant Scamp can go farther on a gallon of gas than comparable small cars like Maverick, Nova, Comet, Ventura and Apollo. And, based on manufacturer's suggested retail price, it's priced right down with VW's Super Bug.

Good reasons why Valiant is the number one compact car of the number one compact car company.

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1974
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Plymouth Scamp.
One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.

CHRYSLER
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Let's face it—most often when you look at your watch you don't really know what time it is, because you get only some approximate impression of the position of the hands. But this cannot happen with **Haverdigit.** Because **Haverdigit** gives you direct digital read-out, which means you know exactly and at a glance that it's 1:17, rather than sometime between 1:00 o'clock and 2:00 o'clock. **Haverdigit** is our exclusive Swiss import. It features silver-toned steel case, tropical strap, a fine Roskopf movement, and a strategically placed jewel—just to keep it running and humming smoothly on and on. And, of course, **Haverdigit** is an almost laughable bargain— similar watches sell for $25 or more. But that isn't all: we'll also send you our colorful 64-page Catalog, which is absolutely chock-full of good deals PLUS a $2 Gift Certificate that you may apply to your first purchase. One more word about **Haverdigit:** you may return it in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend). And it's guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only charge for postage and handling). So fill the coupon, send us your check and let us shoot that **Haverdigit** right out to you.

Watch shown 20% larger than actual size

☐ Yes, send me **Haverdigit.** My check for $13.95 ($12.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance—California deliveries add tax) is enclosed.

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MILESTONES

Married. Peter Cook, 37, loony, straight-faced British comedian who, with Dudley Moore, wrote and starred in the 1967 film *Bedazzled* and two theatrical revues, *Beyond the Fringe* (1960-64) and the current *Good Evening;* and Judy Huxtable, 29, British movie actress (*Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines, The Touchables*); both for the second time; in Manhattan.

■

Died. Theodore Carl Link, 69, tenacious crime reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and former combat Marine in the South Pacific; of an apparent heart attack; in University City, Mo. Link was a classic investigator who often shook hoodlums by their lapels to get them to tell the truth. Among his more celebrated stories: the uncovering of a bloodthirsty gang in the 1920s known as the Green Ones, and a series that won a Pulitzer Prize for the *Post-Dispatch* in 1952. Its detailing of corruption led to an overhaul of the Internal Revenue Bureau in Missouri and the resignation of William Boyle, then the Democratic national chairman.

■

Died. Sir Leslie Knox Munro, 72, astute diplomat and president of the United Nations General Assembly from 1957 to 1958; near Auckland, in his native New Zealand. After successive careers as teacher, lawyer, and newspaper editor, Munro was sent abroad in 1952 as ambassador to the U.S. and permanent representative to the United Nations. At various times during the next eleven years, he was president of the Security Council and the General Assembly, and also served as U.N. special representative on Hungary. A tall, imposing figure and excellent public speaker, Munro returned to New Zealand in 1963 and sat for nine years in Parliament as a member of the National Party.

■

Died. Dan Golenpaul, 73, impresario who dreamed up the long-lived *Information Please* radio quiz show in 1938; after a long illness; in Manhattan. Golenpaul helped sift the questions from listeners who for more than a decade tried to stump such quick wits as Critic Clifton Fadiman, Pianist Oscar Levant and Sportswriter John Kieran.

■

Death Revealed. Harry Gold, 60, Swiss-born research chemist who helped send Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to the electric chair as spies in 1953; of heart disease; in Philadelphia 18 months ago. In 1950, Gold was arrested by the FBI and confessed to having ferried classified information from British Scientist-Spy Klaus Fuchs, as well as from other informants, to an official in the Soviet consulate in New York. Sentenced to 30 years in prison and paroled in 1966, Gold was a key Government witness in the Rosenberg trial.

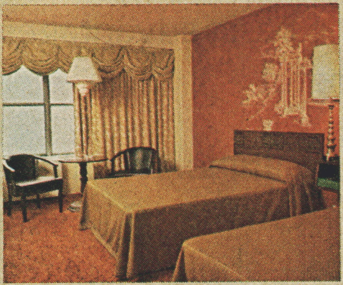
WANTED

The traveling businessman's 10 most wanted list.

We've asked hundreds of businessmen what they want most when they travel. Here are their answers:

1

Cleanliness. Nothing is more important to businessmen or Holiday Inn than cleanliness. So our Inspection System (see #9) is designed to keep our reputation spotless.

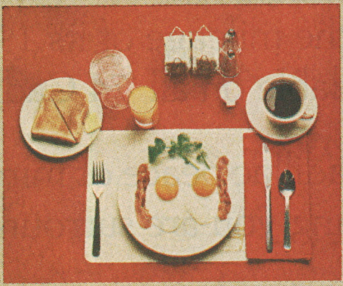


2

Comfort. Each Holiday Inn room is designed for modern, efficient living. Plush carpeting. Comfortable furniture. Oversized beds. A tv. Good lighting for late-night work sessions.

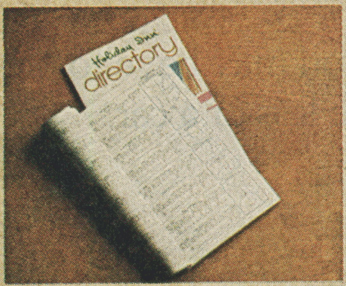
3

Service. Our Holiday Inn employees will serve you promptly and efficiently. And our 24-hour switchboard is always there when you need it.



4

Good Restaurants. Early breakfast to late-night snack you'll find reasonably priced, appetizing food 16 continuous hours a day.



5

Reasonable Rates. And published in advance so you can plan your travel costs. And in the U.S. we accept Gulf travel card, American Express, Master Charge and BankAmericard.

6

Location. In every U.S. major city we give you a choice of many Inns. And we're along roadsides, at all major airports and in over 200 resort and international locations.

7

Friendly Employees. Businessmen appreciate our friendly, helpful employees who go out of their way to be accommodating.

8

Parking. All Holiday Inns have free parking on the premises for registered guests.

9

Consistent Standards. Every 90 days an Inspector checks each Holiday Inn (174 items in all) to insure consistent, high standards.

Holiday Inn
THE WORLD'S INNKEEPER

10

Reservations. Simple. To make a free reservation at any Holiday Inn, call your local Inn, or the toll-free reservations number in the phone book.

Only Holiday Inn can offer you this in over 1500 worldwide locations, which gives us a #1 rating from the traveling businessman.

Holiday Inn. The most accommodating people in the world.®

Why Cadillac is the quality car that makes sense for today.

In this time of shortages, the basic advantages of Cadillac become even more meaningful.

Cadillac dependability, for example. It's interesting to note that of all Cadillacs ever built—from the 1902 Runabout to the 1974 Eldorado Coupe shown here—about 45 percent are still on the road. Quite a tribute to Cadillac craftsmanship.

Take efficiency. If you judge a car's efficiency by the number of passengers it carries in comfort and security, then the basic efficiency of the 1974 Cadillac is impressive.

Consider, too, the advancements Cadillac has made—and is making—to help increase the mileage of its 1974 cars. Example: an economy axle now available on all '74 Cadillacs.

Then, of course, there is Cadillac peace of mind.
It's a good feeling in knowing you are surrounded by the substance of a Cadillac.

In this time of shortages, you may have to drive less . . .
but you don't have to drive less of a car.

Cadillac

GM
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Cadillac presents the finest in viewing, too.
The Masters from the Augusta National Golf Club April 13-14 on CBS-TV. The Triple Crown on CBS-TV—the Kentucky Derby on May 4, the Preakness on May 18 and the Belmont Stakes on June 8. Plus network news throughout the year. Cadillac Motor Car Division.

40
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Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

AUTOS

The Small Inherit a Shrunken Market

Car sales figures for early 1974 have made official a historic shift in the public's automotive tastes: for the first time in memory, standard-sized Chevrolets and Fords are no longer outselling every other make of car. They have finally lost their lead to the Chevy Vega and Nova, the Ford Pinto, the American Motors Gremlin and the Dodge Dart. Through January and the first ten days of February, compact and subcompact cars as a group (including imports) captured more than half the market for the first time—53%, to be exact.

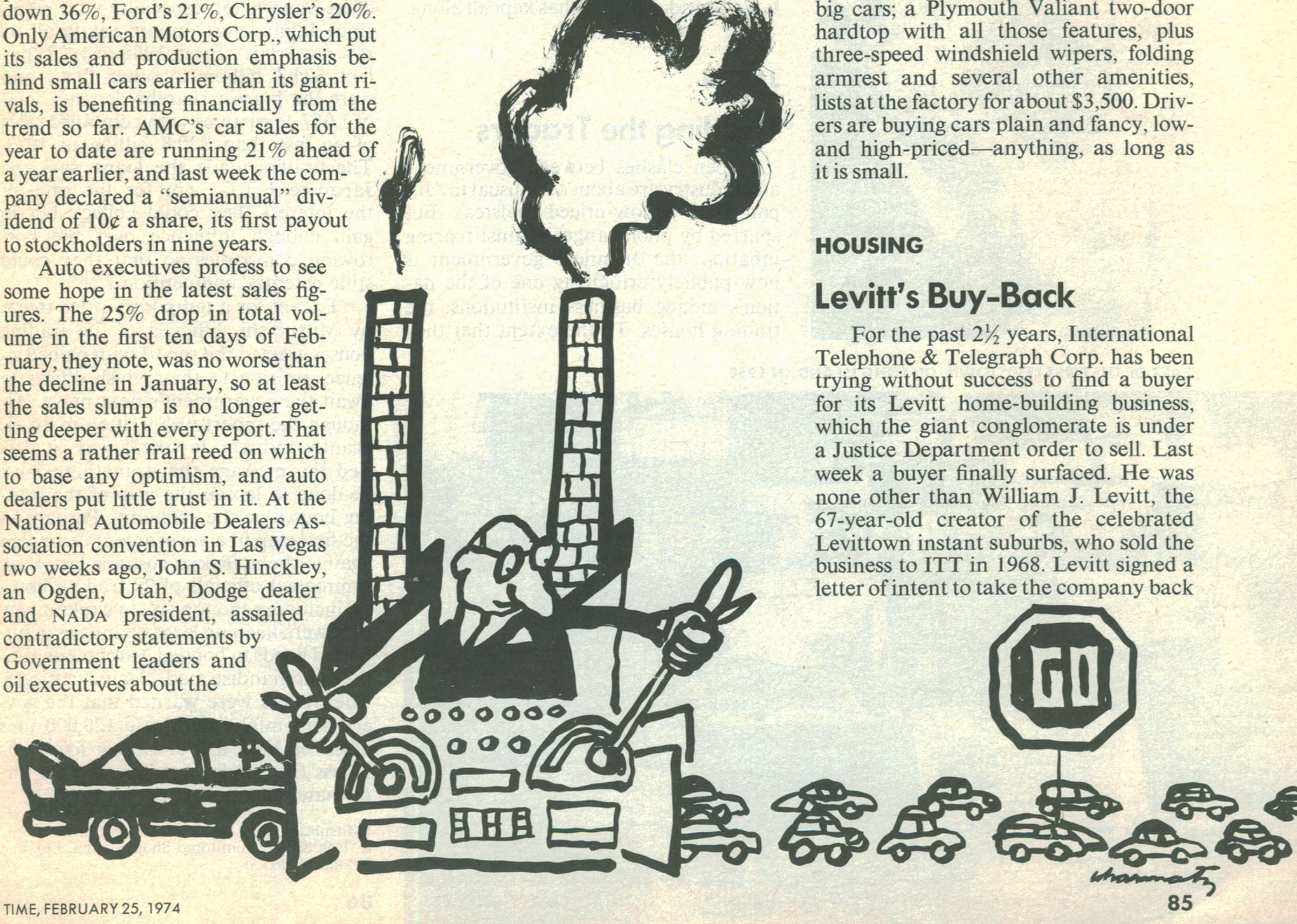
The trouble, from the industry's point of view, is that energy-conscious motorists are switching to buying small cars much faster than the automakers can convert their plants to turn out more of the gas-saving little autos. Standard-sized cars are still piling up, unsold, on dealer lots. The industry now has about a 75-day supply of unsold cars, mostly big ones. Since big-car sales have gone down even faster than small-car sales have risen, total auto volume so far in 1974 has dropped 25% below last year's pace. General Motors' total car sales are down 36%, Ford's 21%, Chrysler's 20%. Only American Motors Corp., which put its sales and production emphasis behind small cars earlier than its giant rivals, is benefiting financially from the trend so far. AMC's car sales for the year to date are running 21% ahead of a year earlier, and last week the company declared a "semiannual" dividend of 10¢ a share, its first payout to stockholders in nine years.

Auto executives profess to see some hope in the latest sales figures. The 25% drop in total volume in the first ten days of February, they note, was no worse than the decline in January, so at least the sales slump is no longer getting deeper with every report. That seems a rather frail reed on which to base any optimism, and auto dealers put little trust in it. At the National Automobile Dealers Association convention in Las Vegas two weeks ago, John S. Hinckley, an Ogden, Utah, Dodge dealer and NADA president, assailed contradictory statements by Government leaders and oil executives about the severity of fuel shortages. The widespread public confusion created by these statements, he said, "can very easily drive this nation into a massive depression." Hinckley even hinted at a conspiracy theory to explain the dramatic switch to small cars. He called mysteriously for "leadership to put a leash on some politicians and bureaucrats who would use the energy crisis to achieve poorly conceived social and economic goals—such as creating a small-car society overnight."

New Models. If there is a conspiracy, the automakers are rushing to join it: as they once competed to turn out bigger and more powerful cars, so they are now racing to beat each other to the market with new small makes. General Motors disclosed last week that it is considering bringing out new small cars in all its divisions: Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, even Cadillac. GM had hoped to have a Chevy Vega equipped with a Wankel rotary engine ready for unveiling in September, but experimental models have consumed too much gas, so introduction has been put off until mid-1975.

Ford this fall will introduce two new small luxury cars, one to be distributed by Ford dealers and the other to be sold by Lincoln-Mercury dealers. Chrysler last week finally confirmed that it plans a U.S.-built subcompact to supplement its Japanese-built Dodge Colt in competing against the Vega and Pinto. The new car will not be ready until 1977. American Motors plans to bring out this fall a new minicar, tentatively named the Pacer, that Chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr. describes as "clearly different, perhaps controversial." The car has a rounded rear end, lots of glass and may have front-wheel drive.

As small cars proliferate, they are getting flashier; Detroit remains stubbornly convinced that car buyers want luxury along with fuel economy. More and more small cars now sport such features as velour upholstery, vinyl roofs, simulated-wood instrument panels, even chrome-plated grilles and hood ornaments. Such features are pushing prices up close to what drivers used to pay for big cars; a Plymouth Valiant two-door hardtop with all those features, plus three-speed windshield wipers, folding armrest and several other amenities, lists at the factory for about $3,500. Drivers are buying cars plain and fancy, low- and high-priced—anything, as long as it is small.



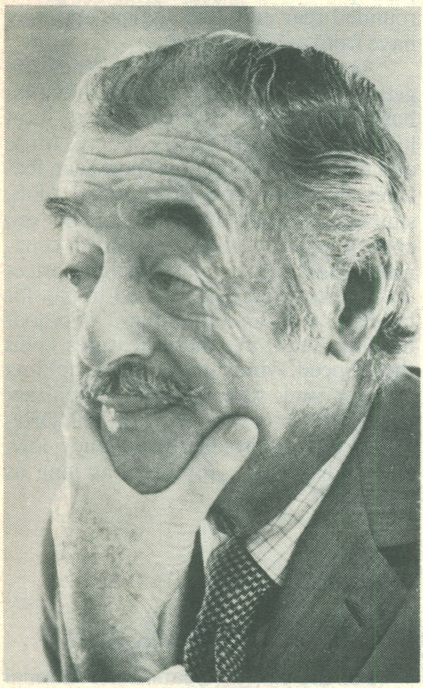
HOUSING

Levitt's Buy-Back

For the past 2½ years, International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. has been trying without success to find a buyer for its Levitt home-building business, which the giant conglomerate is under a Justice Department order to sell. Last week a buyer finally surfaced. He was none other than William J. Levitt, the 67-year-old creator of the celebrated Levittown instant suburbs, who sold the business to ITT in 1968. Levitt signed a letter of intent to take the company back and said that he will operate it as a privately owned concern under its original name of Levitt & Sons (ITT had called it ITT Levitt). The deal, if approved by the Justice Department, will make the company one of the few ever to enter the maw of a giant conglomerate and come out again years later in recognizable shape under its original owner.

All indications are that William Levitt is getting a bargain and ITT is taking a bath. ITT bought the business for common stock then worth about $90 million: most of it went to Levitt as majority owner. The terms of his repurchase will not be disclosed until federal trustbusters approve them, but trade estimates are that he will pay ITT no more than $30 million, and possibly as little as $10 million, to get the company back. And he will be getting back a much bigger company than he sold. Levitt & Sons was a leader in its field when ITT bought it—it recorded sales of $94 million in its last year of independent operation—but ITT invested heavily to enlarge it, increasing sales to an estimated $250 million annually.

HOME BUILDER WILLIAM J. LEVITT

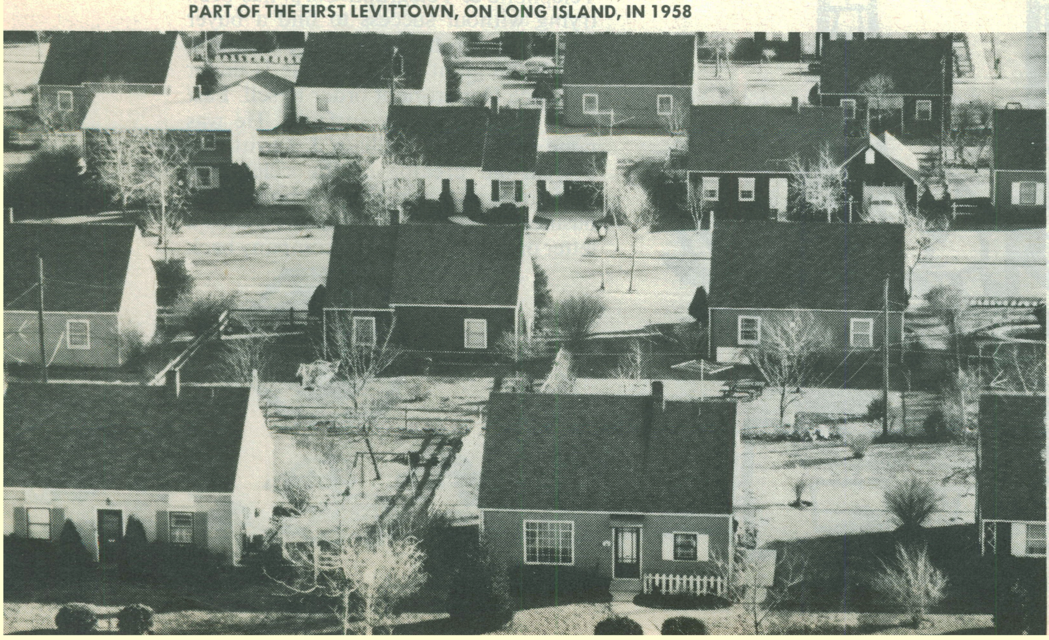


ED LADA

Why is ITT letting go so cheaply? One reason, no doubt, is that Government-ordered divestiture sales rarely bring much money: buyers, knowing that the company has to sell, hold out for a low price. ITT agreed to sell Levitt, Avis, Inc. and other businesses as part of the violently controversial 1971 consent decree that permitted it to keep Hartford Fire Insurance. Another reason, though, is that the Levitt business, which had earned a profit of almost $4 million in the year before ITT bought it, lost $14 million under ITT's management last year. Home building is a business that demands quick, intuitive judgments, and it defeated ITT's management style, which is based on incessant reports to Chairman Harold Geneen that are supposed to put everything in numbers. Says Levitt, who headed the company for ITT for a while but then left: "We are not the type of company that can be run with their methods."

In order to take the company back, Levitt is coming out of a comfortable three-year retirement, much of which he spent aboard his yacht, *La Belle Simone,* one of the world's largest. Now he intends to resume active management. "It has got to be restructured," he says. "From a decentralized company, it has got to be centralized right here"—meaning in his old office in Lake Success on Long Island, which he has kept all along.

PART OF THE FIRST LEVITTOWN, ON LONG ISLAND, IN 1958



JOE SCHERSHEL—LIFE

JAPAN

Tackling the Traders

Open clashes between government and industry are about as unusual in "Japan, Inc." as low-priced beefsteak. But spurred by public anger against roaring inflation, the Japanese government is now publicly criticizing one of the nation's unique business institutions: the trading houses. To the extent that they have a comparison outside of Japan, these houses might be called a combination of import-export houses and U.S.-style conglomerates. Their main business is to procure raw materials and sell finished products, at home and abroad, for thousands of other companies that are thus freed to concentrate on production. The trading houses also serve as market researchers, financiers and worldwide economic intelligence agents for their clients. In addition, like U.S. conglomerates, they carry on extensive operations of their own, ranging from distributing canned vegetables to building supermarkets and apartment houses.

As long ago as last April, the government accused the six biggest trading houses* of spending more than $2.5 billion to buy up and hoard land and supplies of such important commodities as rice, wool, silk and soybeans. It implied that the hoarding had fueled Japan's disastrous inflation (retail prices rose 20.1% last year, the highest leap of any major industrial country). Now a just published report by Japan's Fair Trade Commission asserts that the big six have used their vast resources to crush competition and fasten an oligopolistic stranglehold on the economy.

Stifling Competition. Between 1968 and 1972, the report says, the big six boosted their total turnover from $28 billion to $68 billion—19.6% of all the wholesale business done by all companies in Japan. In 1972 they accounted for 40% of Japan's exports and 50% of its imports (an especially vital point, since Japan must import nearly all its raw materials). From 1968 to 1972 they lent $24.7 billion to other firms and were the biggest shareholder in a total of 1,057 companies with combined sales of no less than $20.8 billion in 1972. The traders made the loans, says the Japanese F.T.C., not for the sake of the interest they could collect, but to gain enough influence over the borrowing companies so that they could stifle potential competition.

Except for a temporary price freeze by Mitsubishi, officials of the trading houses greeted the report with pained silence, retiring to their plush offices to await the government's next move. Although the report was written in an elegantly indirect Japanese way, it carried the message that something must be done to loosen the grip of the trading houses on the economy. Perhaps as the first step in a government campaign against them, Tokyo customs last week summoned officials of 23 trading houses, including the top six, to explain why they were keeping large quantities of imported goods in bonded warehouses after the merchandise had cleared customs. The traders were warned that the government might confiscate 120,000 tons of frozen beef, fish and other foodstuffs unless the goods were released for immediate sale.

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*Mitsubishi Corp., Mitsui & Co., Marubeni Corp., C. Itoh & Co., Sumitomo Shoji Kaisha, Ltd. and Nissho-Iawai Co.

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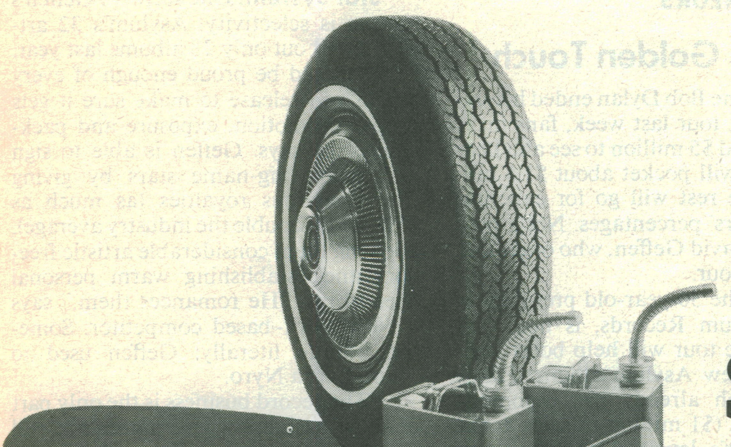

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RAILROADS

The Green Giant

"Railroads," says Louis W. Menk, "are a growth industry." As chairman of Burlington Northern Inc., the nation's biggest railroad, he might be guilty of some slight bias, but his opinion is widely shared in financial circles. The oil shortage has made coal critically important as an alternative energy source, and most coal moves by rail. Shippers of other goods are beginning to realize that freight trains consume only about one-fourth as much energy per ton-mile as trucks do. And the Nixon Administration's newly proposed Transportation Improvement Act would protect railroads from discriminatory local taxation and make it easier for them to raise their rates—provisions that would dramatically improve the industry's profitability.

No railroad better illustrates both the potential and the problems of cashing in on it than Menk's Burlington Northern. It was formed four years ago by the merger of two Minnesota-based railroads, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and two smaller lines they controlled jointly. The company's distinctive green cars now run over more than 25,000 miles of track from Chicago to Vancouver, British Columbia. Three of the U.S. states in between, Wyoming, Montana and North Dakota, contain the bulk of the nation's coal reserves. In addition, Burlington Northern owns 2.4 million acres of timber and farm land in the Great Plains states and has mineral rights to another 6.1 million acres. Those rights, granted by Congress and state legislatures in the 19th century, have endowed the railroad with coal reserves of some 11 billion tons, or about 18 times more than all the coal mined last year in the U.S.

Name Problem. Yet somehow Burlington Northern has not so far made much money out of this bonanza. Operating revenues have climbed 31% since the merger, to $1.3 billion last year and net operating income has jumped 74%, to $108 million. But the firm's railroad operations are still only marginally profitable. Since the merger, Menk has managed to reduce the firm's payroll by 8% and retire 8,000 obsolete cars. But total labor costs have gone up 48%, and Burlington Northern has lacked the capital to buy enough new equipment to handle increased traffic. Last year the company's own Plum Creek Lumber Co., in Montana, had to ship some of its output by truck because there were not enough B.N. freight cars around.

Officials expect to spend at least $139 million this year to buy new rail equipment and expand the line's timber and mining operations. Coal-hauling revenues are expected to jump by at least 27%. B.N. officers announced last week that they are planning commercial and residential real estate developments for as many as 23 company-owned tracts in various cities and suburbs, including a half-billion-dollar "new town" complex along the Mississippi River in Minneapolis.

One special problem that Burlington Northern faces is public unfamiliarity with its name. Not long ago, a secretary asked Menk for a sample of one of its products. She had in mind pantyhose produced by Burlington Industries, the totally unrelated giant of the textile business. In order to clear up the confusion, Burlington Northern has spent $1.5 million on network television advertising and has produced a documentary film on railroading. The film seems to be a success: it has been playing in such commercial theaters as Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall and a Freehold, N.J., moviehouse, where it was part of a double bill with *Deep Throat II.*

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5

RECORD-BREAKER GEFFEN

ENTREPRENEURS

Geffen's Golden Touch

By the time Bob Dylan ended his six-week concert tour last week, fans in 21 cities had paid $5 million to see and hear him. Dylan will pocket about $1.5 million, and the rest will go for expenses and promoters' percentages. Not a penny went to David Geffen, who organized much of the tour.

Geffen, the 30-year-old president of Elektra-Asylum Records, is not complaining. The tour will help boost sales of Dylan's new Asylum album, *Planet Waves,* which already has become a Gold Record ($1 million in sales at the manufacturer's level). Two other new Geffen productions, Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark,* and Carly Simon's *Hotcakes,* were gilded last month in their first week on the market. Since the recent downfall of Clive Davis as president of Columbia Records, Geffen has emerged as the financial superstar of the $2 billion pop music industry.

When Geffen took over Warner Communications' Elektra records division in July 1973, it was barely breaking even. Geffen merged Elektra with his small Asylum label, dropped 25 of the 35 Elektra recording artists, fired Elektra's art director and the entire publicity, promotion and production staffs. Then he spirited Dylan away from Columbia, the Band from Capitol and Joni Mitchell from Warner Bros. (a separate subsidiary of Warner Communications). In 1973, the first year of Geffen's tenure, Elektra-Asylum sales were $18 million; so far this year sales have already hit $7 million.

The young entrepreneur's career began at age 14, when his mother, who owned a corset store in Brooklyn, cut off his allowance. He took odd jobs as a theater usher and a mail clerk, decided to skip college and become a talent agent. Geffen falsely claimed a drama degree in order to land a job in the William Morris Agency's mail room. "I came in an hour before anyone else so I could check all the incoming mail," he recalls. "I was just trying to intercept the letter from U.C.L.A. saying they had never heard of me."

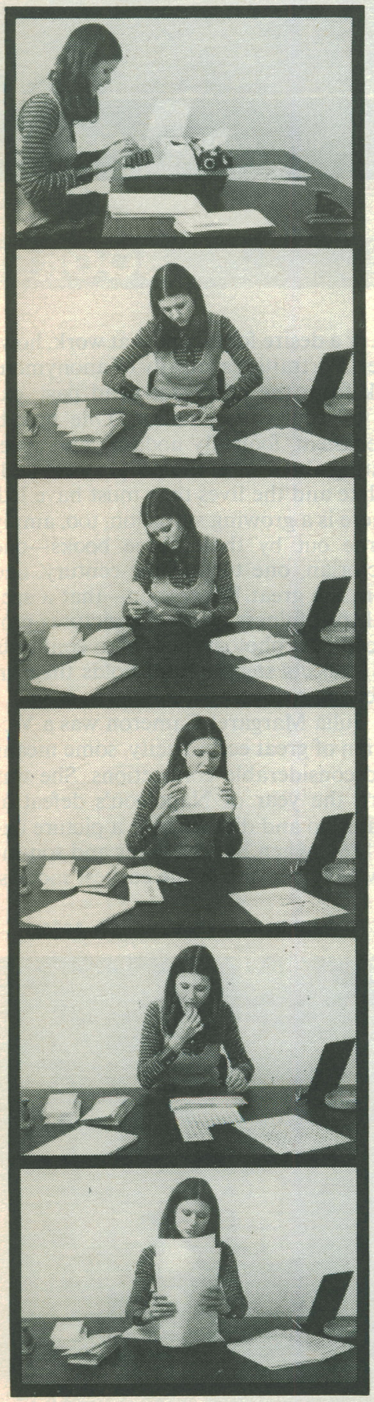
Geffen was made an agent within 18 months, and left three years later to become a talent manager in Hollywood. Unable to impress film stars, he turned to rock titans, built up a solid list of clients (Joni Mitchell; Laura Nyro; Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young) and made his first million at age 25. Geffen launched the Asylum label with $400,000 in savings in 1971, and a year later sold out to Warner for $5 million. Though he dresses casually, shaves irregularly and speaks with an unpromoter-like politeness, Geffen drives himself uncompromisingly. "I have the demonstration records of new artists converted to eight-track tape for my car stereo," he says, "so I can audition while I drive."

Star System. One secret of Geffen's success is selectivity. Asylum's 32 artists turned out only 28 albums last year. "You should be proud enough of every album you release to make sure it gets proper promotion, exposure and packaging," he says. Geffen is able to sign and retain big-name stars by giving them generous royalties (as much as 15%, about double the industry average), allowing them considerable artistic freedom and establishing warm personal friendships. "He romances them," says a New York–based competitor. Sometimes quite literally: Geffen used to squire Laura Nyro.

"The record business is the only part of show business where names are still important," says Geffen. "A Dustin Hoffman movie won't necessarily do big things. But a Bob Dylan album will always sell. It's still the star system. And this is one of the few places in show business where an executive like me can be a star, too."

Why some companies move faster than others.

The long and the short of it.



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and (ugh) lick all those envelopes;

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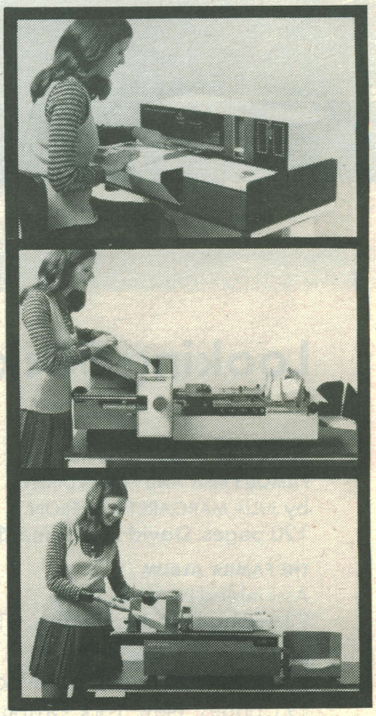

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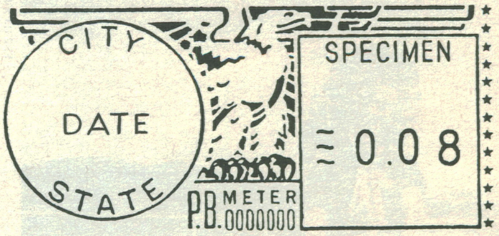

Pitney Bowes

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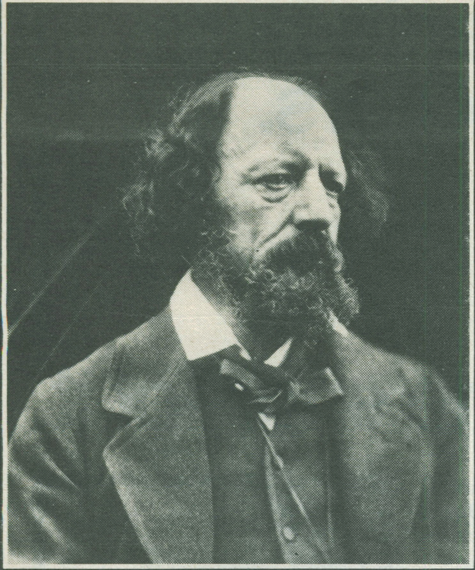
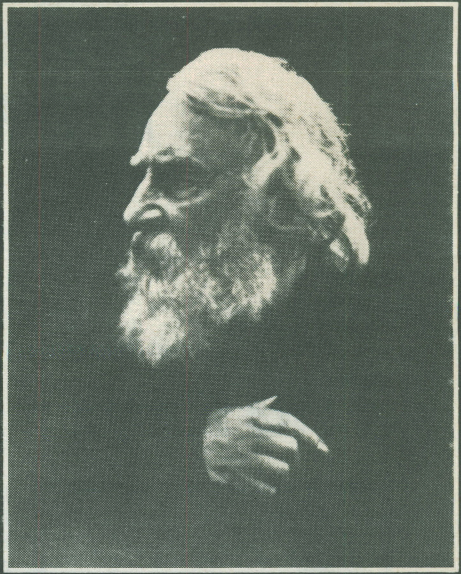


ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

MRS. LESLIE STEPHEN



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Looking Backward Through the Lens

VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS MEN AND FAIR WOMEN
by JULIA MARGARET CAMERON
120 pages. David R. Godine. $20.

THE FAMILY ALBUM
Assembled by MARK SILBER
93 pages. David R. Godine. $15.

IN THIS PROUD LAND
by ROY STRYKER and NANCY WOOD
191 pages. New York Graphic Society. $15.

"There will be time, there will be time/ To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet." So wrote T.S. Eliot in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. But that was long ago, and photography has come a long way, baby. Film is more sensitive. Lenses are cleverer and faster. For years people have been bombarded by sneak shots, candid exposés, sensitive impressions of subway straps, flying tackles artfully half-arrested in motion, slick distortions like the famous photograph of Estes Kefauver's huge hand symbolically extended toward the voting public.

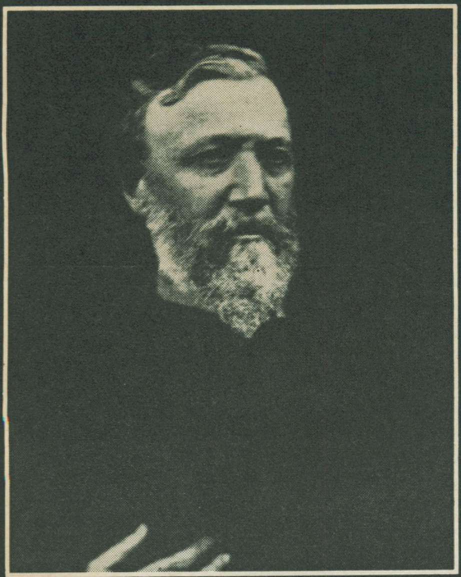
Lately it has been possible to seek relief from frenetic and kinetic imagery by looking backward. Publishers are now offering a string of new picture books filled with the ancient snapshot, the static portrait and the severe documentary. Some of them are a bit special: albums of Victorian children and antique pornography. More than nostalgia or a desire for escape is at work, however. Portraits, especially of anonymous folk from the otherwise dead past, exert a peculiar fascination. One broods over them, foolishly nodding and speculating about what the people were really like and the lives they must have led. There is a growing suspicion, too, amply borne out by these three books—one Victorian, one turn-of-the-century, one from the great Depression—that a special truthfulness resides in pictures produced by a photographer who confronts his subjects steadily and holds them in affection or awe.

Julia Margaret Cameron was a Victorian of great eccentricity, some means and considerable connections. She was born the year of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo and did not take a picture until 1864, when her daughter and son-in-law gave her one of the earliest models,

GAY NINETIES GIRL IN A SKIFF

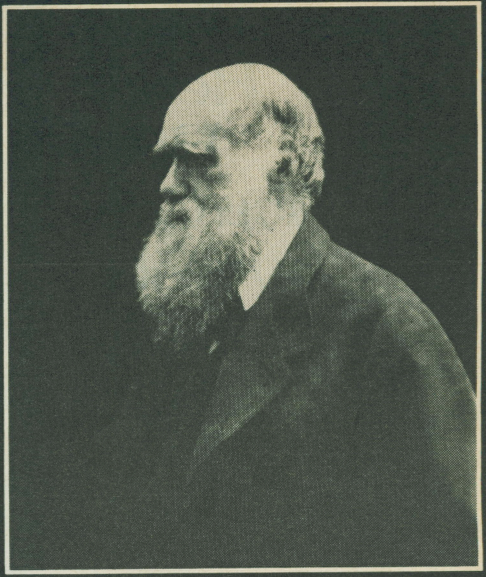
© 1973 BY MARK SILBER

WANDERING VIOLINIST PLAYING FOR FOOD & A PLACE TO SLEEP IN BUCKFIELD, ME. (CA. 1895)



ROBERT BROWNING

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (SELF-PORTRAIT)



CHARLES DARWIN

© THE HOGARTH PRESS, 1973

which consisted of two wooden boxes, one sliding inside the other. "It may amuse, Mother, to try to photograph," they wrote her fondly. Little did they guess. At first Mother could hardly tell the difference between treacle and collodion, the sticky fluid used to coat her glass negatives. But she had an eye and the kind of cast-iron ego that always stands a photographer in good stead. "Few could withstand the extreme fury of her affection," Virginia Woolf wrote in the preface to the first edition in 1926 of *Victorian Photographs,* recalling Mrs. Cameron, who was the aunt of her mother, Mrs. Leslie Stephen.

Swiftly converting a coal shed into a darkroom, Julia Cameron began taking pictures of family, neighbors and acquaintances. As the sample gallery here shows, however, that group included much of the brains and beauty of England, not to mention the New World. Some of Mrs. Cameron's photographic subjects were pleased by her work. Darwin was charmed when the lady presented him with a slightly Neanderthal forehead. Next-Door Neighbor Alfred, Lord Tennyson complained to Mrs. Cameron: "I can't go anonymous by reason of your confounded photographs." He also thought she did a bit too much justice to the bags under his eyes. Yet he willingly betrayed a famous American poet into her clutches, remarking: "Longfellow, you will have to do whatever she tells you. I'll come back soon and see what is left of you."

Victorian Portraits is a reprint of the 1926 book, with a number of previously unpublished photographs added. Virginia Woolf's preface alone would be nearly worth the price, along with an essay by Roger Fry, the Bloomsbury art critic of the period. He begins inauspiciously: "The position of photography is uncertain and uncomfortable . . . Yet it will not give up its pretentions altogether." But he ends by admitting that despite her dabbling in Pre-Raphaelite book illustrations, Julia Cameron's portraits will probably outlive most work by the painters of her age.

Mark Silber's *Family Album* is a slender, lineal descendant of *The Boyhood Photos of J.-H. Lartigue* (1966), which re-created the town and country life of a rich and gifted Parisian family by matching Lartigue's early snapshots (1901-14) with his later recollections. *Album* offers the same era in the U.S. The pictures were the work of two youthful amateurs in the small, once prosperous town of Buckfield, Me. The recollections —a kind of dialogue—are provided not

PAUL CARTER

(LEFT) TUBERCULOUS NEW YORK FAMILY, 1936; COTTON SHARECROPPER IN ALABAMA, 1935

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by the photographers, who are now dead, but by a son and a nephew. "I don't think Rebecca rowed very well" says one, commenting on a girl in a skiff. "I doubt if she could row the boat across the North Pond in a week." This unassuming collection of portraits, snapshots of sugaring off, cutting ice, cats, dogs and family parties quietly grows on the reader. The printing—in sepia from glass negatives—is so lovingly and sharply done that you can almost spot a song sparrow at 60 paces.

Human Dignity. Perhaps with the exception of catalogue notes for nonrepresentational painting, no subject lends itself more easily to pretentious twaddle than commentary on artistic photography. *Album* is blessedly free of this curse, and so are the recollections by Roy Stryker that begin *In This Proud Land.* He briskly describes how for eight years, with money from F.D.R.'s New Deal, he was able to send photographers roving all across the U.S. taking pictures. Among the photographers were Carl Mydans, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Arthur Rothstein, Ben Shahn, John Vachon and Walker Evans. They took some 270,000 pictures, which, among other things, helped make Americans aware of one another, offered lessons in history and agriculture, and brought documentary still photography to some kind of pinnacle where art, social purpose and journalism joined. Many of the photographs—of sharecroppers and migrant workers—are justly famous. Choosing his 197 favorites out of so many, Stryker, now 80, offers many of these. What stands out for the reader today are the portraits. There is nothing candid about them. The subjects have prepared a face to meet the world and are all the more revealing as a result. Paul Carter's formal view of a tuberculous family in New York is touched with an eerie stillness. But the exchange is certainly marked by what Stryker describes as "a natural regard for human dignity." Says Stryker: "Experts have said to me that's the face of despair. And I say, look again. You see in those faces something that transcends despair."

Stryker admits that Walker Evans' work stood out from the rest with a kind of cold beauty. But the sharecropper viewed close up from *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is one of only a few included in the book. A pity. Critic Lincoln Kirstein was nearly right when he said that in Evans' photographs, "even the inanimate things, bureau drawers, pots, tires, bricks, signs, seem to be waiting in their own patient dignity, posing for their picture." The last word on all these photographs, however, perhaps should go to James Agee, Evans' admiring partner in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.* Describing his love and admiration for the poor sharecroppers whom he and Evans celebrated with "the motionless camera and the printed word," Agee wrote: "Above all else, don't think of it as art." ■ Timothy Foote

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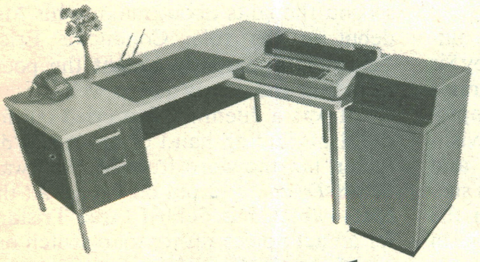

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In the most opulent of times, running the Metropolitan Opera is a fiendishly difficult job. In a period of inflation and curtailed money for the arts, it may not be possible at all. Leaving aside routine struggles with savage divas and hollowheaded tenors, the Met poses awesome problems of scale. It is, after all, the largest opera house in the world. Filling its cavernous stage with scenery has broken many a budget. Casting a cold and not always knowing eye over the balance sheet is a board of directors—many recruited on Wall Street—that is bigger by 21 members than that of General Motors.

LOUIS MELANCON

SCHUYLER CHAPIN & RAFAEL KUBELIK CONFERRING AT THE OPERA HOUSE LAST MARCH

The task was to demonstrate that the Met is no dinosaur.

For 22 years, until 1972, this unwieldy kingdom was presided over by Sir Rudolf Bing, a resourceful administrator but one often resented for his peremptory ways. Though he spent money lavishly, he is undeniably looking better and better as he recedes from view. His successor, Gören Gentele, came from the state-subsidized Royal Opera House in Stockholm. Gentele was killed in a car crash only 18 days after he took over. His most tangible legacy was the appointment of the first music director in the Met's 90-year history, Czech-born Conductor Rafael Kubelik. It is an indication of the deep trouble at the Met these days that Kubelik resigned under pressure last week after only six months in one of the most powerful posts in opera.

No one at the Met, which values its secrecy as much as its singers, was saying much about what caused the 59-year-old maestro's departure. Certainly a major complaint was that after spending the early fall in New York, Kubelik decamped for Munich to fulfill previously scheduled conducting commitments and kept in touch with New York largely via phone and Telex exchanges. In his absence, things began to come apart, beginning in January with a spectacularly unlucky production of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde.* Swedish Soprano Catarina Ligendza, scheduled for the first performances, canceled, citing illness. In turn, Tenor Jon Vickers, who is the best Tristan in the world right now, began to have second thoughts about making his Met debut in the role. Conductor Erich Leinsdorf apparently caught the pouts from him and nearly quit as well.

It was a dilemma that cried out for the firm guiding hand of a musical director, but the word from Munich was: Scrap *Tristan* and put on *Tosca.* At the Met—which has fielded three Tristans for an act apiece rather than switch operas for a single performance—it was a disastrous suggestion. Schuyler Chapin, Gentele's successor as manager, rejected the idea, hired a minor singer named Klara Barlow to sing Isolde, and pulled together cast and production.

Met President George S. Moore commented bluntly: "I am sorry about Kubelik's resignation, but it is impossible to do things by Telex. He worked part time." Understandably, Kubelik

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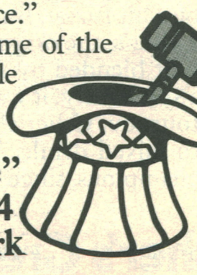

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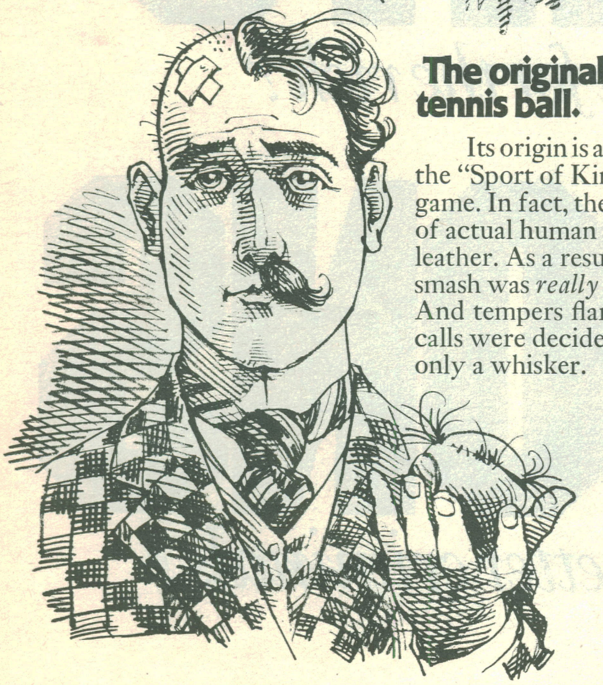

The original tennis ball.

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saw things differently. In a terse resignation statement he contended that the Met's financial condition prevented him from achieving his "artistic ideals." He concluded: "Relieved of certain of my artistic demands, the Metropolitan may be better able to bring its financial situation into balance." Exactly what these artistic requirements might be—beyond hustling up the odd *Tosca* in a hurry—remained unspecified.

The Met is indeed beset by acute financial trouble. The company ran up a $7.8 million deficit last season, and though it received $5 million in private and corporate contributions, was left with a debt exceeding 10% of its annual budget. Economically, the Met is a guaranteed losing proposition: a sold-out house does not cover the expenses of a performance. Costs are rising remorselessly. "We used to lose $10,000 every time the curtain went up," says Moore. "Now we lose $30,000."

So far, attempts at frugality have not been effective, and have damaged the quality of the performances. Opera's superstars—always the special glory of the house—are being alienated in droves. Top-salaried singers and conductors, including Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Birgit Nilsson and Karl Böhm are either dropping the Met next season or curtailing their schedules because they are getting halfhearted, perfunctory offers. Important parts are going to journeyman performers with increasing frequency. With the notable and lavish exception of *Les Troyens,* new productions often seem skimpy. In the recent *I Vespri Siciliani,* for example, the staircase unit set was starkly handsome, but would have been more appropriate for the prison scene in *Fidelio.*

No Dinosaur. The indications are that the Met is now facing its fiscal woes more realistically. A new production of *Don Giovanni* has been scratched as have the free summer concerts in city parks. The 1975-76 season will be shortened by four to six weeks, an especially difficult step to take. "It is impossible to offer the greatest opera in the world to audiences some 200 nights a year," said Moore. "We are thinking in terms of 150 to 180 performances. This means that many of the Met's employees will have to find other jobs for three or four months a year. We should be able to help them." The house will need the help and sympathy of 14 unions to carry out the plan; most contracts guarantee year-round employment.

Meanwhile Schuyler Chapin is hunting for a new music director: "Someone who will be with us for ten months a year." Speculation about his choice ranges from Rudolf Kempe to Maria Callas, with 30-year-old James Levine, who now holds the title of principal conductor, having an inside track. The next months will be crucial both for Chapin personally and for the opera house. His task, as he admits, is to demonstrate that "the Met is no dinosaur ready to be buried with ringing salutes."

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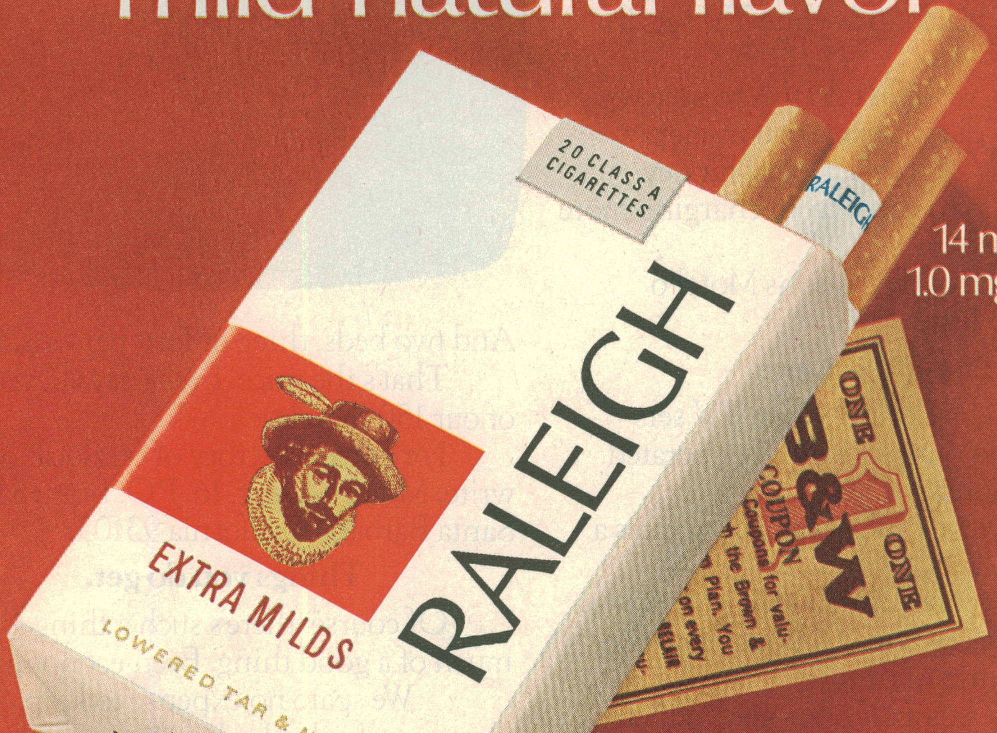

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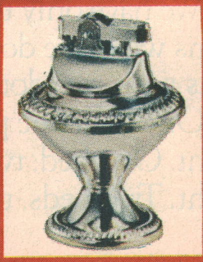

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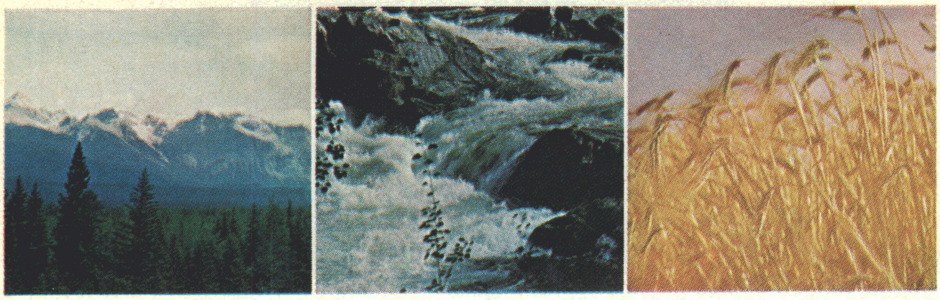

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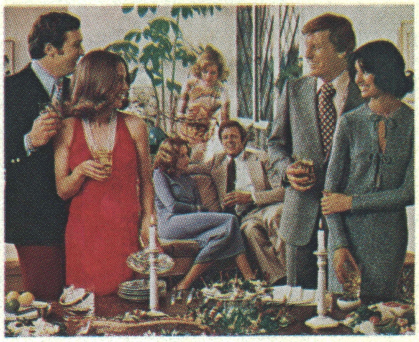

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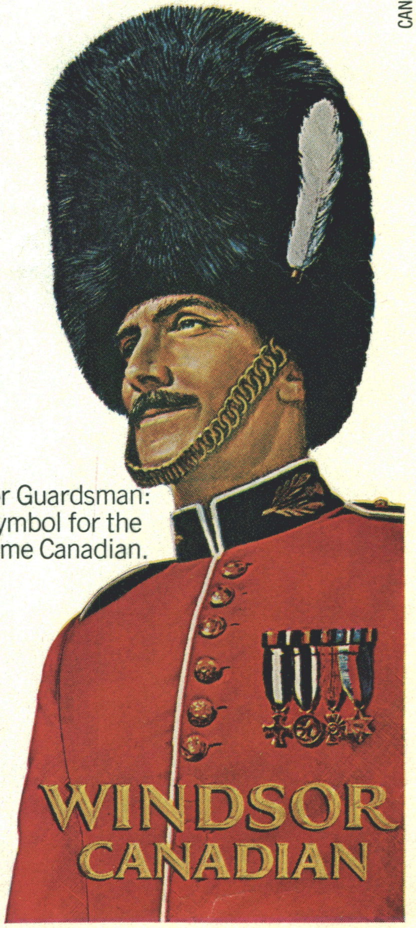
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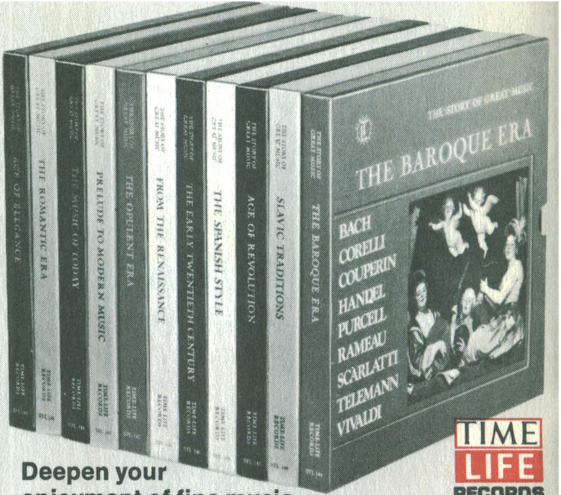
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